

1606/1938

THE
WORKS

OF

Alexander Pope, Esq;

Vol. III.

A

W O R K S

Alexander Pope

THE
WORKS

OF

Alexander Pope, Esq;

VOLUME the THIRD.

CONTAINING HIS

SATIRES, EPISTLES,

AND

MISCELLANIES.

LONDON:

Printed for S. CROWDER, C. WARE, and T. PAYNE.

M.DCC.LXX.

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ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

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LONDON:
Printed by C. & W. D. ...
1733.

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S A T I R E S

A N D

E P I S T L E S

O F

H O R A C E

I M I T A T E D.

S. A. T. I. R. S.

A. N. D.

E. P. I. S. T. I. M. S.

O. F.

H. O. R. A. C. E.

L. I. M. I. T. E. D.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE occasion of publishing these *Imitations*, was the Clamour rais'd on some of my *Epistles*. An Answer from *Horace* was both more full, and of more Dignity, than any I could have made in my own person; and the Example of much greater Freedom in so eminent a Divine as Dr *Donne*, seemed a proof with what indignation and contempt a Christian may treat Vice or Folly, in ever so low, or ever so high a Station. Both these Authors were acceptable to the *Princes* and *Ministers* under whom they lived. The *Satires* of Dr *Donne* I versified at the desire of the Earl of *Oxford* while he was Lord Treasurer, and of the Duke of *Shrewsbury*, who had been Secretary of State; neither of whom looked upon a Satire on Vicious Courts as any Reflection on those they served in. And indeed there is not in the world a greater error than that which Fools are so apt to fall into, and Knaves with good reason to encourage, the mistaking a *Satirist* for a *Libeller*; whereas, to a true *Satirist* nothing is so odious as a *Libeller*, for the same reason as to a man truly virtuous nothing is so hateful as a *Hypocrite*.

Uni acquum Virtuti atque ejus Amicis.

T H E
First Satire of the Second Book

O F
H O R A C E

I M I T A T E D.

WHOEVER expects a *Paraphrase* of Horace, or a faithful Copy of his genius or manner of writing in these IMITATIONS, will be much disappointed. Our Author uses the Roman Poet for little more than his canvas: and if the old design or colouring chance to suit his purpose, it is well; if not, he employs his own, without scruple or ceremony. Hence it is he is so frequently serious where Horace is in jest; and at ease, where Horace is disturbed. In a word, he regulates his movements no further on his Original, than was necessary for his Concurrence, in promoting their common plan of *Reformation of manners*.

Had it been his purpose merely to paraphrase an ancient Satirist, he had hardly made choice of Horace; with whom, as a Poet, he held little in common, besides a comprehensive knowledge of life and manners, and a certain *curious felicity* of expression, which consists in using the simplest language with dignity, and the most ornamented with ease. For the rest, his harmony and strength of numbers, his force and splendor of colouring, his gravity and sublimity of sentiment, would have rather led him to another model. Nor was his temper less unlike that of Horace, than his talents. What Horace would only smile at, Mr Pope would treat with the grave severity of Persius; and what Mr Pope would strike with the caustic lightning of Juvenal, Horace would content himself in turning into ridicule.

If it be asked then, why he took any body at all to imitate, he has informed us in his *Advertisement*; to which we may add, that this sort of Imitations, which are of the Nature of *Parodies*, adds reflected grace and splendor on original Wit. Besides, he deemed it more modest to give the name of Imitations to his Satires, than, like Despreaux, to give the name of Satires to Imitations.

S A T I R E L.

To Mr FORTESCUE.

THERE are (I scarce can think it, but am told)

* There are to whom my Satire seems too bold:

Scarce to wise Peter complaisant enough,
And something said of Chartres much too rough.

† The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to say,
Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.

Tim'rous by nature, of the Rich in awe,

‡ I come to Counsel learned in the Law:

You'll give me, like a friend both sage and free,

Advice; and (as you use) without a Fee. 10

F. || I'd write no more.

P. Not write? but then I think,

§ And for my soul I cannot sleep a wink:

HORATIUS. TREBATIUS.

HORATIUS.

* **S**UNT quibus in Satira videar nimis acer, et ultra
Legem tendere opus; † sine nervis altera, quidquid
Composui, pars esse putat, similesque meorum
Mille die versus deduci posse. ‡ Trebati,
Quid faciam? præscribe.

T. || Quiescas.

H. Ne faciam, inquis,

Omnino versus?

T. Aio.

H. Peream male, si non

Optimum erat: § verum nequeo dormire.

I nod in company, I wake at night,
Fools rush into my head, and so I write.

F. You could not do a worse thing for your life. 15
Why, if the nights seem tedious—take a wife:

‡ Or rather truly, if your point be rest,
Lettuce and Cowslip wine; *Probatum est.*

But talk with Celsus, Celsus will advise
Hartshorn, or something that shall close your eyes. 20

|| Or, if you needs must write, write CÆSAR's Praise,

§ You'll gain at least a *Knighthood*, or the *Bays*.

P. What? like Sir * Richard, rumbling, rough,
and fierce,

With ARMS, and GEORGE, and BRUNSWICK crowd
the verse,

T. ‡ Ter uncti

Transnanto Tiberim, somno quibus est opus alto;
Irriguumve mero sub noctem corpus habento.

|| Aut, si tantus Amor scribendi te rapit, aude
CÆSARIS invicti res dicere, § multa laborum
Premia laturus.

H. Cupidum, pater optime, vires
Deficiunt: * neque enim quivis *borrentia* pilis

NOTES.

ψ. 20. *Hartshorn.*] This was intended as a pleasantry on the novelty of the prescription.

ψ. 23. *What? like Sir Richard, &c.*] Mr Molyneux, a great Mathematician and Philosopher, had a high opinion of Sir Richard Blackmore's poetic vein. *All our English poets, except Milton* (says he, in a letter to Mr Locke) *have been mere ballad-makers in comparison of him.* And Mr Locke, in answer to this observation, replies, *I find with pleasure, a strange harmony throughout, between your Thoughts and mine.* Just so a Roman Lawyer, and a Greek Historian, thought of the poetry of Cicero. But these being judgments made by men out of their own profession, are little regarded. And Pope and Juvenal will make Blackmore and Tully pass for Poetasters to the world's end.

Rend with tremendous sound your ear asunder, 25
With Gun, Drum, Trumpet, Blunderbuss, and
Thunder?

Or nobly wild, with Budgel's fire and force,
Paint Angels trembling round his falling Horse?

F. † Then all your Muse's softer art display,
Let CAROLINA smoothe the tuneful lay; 30
Lull with AMELIA's liquid name the Nine,
And sweetly flow thro' all the Royal Line.

P. † Alas! few verses touch their nicer ear;
They scarce can bear their *Laureate* twice a year:
And justly CÆSAR scorns the Poet's lays, 35
It is to *History* he trusts for Praise.

F. * Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it still,
Than ridicule all Taste, blaspheme Quadrille,
Abuse the City's best good men in metre,
And laugh at Peers who put their trust in Peter. 40

*Agmina, nec fracta pereuntes cuspide Gallos,
Aut labentis equo describat vulnera Parthi.*

T. † Attamen et justum poteras et scribere fortem,
Scipiadam ut sapiens Lucilius.

H. Haud mihi deero,
Cum res Ipsa feret: † nisi *dextro tempore*, Flacci
Verba per attentam non ibunt *Casaris* aurem:
Cui male si palpere, recalcitrat undique tutus.

T. * Quanto rectius hoc, quam tristi lædere versu
Pantolabum scurram, Nomentatumve nepotem?

NOTE.

ψ. 28. *Falling Horse?*] The horse on which his Majesty charged at the battle of Oudenard; when the Pretender, and the Princes of the blood of France, fled before him.

† Ev'n those you touch not, hate you.

P. What should ail them?

F. A hundred smart in Timon and in Balaam:
The fewer still you name, you wound the more;
Bond is but one, but Harpax is a score.

P. † Each mortal has his pleasure: none deny 45
Scarfdale his Bottle, Darty his Ham-pye;
Ridotta sips and dances, till she see
The doubling Lustres dance as fast as she;
|| F— loves the Senate, Hockley-hole his brother,
Like in all else; as one Egg to another. 50

* I love to pour out all myself, as plain
As downright SHIPPEN, or as old Montagne:

† Cum sibi quisque timet, quanquam est intactus, et odit.

‡ Quid faciam? saltat Milonius, ut semel icto
Accessit fervor capiti, numerusque lucernis.

|| Castor gaudet equis; ovo prognatus eodem,
Pugnis. quot capitum vivunt, totidem studiorum
Millia. * me pedibus delectat claudere verba,
Lucili ritu, nostrum melioris utroque.

NOTES.

ψ. 46. *Darty his Ham-pye.*] This lover of ham-pye owned the fidelity of the poet's pencil; and said, he had done justice to his taste; but that if, instead of ham-pye, he had given him sweet-pye, he never could have pardoned him.

ψ. 52. *As downright Shippen, or as old Montagne.*] They had this, indeed, in common, to use great liberties of speech, and to profess saying what they thought. Montagne had many qualities, that had gained him the love and esteem of his Readers: The other had one, which always gained him the favourable attention of his Hearers. For as a celebrated Roman Orator observes, "Maledicit In-
" eruditus apertius et saepius, cum periculo etiam suo.
" Affert et ista res Opinionem, quia libentissime homines
" audiunt ea quae dicere ipsi nolissent."

In them, as certain to be lov'd as seen,
 The Soul stood forth, nor kept a thought within :
 In me what spots (for spots I have) appear, 55
 Will prove at least the Medium must be clear.
 In this impartial glass, my Muse intends
 Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends ;
 Publish the present age ; but where my text
 Is Vice too high, reserve it for the next : 60
 My foes shall wish my life a longer date,
 And ev'ry friend the less lament my fate.
 My head and heart thus flowing thro' my quill,
 * Verse-man or Prose-man, term me which you will,
 Papist or Protestant, or both between, 65
 Like good Erasmus in an honest mean,
 In moderation placing all my glory,
 While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.
 † Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
 To run a muck, and tilt at all I meet ; 70

Ille velut fidis arcana fodalibus olim
 Credebat libris ; neque si male gesserat, usquam
 Decurrens alio, neque si bene : quo fit, ut omnis
 Votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella
 Vita senis. sequor hunc, * Lucanus an Appulus, anceps :
 [Nam Venusinus arat finem sub utrumque colonus,
 Missus ad hoc, pulsus (vetus est ut fama) Sabellis ;
 Quo ne per vacuum Romano incurreret hostis ;
 Sive quod Appula gens, seu quod Lucania bellum
 Incuteret violenta.] † sed hic stylus haud petet ultro
 Quemquam animantem, et me veluti custodiet ensis
 Vagina tectus, quem cur destringere coner,

* I only wear it in a land of Hector's,
 Thieves, Supercargoes, Sharpers and Directors.
 † Save but our *Army!* and let Jove incrust
 Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlasting rust!
 ‡ Peace is my dear delight—not FLEURY's more: 75
 But touch me, and no minister so fore.
 Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
 || Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,
 Sacred to Ridicule his whole life long,
 And the sad burthen of some merry song. 80

* Tutus ab infestis latronibus? † O pater et rex
 Jupiter, ut pereat positum rubigine telum,
 Nec quisquam noceat ‡ cupido mihi pacis! at ille,
 Qui me commôrit, (melius non tangere, clamo)
 || Flebit, et insignis tota cantabitur urbé.

NOTES.

ψ. 72. *Thieves, Supercargoes.*] The names, at that time, usually bestowed on those whom the trading Companies sent with their Ships, and intrusted with their concerns abroad.

ψ. 73. *Save but our Army, &c.*] “ Une maladie nouvelle
 “ (says the admirable Author de *L'esprit de Loix*) s' est
 “ repandue en Europe; elle a saisi nos Princes, et leur fait
 “ entretenir un nombre desordonné de Troupes. Elle a
 “ ses redoublemens, et elle devient *nécessairement conta-*
 “ *gieuse*. Car si-tôt qu'un Etat augmente ce qu'il appelle
 “ ses Troupes, les autres soudain augmentent les leurs, de
 “ façon qu'on ne gagne rien par-là que la Ruine commune.
 “ Chaque Monarque tient sur pied toutes les Armées qu'il
 “ pourroit avoir, si ses Peuples étoient en danger d'être ex-
 “ terminés; et on nomme *Paix cet état d'effort de tous*
 “ *contre tous*. Aussi l'Europe est-elle si ruinée, que les par-
 “ ticuliers, qui seroient dans la situation ou sont le trois
 “ Puissances de cette partie du monde les plus opulentes,
 “ n'auroient pas de quoi vivre. Nous sommes pauvres avec
 “ les richesses et le commerce de tout l'Univers; et bi-
 “ entôt, à force d'avoir des Soldats, nous n'aurons plus que
 “ des Soldats, et nous serons comme des Tartares.”

* Slander or Poison dread from Delia's rage ;
 Hard words or hanging, if your Judge be Page :
 From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,
 P-x'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.
 † Its proper pow'r to hurt, each creature feels ; 85
 Bulls aim their horns, and Asses lift their heels ;
 'Tis a bear's talent not to kick, but hug ;
 And no man wonders he's not stung by Pug.
 ‡ So drink with Walters, or with Chartres eat,
 They'll never poison you, they'll only cheat. 90
 || Then, learned Sir! (to cut the matter short)
 Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at Court,
 Whether Old age, with faint but chearful ray,
 Attends to gild the Ev'ning of my day,
 Or Death's black wing already be display'd, 95
 To wrap me in the universal shade ;
 Whether the darken'd room to muse invite,
 Or whiten'd wall provoke the skew'r to write :

* *Cervius iratus leges minitatur et urnam ;*
Canidia Albuti, quibus est inimica, venenam ;
Grande malum Turius, si quid se iudice certes :
 † *Ut, quo quisque valet, suspectos terreat, utque*
Imperet hoc Natura potens, sic collige mecum.
Dente lupus, cornu taurus petit ; unde, nisi intus
Monstratum ? ‡ Scævæ vivacem crede nepoti
Matrem ; nil faciet sceleris pia dextra (mirum ?
Ut neque calce lupus quemquam, neque dente petit
Sed mala tollet anum vitiato melle cicuta. [bos)

|| *Ne longum faciam : seu me tranquilla senectus*
Expectat, seu mors atris circumvolat alis ;
Dives, inops ; Romae, seu fors ita iusserit, exsul ;

In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,
 † Like Lee or Budgell, I will rhyme and print. 100

F. † Alas, young man ! your days can ne'er be long,
 In flow'r of Age you perish for a song !

Plums and Directors, Shylock and his Wife,
 Will club their Testors, now, to take your life !

P. * What ? arm'd for Virtue when I point the pen,
 Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men ; 106
 Dash the proud Gamester in his gilded Car ;
 Bare the mean Heart that lurks beneath a *Star* ;
 Can there be wanting, to defend Her cause,
 Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the Laws ?
 Could pension'd Boileau lash in honest strain 111
 Flatt'ers and Bigots ev'n in Louis' reign ?

Could Laureate Dryden Pimp and Fry'r engage,
 Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage ?
 And I not * strip the gilding of a Knave, 115
 Unplac'd, unpension'd, no man's heir, or slave ?

† Quisquis erit vitæ, scribam; color.

T. † O puer, ut sis

Vitalis metuo; et majorum ne quis amicus.
 Frigore te feriat.

H. || Quid ? cum est Lucilius ausus
 Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem,
 * *Detrahere et pellem, nitidus qua quisque per ora*

NOTE.

ψ. 116. *Unplac'd, unpension'd, no man's heir, or slave ?*]
 Mr Pope, it is well known, made his fortune by his *Homers*.
 Lord Treasurer Oxford affected to discourage that design;
 for so great a genius (he said) ought not to be confined to
 translation. He always used Mr Pope civilly; and would
 often express his concern that his religion rendered him in-
 capable of a place. At the same time he never spoke one
 word of a pension. For this offer he was solely indebted to
 the Whig ministers. In the beginning of George I. Lord

I will, or perish in the gen'rous cause :
 Hear this and tremble ! you, who 'scape the Laws.
 Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave
 Shall walk the World, in credit, to his grave. 120.

*Cederet, introrsum turpis ; num Lælius, et qui
 Duxit ab oppressa meritum Carthagine nomen,
 Ingenio offensi ? aut læso doluere Metello,
 Famosisque Lupo cooperto versibus ? atqui
 Primores populi arripuit populumque tributim ;*

NOTES.

Hallifax, of his own motion, sent for Mr Pope, and told him, it had often given him concern, that so great a poet had never been distinguished ; that he was glad it was now in his power to serve him ; and, if he chused to accept it, he should have a pension not clogged with any engagements. Mr Pope thanked him, and desired time to consider of it. After three months (having heard nothing further from that Lord) he wrote him a letter to repeat his thanks ; in which he took occasion to mention the affair of the pension with much indifference. So the thing dropt till Mr Craggs came into the ministry. The affair of the pension was then resumed. And this minister, in a very frank and friendly manner, told Mr Pope, that three hundred pounds a-year was then at his service ; he had the management of the secret-service money, and could pay him such a pension, without its being known, or ever coming to account. But now Mr Pope declined the offer without hesitation : only, in return for so friendly a proposal, he told the Secretary, that if at any time he wanted money, he would draw upon him for one hundred or two hundred pounds ; which liberty, notwithstanding, he never took. Mr Craggs more than once pressed him on this head, and urged the conveniency of a chariot ; which Mr Pope was sensible enough of : but the precariousness of that supply made him very prudently decline the thoughts of an equipage ; which it was much better never to set up, than not properly to support.

† To VIRTUE ONLY and HER FRIENDS A FRIEND,
The World beside may murmur, or commend.
Know, all the distant din that world can keep,
Rolls o'er my Grotto, and but sooths my sleep.

* There, my retreat the best Companions grace, 125
Chiefs out of war, and Statesmen out of place.
There ST JOHN mingles with my friendly bowl
The Feast of Reason, and the Flow of soul :
And HE, whose lightning pierc'd th' Iberian Lines,
Now forms my Quincunx, and now ranks my Vines,
Or tames the Genius of the stubborn plain, 131
Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.

‡ Envy must own I live among the Great,
No Pimp of pleasure, and no Spy of state,
With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats,
Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heats ; 136

Scilicet † UNI ÆQUUS VIRTUTE ATQUE EJUS
AMICIS.

* Quin ubi se a vulgo et scena in secreta remorant
Virtus Scipiada et mitis sapientia Læli.

Nugari cum illo, et discincti ludere, donec
Decoqueretur olus, soliti.

Quidquid sum ego, quamvis
Infra Lucilli censum, ingeniumque ; tamen me

‡ Cum magnis vixisse invita fatebitur usque
Invidia : et fragili quærens illidere dentem,
Offendet solido :

NOTE.

ψ. 129. *And He, whose lightning, &c.*] Charles Mordaunt
Earl of Peterborow, who in the year 1705 took Barcelona,
and in the winter following, with only two hundred and
eighty horse and nine hundred foot, enterprized and ac-
complished the conquest of Valentia.

To help who want, to forward who excel;
 This, all who know me, know; who love me, tell:
 And who unknown defame me, let them be
 Scribblers or Peers, alike are *Mob* to me. 140

This is my Plea, on this I rest my cause—
 * What faith my Council learned in the laws?

F. † Your plea is good; but still I say, beware!
 Laws are explain'd by men—so have a care.
 It stands on record, that in Richard's times 145
 A man was hang'd for very honest rhymes;
 ‡ Consult the Statute, *quart.* I think, it is,
Edwardi sext. or prim. et quint. Eliz.

See *Libels, Satires*—here you have it—read.

P. || *Libels and Satires!* lawless things indeed! 150

* *nisi quid tu, docte Trebati,*
 Dissentis.

T. † Equidem nihil hinc diffingere possum:
 Sed tamen ut monitus caveas, ne forte negoti
 Incutiat tibi quid sanctarum inscitia legum:

‡ “ *Si mala condiderit in quem quis carmina, jus est*
 “ *Judiciumque.*

H. Esto, siquis || *mala. sed bona si quis*

NOTE.

ψ. 146. *A man was hang'd, &c.] Si mala condiderit.*—
 A great French lawyer explains this matter very truly.
 “ *L'Aristocratie est le Gouvernement qui proscriit les plus*
 “ *les Ouvrages satiriques. Les Magistrats y sont de petits*
 “ *souverains, qui ne sont pas assez grands pour mépriser les*
 “ *injures. Si dans la Monarchie quelque trait va contre le*
 “ *Monarque, il est si haut que le trait n'arrive point jusqu'*
 “ *a lui, un Seigneur Aristocratique en est perçe de pert en*
 “ *part. Aussi les Decemvirs, qui formoient une Aristocra-*
 “ *tie, punirent-ils de mort les Ecrits Satiriques.” De L'E-*
sprit des Loix, L. xii. c. 13.

But grave *Epistles*, bringing Vice to light,
Such as a King might read, a Bishop write,
Such as Sir ROBERT would approve—

F. Indeed?

The Case is alter'd—you may then proceed;

* In such a case the Plaintiff will be his'd, 155

My Lords the judges laugh, and you're dismiss'd.

Judice condiderit laudatus CAESARE? si quis
Opprobriis dignam laceraverit, integer ipse?

T. * Solventur risu tabulæ: tu missus abibis.

THE
SECOND SATIRE
OF THE
SECOND BOOK
OF
HORACE,
IMITATED.
TO MR BETHEL.

WHAT, and how great, the Virtue and the Art
To live on little with-a chearful heart;
(A doctrine sage, but truly none of mine)
Let's talk, my friends, but talk † before we dine.
|| Not when a gilt Buffet's reflected pride
Turns you from sound Philosophy aside;
Not when from plate to plate your eye-balls roll,
And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.

S A T I R A II.

QUÆ virtus et quanta, boni, sit vivere parvo,
(† Nec meus hic sermo: sed quæ præcepit
Ofellus,
Rusticus, ** *abnormis Sapiens, crassaque Minerva*)
Discite, || *non inter lances mensasque nitentes;*
Cum stupet infans acies fulgoribus, et cum

Hear BETHEL's Sermon, one not vers'd in schools,
 ** But strong in sense, and wise without the rules. 10

§ Go work, hunt, exercise! (he thus began)
 Then scorn a homely dinner, if you can.

* Your wine lock'd up, your Butler stroll'd abroad,
 Or fish deny'd (the river yet unthaw'd)
 If then plain bread and milk will do the feat, 15
 The pleasure lyes in you, and not the meat.

† Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men
 Will chuse a pheasant still before a hen;

Accelinis falsis animus meliora recusat :

‡ Verum hic *impransi* mecum disquirite. Cur hoc?

Dicam, si potero. male verum examinat omnis
 Corruptus iudex. § Leporum sectatus, equove
 Lassus ab indomito; vel (si Romana fatigat
 Militia assuetam græcari) seu pila velox,

Moliter austerum studio fallente laborem;

Seu te discus agit, pete cedentem aëra disco :

Cum labor extulerit fastidia; ficcus, inanis,
 Sperne *cibum vilem* : nisi Hymettia mella Falerno,

Ne biberis, diluta. * foris est promus, et atrum
 Defendens pisces hiemat mare : cum sale panis

Latrantem stomachum bene leniet. unde putas, aut
 Quis partum? non in caro nidore voluptas

Summa, sed in *teipso* est. tu pulmentaria quære
 Sudando, pinguem vitiis albumque neque ostrea,
 Nec scarus, aut poterit peregrina juvare lagois.

† Vix tamen eripiam, posito *pavone*, velis quin
 Hoc potius quam *gallina* tergere palatum;
 Corruptus vanis rerum : quia veneat auro

NOTE.

ψ. 9. *Bethel.*] The same to whom several of Mr Pope's
 Letters are address'd.

Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
 Except you eat the feathers green and gold. 20
 † Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,
 (Tho' cut in pieces ere my Lord can eat),
 Yet for small turbot's such esteem profess?
 Because God made these large, the other less.
 † Oldfield, with more than Harpy throat endu'd, 25
 Cries, "Send me, Gods! a whole Hog barbecu'd!"
 Oh blast it, * South-winds! till a stench exhale
 Rank as the ripeness of a rabbit's tail.

Rara avis, et picta pandat spectacula cauda:
 Tamquam ad rem attineat quidquam. Num ves-
 ceris ista,
 Quam laudas, pluma? coctove num adest honor idem?
 Carne tamen quamvis distat nihil hac, magis illa;
 Imparibus formis deceptum te patet, esto.
 Unde datum sentis, lupus hic, Tiberinus an alto
 Captus hiet? pontesne inter jactatus, an amnis
 Ostia sub Tusci? † laudas, insane, *trilibrem*
Mullum; in singula quem minuas pulmenta necesse est.
 Ducit te species, video. quo pertinet ergo
Proceros odisse *lupos*? quia scilicet illis
 Majorem natura modum dedit, his breve pondus.
 Jejunos raro stomachus vulgaria temnit.
 † Porrectum magno magnum spectare catino
 'Vellem, ait Harpyus gula digna rapacibus. At vos;
 * Præsentis Austri, coquite horum opsonia; quamquam

NOTES.

ψ. 25. *Oldfield*.] This eminent glutton ran through a fortune of fifteen hundred pounds a-year in the simple luxury of good eating.

ψ. 26. *Hog barbecu'd*, &c.] A West-Indian term of gluttony; a hog roasted whole, stuffed with spice, and basted with Madeira wine.

By what Criterion do you eat, d'ye think,
 If this is priz'd for sweetness, that for stink? 30
 When the tir'd glutton labours thro' a treat,
 He finds no relish in the sweetest meat,
 He calls for something bitter, something sour,
 And the rich feast concludes extremely poor :
 * Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives still we see; 35
 Thus much is left of old Simplicity !
 † The Robin-red-breast till of late had rest,
 And children sacred held a Martin's nest,
 Till Becca-ficos sold so dev'lish dear
 To one that was, or would have been, a Peer. 40
 ‡ Let me extol a Cat, on oysters fed,
 I'll have a party at the Bedford-head ;
 Or ev'n to crack live Crawfish recommend,
 I'd never doubt at Court to make a friend.
 || 'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother 45
 About one vice, and fall into the other :

Putet aper rhombusque recens, mala copia quando
 Negrum sollicitat stomachum; cum rapula plenus
 Atque acidas mavult inulas. * necdum omnis abacta
 Pauperies epulis regum: nam vilibus ovis
 Nigrisque est oleis hodie locus. Haud ita pridem
 Galloni præconis erat acipensere mensa
 Infamis. quid? tum rhombos minus æquora alebant?
 † Tutus erat rhombus, tutoque ciconia nido,
 Donec vos auctor docuit prætorius. ergo
 ‡ Si quis nunc mergos suaves edixerit assos,
 Parebit pravi docilis Romana juvenus.
 || Sordidus a tenui victus distabit, Ofello
 Judice: nam frustra vitiam vitaveris istud,

NOTE.

W. 42. Bedford-head.] A famous Eating-house.

Between Excess and Famine lyes a mean;
Plain, but not fordid; tho' not splendid, clean.

* Avidien, or his Wife (no matter which,
For him you'll call a † dog, and her a bitch) 50

Sell their presented partridges and fruits,
And humbly live on rabbits and on roots:

‡ One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,
And is at once their vinegar and wine.

But on some || lucky day (as when they found 55
A lost Bank bill, or heard their son was drown'd)

At such a feast, § old vinegar to spare,

Is what two souls so gen'rous cannot bear:

Oil, tho' it stink, they drop by drop impart,

But sowse the cabbage with a bounteous heart. 60

†† He knows to live, who keeps the middle state,

And neither leans on this side, nor on that;

Nor ** stops, for one bad cork, his butler's pay,

Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away;

Si te alio pravus detorseris. * Avidienus,

† Cui *Canis* ex vero ductum cognomen adhæret,

Quinquennes oleas est, et sylvestria corna;

‡ Ac, nisi *mutatum*, parcit defundere *vinum*; et

Cujus odorem olei nequeas perferre (licebit

Ille *repotia*, *natales*, aliosque dierum

|| *Festos* *albat* celebret) cornu ipse bilibri

Caulibus instillat, § *veteris non parvus aceti*.

Quali igitur victu sapiens utetur, et horum

Utrum imitabitur? hac urget *lupus*, hac *canis*, aiunt.

†† Mundus erit, qua non offendat sordibus, atque

In neutram partem cultus miser. ** Hic neque *servis*.

Albut? senis exemplo, dum munia didit,

Nor lets, like || Nævius, ev'ry error pass, 65
The musty wine, foul cloth, or greasy glass.

§ Now hear what blessings Temperance can bring:
(Thus said our friend, and what he said I sing)

** First Health: The stomach (cramm'd from ev'ry dish,
A tomb of boil'd and roast, and flesh and fish, 70
Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,
And all the man is one intestine war)

Remembers oft †† the School-boy's simple fare,
The temp'rate sleeps, and spirits light as air.

‡ How pale, each Worshipful and Rev'rend guest 75
Rise from a Clergy, or a City feast!

What life in all that ample body, say?

What heav'nly particle inspires the clay?

The Soul subsides, and wickedly inclines

To seem but mortal, ev'n in sound Divines. 80

* On morning wings how active springs the Mind
That leaves the load of yesterday behind!

How easy ev'ry labour it pursues!

How coming to the Poet ev'ry Muse!

Savus erit; nec sic ut simplex || Nævius, unctam
Convivis præbebit aquam: vitium hoc quoque magnum.

§ Accipe nunc, victus tenuis quæ quantaque secum
Afferat. ** In primis valeas bene; nam variae res

Ut noceant homini, credas, memor illius escæ,

Quæ simplex, †† olim tibi federit. at simul assis

Miscueris elixa, simul conchyliis turdis;

Dulcia se in bilem vertent, stomachoque tumultum

Lenta feret pituita. ‡ Vides, ut pallidus omnis

Cœna defurgat dubia? quin corpus onustum

Hesternis vitiis *animum* quoque prægravat una,

Atque affigit humo *divina particulam aurea.*

* Alter, ubi dicto citius curata sopori

Membra dedit, vegetus præscripta ad munia surgit.

† Not but we may exceed, some holy time, 83
 Or tir'd in search of Truth or search of Rhyme:
 Ill health some just indulgence may engage;
 And more the sickness of long life, Old age:
 † For fainting Age what cordial drop remains,
 If our intemp'rate Youth the vessel drains? 90

* Our fathers prais'd rank Ven'son. You suppose,
 Perhaps, young men! our fathers had no nose.
 Not so: a Buck was then a week's repast,
 And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it last; 94
 More pleas'd to keep it till their friends could come,
 Than eat the sweetest by themselves at home.

§ Why had not I in those good times my birth,
 Ere coxcomb pyes or coxcombs were on earth?

Unworthy he the voice of Fame to hear,

** That sweetest music to an honest ear; 100
 (For 'faith, Lord Fanny! you are in the wrong,
 The world's good word is better than a song)
 Who has not learn'd, †† fresh sturgeon and ham-pye
 Are no rewards for want and infamy!

† Hic tamen ad melius poterit transcurrere quondam;
 Sive diem festum rediens advexerit annus,
 Seu recreare volet tenuatum corpus: ubique
 Accedent anni, et tractari mollius ætas
 Imbecilla volet. † Tibi quidnam accedet ad istam,
 Quam puer et validus præsumis, mollitiem; seu
 Dura valetudo incidet, seu tarda senectus?

* *Rancidum aprum* antiqui laudabant: non quia nafus
 Illis nullus erat; sed, *credo*, hac mente, quod hospes
 Tardius adveniens vitiatum commodius, quam
 Integram edax dominus consumeret. § hos utinam inter
 Heroas natum tellus me prima tulisset.

** Das aliquid fama, quæ carmine gratior aurem
 Occupet humanam? grandes rhombi, patinæque
 Grande ferunt una †† cum damno dedecus. adde

When Luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf, 105
 Curs'd by thy § neighbours, thy trustees, thyself;
 To friends, to fortune, to mankind a shame,
 Think how posterity will treat thy name;
 And * buy a rope, that future times may tell
 Thou hast at least bestow'd one penny well. 110

† " Right, cries his Lordship, for a rogue in need
 " To have a taste, is insolence indeed:
 " In me 'tis noble, suits my birth and state,
 " My wealth unwieldy, † and my heap too great."
 Then, like the Sun, let Bounty spread her ray, 115
 And shine that superfluity away.

Oh Impudence of wealth! with all thy store,
 How dar'st thou let one worthy man be poor?
 Shall half the || new-built churches round thee fall?
 Make Keys, build Bridges, or repair White-hall: 120
 Or to thy Country let that heap be lent,
 As M**o's was, but not at five per cent.

** Who thinks that fortune cannot change her mind,
 Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.
 And †† who stands safest? tell me, is it he 125
 That spreads and swells in puff'd Prosperity,

§ Iratum patrum, vicinos, te tibi iniquum,
 Et frustra mortis cupidum, cum deerit egenti

* As, *laquei pretium.*

† Jure, inquit Trausius, istis

Jurgatur verbis: ego vectigalia magna,
 Divitiasque habeo tribus amplas regibus. † Ergo,
 Quod *superat*, non est *melius quo* infumere possis?
 Cur eget indignus *quisquam*, te divite? quare

|| *Templa ruunt antiqui Deum? cur, improbe, caræ*
 Non aliquid *patriæ* tanto emetiris acervo?

Uni nimirum tibi recte semper erunt res?

** O magnus posthac inimicis risus! uterne

†† Ad casus dubios fidet sibi certius? hic, qui

Or blest with little, whose preventing care
 In peace provides fit arms against a war? [thought,
 * Thus BETHEL spoke, who always speaks his
 And always thinks the very thing he ought: 130
 His equal mind I copy what I can,
 And as I love, would imitate the Man.
 In South-sea days not happier, when surmis'd
 The Lord of Thousands, than if now † *Excis'd*;
 In forest-planted by a Father's hand, 135
 Than in five acres now of rented land;
 Content with little I can piddle here.
 On § brocoli and mutton, round the year:
 But ‡ ancient friends (tho' poor, or out of play)
 That touch my bell, I cannot turn away. 140
 'Tis true, no || turbot's dignify my boards,
 But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords:

Pluribus assuêrit mentem corpusque superbum;
 An qui contentus parvo metuensque futuri,
 In pace, ut sapiens, aptarit idonea bello?
 * Quo magis his credas: puer hunc ego parvus O-
 Integris opibus novi non latius usum, [fellum
 Quam nunc † *accisis*. Videas, *metato* in agello,
 Cum pecore et gnatis, fortem mercede colonum,
 Non ego, narrantem, temere edi luce profesta
 Quidquam, præter. § *olus* fumosæ cum pede pernæ.
 Ac mihi seu ‡ *longum post tempus* venerat hospes,
 Sive *operam vacuo* gratus conviva per imbrem
 Vicinus; bene erat, non *piscibus* urbe petitis,
 Sed *pullo* atque *bædo*: tum || *pensiles uva* secundas.

NOTE.

ψ. 133. In South-Sea days not happier, &c.] Mr Pope had South-sea stock, which he did not sell out. It was valued at between twenty and thirty thousand pounds when it fell.

To Hounslow-heath I point and Bansted-down,
 Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own;
 * From yon old walnut-tree a show'r shall fall; 145
 And grapes, long ling'ring on my only wall,
 And figs from standard and espalier join;
 The dev'l is in you if you cannot dine:
 Then † cheerful healths, (your Mistress shall have
 place),

And, what's more rare, a Poet shall say Grace. 150
 Fortune not much of humbling me can boast:
 Tho' double tax'd, how little have I lost!
 My Life's amusements have been just the same,
 Before, and after † Standing Armies came.
 My lands are sold, my father's house is gone; 155
 I'll hire another's; is not that my own,
 And yours, my friends? through whose free-op'ning
 gate

None comes too early, none departs too late;
 (For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
 Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.) 160
 "Pray Heav'n it last! (cries SWIFT!) as you go on.
 "I wish to God this house had been your own:
 "Pity! to build, without a son or wife;
 "Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life."

Et *nux* * ornabat mensas, cum *duplice* *ficu*.
 Post hoc ludus erat † *cuppa* potare *magistra*:
 Ac *venerata Ceres*, ita culmo surgeret alto,
 Explicuit vino contractæ *seria* frontis.

Sæviat atque novos moveat *Fortuna* tumultus!
 Quantum hinc imminuet? quanto *aut ego* parcius,
aut vos,

O *pueri*, nituistis, ut hoc † *novus incola* venit?

Well, if the use be mine, can it concern one, 163
 Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?
 What's † *Property*? dear Swift! you see it alter
 From you to me, from me † to Peter Walter;
 Or, in a mortgage, prove a Lawyer's share;
 Or, in a jointure, vanish from the heir; 170
 Or in pure || equity (the case not clear)
 The Chanc'ry takes your rents for twenty year:
 At best, it falls to some * ungracious son,
 Who cries, "My father's dam'd, and all's my own."
 Shades, that to Bacon could retreat afford, 173
 become the portion of a booby Lord;

Nam † *proprie telluris* herum natura neque illum,
 Nec me, nec quemquam statuit. nos expulit ille;
 Illum aut † nequities aut || *vafri in scitia juris*,
 Postremum expellet certe * *vivacior heres*,
 Nunc ager *Umbreni sub nomine*, nuper *Ofelli*
 Dictus erat: nulli proprius; sed cedit in usum

NOTE.

ψ. 165. *Well, if the use be mine, &c.*] In a letter to this Mr Bethel, of March 20, 1743, he says, "My landlady, Mrs Vernon, being dead, this garden and house are offered me in sale; and, I believe, (together with the cottages on each side my grass-plot next the Thames), will come at about a thousand pounds. If I thought any very particular friend would be pleased to live in it after my death, (for, as it is, it serves all my purposes as well during life), I would purchase it; and more particularly could I hope two things, That the friend who should like it, was so much younger and healthier than myself, as to have a prospect of its continuing his some years longer, than I can of its continuing mine. But most of those I love are travelling out of the world, not into it; and unless I have such a view given me, I have no vanity nor pleasure that does not stop short of the grave."—So that we see, what some of his friends would not believe, his thoughts in prose and verse were the same.

And Hemfley, once proud Buckingham's delight,
Slides to a Scriv'ner or a city Knight.

‡ Let lands and houses have what lords they will,
Let Us be fix'd, and our own masters still. 180

Nunc mihi, nunc alii. ‡ quocirca vivite fortes,
Fortiaque adversis opponite pectora rebus.

NOTE.

ψ. 177. — *proud Buckingham's, &c.*] Villiers Duke of Buckingham.

THE
FIRST EPISTLE
OF THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
HORACE,
IMITATED.

TO L. BOLINGBROKE.

ST JOHN, whose love indulg'd my labours past,
Matures my present, and shall bound my last!
Why * will you break the Sabbath of my days?
Now sick alike of Envy and of Praise.
Public too long, ah let me hide my Age! 5
See modest † Cibber now has left the Stage :

EPISTOLA I.

PRIMA dicte mihi, summa dicende camena,
* Spectatum fatis, et donatum jam rude, quæris,
Mæcenâs, iterum antiquo me includere ludo.
Non eadem est ætas, non mens. † Veianius, armis

NOTE.

ψ. 3. *Sabbath of my days?* i. e. The 49th year, the age of the author.

Our Gen'als now, ‡ retir'd to their Estates,
 Hang their old Trophies o'er the Garden gates,
 In Life's cool Ev'ning satiate of Applause,
 Nor || fond of bleeding, ev'n in BRUNSWICK's cause.

* A voice there is, that whispers in my ear, 11
 ('Tis Reason's voice, which sometimes one can hear)
 " Friend Pope! be prudent, let your † Muse take
 " And never gallop Pegasus to death; [breath,
 " Lest stiff, and stately, void of fire or force, 15
 " You limp, like Blackmore, on a Lord Mayor's horse."

Farewell then § Verse, and Love, and ev'ry Toy,
 The Rhymes and Rattles of the Man or Boy;
 What †† right, what true, what fit we justly call,
 Let this be all my care—for this is All; 20
 To lay this †† harvest up, and hoard with haste
 What ev'ry day will want, and most the last.

‡ Herculis ad postem fixis, latet abditus agro;
 Ne populum || extrema toties exoret arena.

* Est mihi purgatam crebro qui personet aurem;
 Solve † senescentem mature sanus equum, ne
 Peccet ad extremum ridendus, et ilia ducat.
 Nunc itaque et § versus, et cetera ludicra pono:
 Quid †† verum atque decens, curo et rogo, et omnis in
 hoc sum:

†† Condo, et compono, quæ mox depromere possim.

NOTES.

ψ. 10. — *ev'n in Brunswick's cause.*] In the former editions it was *Britain's cause*. But the terms are synonymous.

ψ. 16. *You limp, like Blackmore, on a Lord Mayor's horse.*] The fame of this heavy Poet, however problematical elsewhere, was universally received in the City of London. His versification is here exactly described; stiff, and not strong; stately, and yet dull, like the sober and slow-paced Animal generally employed to mount the Lord Mayor; and therefore here humorously opposed to Pegasus.

But ask not to what || Doctors I apply?
Sworn to no Master, of no Sect am I:
As drives the § storm, at any door I knock, 25
And house with Montagne now, or now with Locke:
Sometimes a * Patriot, active in debate,
Mix with the World, and battle for the State,
Free as young Lyttleton, her cause pursue,
Still true to Virtue, † and as warm as true: 30
Sometimes with Aristippus, or St Paul,
Indulge my candor, and grow all to all;
Back to my ‡ native Moderation slide,
And win my way by yielding to the tide.

** Long, as to him who works for debt, the day,
Long as the Night to her whose Love's away, 36

Ac ne forte roges, || quo me *duce*, quo *Lare* tuter:
Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri,
§ Quo me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor *hospes*.
Nunc *agilis* fio, et merfor * *civilibus undis*,
Virtutis veræ custos, † *rigidusque satelles*:
Nunc in (a) Aristippi ‡ *furtim præcepta relabor*,
Et mihi res, non me rebus, subjungere conor.

** Ut nox longa, quibus mentitur amica: diesque
Lenta videtur opus debentibus: ut piger annus

NOTES.

ψ. 26. *And house with Montagne now, or now with Locke.*] i. e. Chuse either an active or contemplative life, as is most fitted to the season and circumstances.—For he regarded these writers as the best schools to form a man for the world, or to give him a knowledge of himself; Montagne excelling in his observations on social and civil life; and Locke, in developing the faculties, and explaining the operations of the human mind.

(a) Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et status, et res.

Long as the Year's dull circle seems to run,
 When the brisk Minor pants for twenty-one :
 So slow th' § unprofitable moments roll,
 That lock up all the Functions of my soul; 40
 That keep me from myself; and still delay
 Life's instant bus'ness to a future day :
 That * task, which as we follow, or despise,
 The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise :
 Which done, the poorest can no wants endure ; 45
 And which not done, the richest must be poor.
 † Late as it is, I put myself to school,
 And feel some ‡ comfort not to be a fool.
 || Weak tho' I am of limb, and short of sight,
 Far from a Lynx, and not a Giant quite; 50
 I'll do what Mead and Cheselden advise,
 To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes.

Pupillis, quos dura premit custodia matrum :
 Sic mihi tarda § fluunt ingrataque tempora, quæ spem
 Consiliumque morantur agendi gnaviter * id, quod
 Æque pauperibus prodest, locupletibus æque,
 Æque neglectum pueris senibusque nocebit.

† *Restat*, ut his ego meipse regam ‡ *solerque elementis*.
 || Non possis oculo quantum contendere Lynceus;

NOTE.

Y. 51. *I'll do what Mead*—] Mr Pope highly esteemed and loved this worthy man, whose unaffected humanity and benevolence have stifled much of that envy which his eminence in his profession would otherwise have drawn out. Speaking of his obligations to this great physician and others of the faculty, in a letter to Mr Allen, about a month before his death, he says, "There is no end of my kind treatment from the faculty; they are in general the most amiable companions, and the best friends, as well as the most learned men I know."

Not to § go back, is somewhat to advance,
And men must walk at least before they dance.

Say, does thy * blood rebel, thy bosom move 55
With wretched Av'rice, or as wretched Love?
Know, there are Words, and Spells, which can controul
† Between the fits this Fever of the soul:
Know, there are Rhymes, which ‡ fresh and fresh
apply'd,

Will cure the arrant'st Puppy of his Pride. 60
Be || furious, envious, slothful, mad, or drunk,
** Slave to a Wife, or Vassal to a Punk,
A Switz, a High-Dutch, or a Low-Dutch †† Bear;
All that we ask is but a patient ear.

‡ 'Tis the first Virtue, Vices to abhor; 65
And the first Wisdom, to be Fool no more.
But to the world no ‡ bugbear is so great,
As want of Figure, and a small Estate.

Non tamen idcirco contemnas lippus inungi:
Nec, quia desperes invicti membra Glyconis,
Nodosa corpus nolis prohibere chiragra.
Est quadam prodire § tenus, si non datur ultra.

* Fervet avaritia, miseroque cupidine pectus?
Sunt *verba et voces*, quibus hunc lenire dolorem
Possis, et † magnam morbi deponere partem.
Laudis amore tumes? sunt ‡ certa *piacula*, quæ te
Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.

|| Invidus, iracundus, iners, vinosus, ** *amator*;
Nemo †† adeo *ferus* est, ut non mitescere possit,
Si modo culturæ patientem commodet aurem.

‡ Virtus est, vitium fugere; ut sapientia prima,
Stultitia caruisse. vides, quæ ‡ maxima credis

To either India see the Merchant fly,
 Scar'd at the spectre of pale Poverty! 70
 See him, with pains of body, pangs of soul,
 Burn through the Tropic, freeze beneath the Pole!
 Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end,
 Nothing, to make Philosophy thy friend?
 To stop thy foolish views, thy long desires, 75
 And † ease thy heart of all that it admires?
 ‖ Here, Wisdom calls: § "Seek Virtue first, be bold!
 "As Gold to Silver, Virtue is to Gold."
 There, London's voice, * "Get Money, Money still!
 "And then let Virtue follow, if she will." 80
 This, this the saving doctrine, preach'd to all,
 From †† low St James's up to high St Paul;
 From him whose †† quills stand quiver'd at his ear,
 To him who notches sticks at Westminster.
 Barnard in ** spirit, sense, and truth abounds; 85
 "Pray then, what wants he?" Fourscore thousand
 pounds;

Esse mala, exiguum censum, turpemque repulsam,
 Quanto devites animi capitisque labore.
 Impiger extremos curris mercator ad Indos,
 Per † mare *pauperiem* fugiens, per saxa, per ignes:
 Ne cures ‖ ea, quæ *stulte* miraris et optas,
 Discere, et audire, et meliori credere non vis?
 Quis circum pagos et circum compita pugna
 Magna coronari contemnat Olympia, cui spes,
 Cui sit conditio dulcis sine pulvere palmæ?
 "§ Vilius argentum est auro, virtutibus aurum.
 " * O cives, cives! quærenda pecunia primum est;
 " Virtus post nummos:" hæc †† *Janus summus* ab imo
 Prodocet: hæc recinunt juvenes dictata senesque,
 †† Lævo suspensū loculos tabulamque lacerto.
 Est ** animus tibi, sunt mores, est lingua, fidesque:

A pension, or such Harnes for a slave
 As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.
 Barnard, thou art a § Cit, with all thy worth;
 But Bug and D**l, Their *Honours*, and so forth. 90

Yet ev'ry * child another song will sing,
 " Virtue, brave boys! 'tis Virtue makes a King."
 True; conscous Honour is to feel no sin,
 He's arm'd without that's innocent within:
 Be this thy † Screen, and this thy Wall of Brags; 95
 Compar'd to this a Minister's an Ass.

‡ And say, to which shall our applause belong,
 This new Court-jargon, or the good old Song?
 The modern language of corrupted Peers, 99
 Or what was spoke at || CRESSY and POITIERS?
 § Who counsels best? who whispers, " Be but great,
 " With Praise or Infamy, leave that to Fate;
 " Get Place and Wealth, if possible, with grace;
 " If not, by any means, get-Wealth and Place."
 For what? To have a ** Box where Eunuchs sing,
 And foremost in the Circle eye a King. 106

Sed quadringentis sex septem millia desint,
 § *Plebs* eris. * at *pueri ludentes*, *Rex* eris, aiunt,
 Si recte facies. Hic † *murus abeneus esto*,
 Nil. *conscire* sibi, nulla *pallefcere culpa*.

‡ *Roscia*, dic fodes, melior *lex*, an *puerorum est*
Nænia, quæ regnum recte facientibus offert,
 Et *maribus* || *Curiis* et decantata *Camillis*?

§ *Isne* tibi melius suadet, qui, " *Rem* facias; *rem*,
 " Si possis, recte; si non, quocunque modo *rem*."
 Ut ** propius spectes lacrymosa poemata *Pupili*!

Or † he, who bids thee face with steady view,
 Proud Fortune, and look shallow Greatness thro';
 And, † while he bids thee, sets th' Example too?
 If ‖ such a Doctrine, in St James's air, 110
 Shou'd chance to make the well-dress'd Rabble stare;
 If honest S**z take scandal at a Spark,
 That less admires the § Palace than the Park:
 Faith, I shall give the answer * Reynard gave;
 " I cannot like, dread Sir, your Royal Cave; 115
 " Because I see, by all the tracks about,
 " Full many a Beast go in, but none come out."
 Adieu to Virtue, if you're once a Slave:
 Send her to Court, you send her to her grave.

Well, if a King's a Lion, at the least 120
 The †† People are a many-headed Beast:
 Can they direct what measures to pursue,
 Who know themselves so little what to do?
 Alike in nothing but one Lust of Gold,
 Just half the land would buy, and half be sold: 125
 Their †† Country's wealth our mightier Misers drain,
 Or cross, to plunder Provinces, the Main;

An, † qui fortunæ te respondere superba
 Liberum et erectum, † *præfens* hortatur et aptat?
 - ‖ Quod si me Populus Romanus forte roget, cur
 Non, ut § porticibus, sic judiciis fruatur isdem;
 Nec sequar aut fugiam, quæ diligit ipse vel odit:
 Olim quod * vulpes ægroto causa leoni
 Respondit, referam: Quia me vestigia terrent
 Omnia te adversum spectantia, nulla retrorsum.
 †† *Belua multorum es capitum. nam quid sequar, aut*
quem?

Pars hominum gestit †† conducere publica: sunt qui

The rest, some farm the Poor-box, some the Pews;
Some keep Assemblies, and would keep the Stews;
Some || with fat Bucks on childless dotards fawn; 130
Some win rich Widows by their Chine and Brawn;
While with the silent growth of ten per cent.
In dirt and darkness, § hundreds stink content.

Of all these ways, if each * pursues his own,
Satire, be kind, and let the wretch alone: 135

But shew me one who has it in his pow'r

To act consistent with himself an hour.

Sir Job † sail'd forth, the ev'ning bright and still,

"No place on earth (he cry'd) like Greenwich hill!"

† Up starts a Palace; lo, th' obedient base

Slopes at its foot, the woods its sides embrace,

The silver Thames reflects its marble face.

Now let some whimsy, or that ‡ Dev'l within

Which guides all those who know not what they

mean,

But give the Knight (or give his Lady) spleen;

"Away, away! take all your scaffolds down, 140

"For Snug's the word: My dear! we'll live in Town."

At am'rous Flavio is the ‡ stocking thrown?

That very night he longs to ly alone.

|| *Crustis et pomis viduas venentur avaras,*

Excipiantque fenes, quos in vivaria mittant:

§ *Multis occulto crescit res fenore. * verum*

Esto, aliis alios rebus studiisque teneri:

Iidem eadem possunt horam durare probantes?

† *Nullus in orbe sinus Baiis præluet amœnis,*

Si dixit dives; † lacus et mare sentit amorem

Festinantis heri: cui si ‡ vitiosa libido

Fecerit auspiciū; cras ferramenta Teanum

Tolletis, fabri. ‡ lectus genialis in aula est?

§ The Fool, whose wife elopes some thrice a quarter,
For matrimonial solace dies a martyr. 151

Did ever ** Proteus, Merlin, any witch,
Transform themselves so strangely as the Rich ? }
Well, but the †† Poor—The Poor have the same itch ; }
They change their †† weekly Barber, weekly News,
Prefer a new Japanner to their shoes,
Discharge their Garrets, move their beds, and run
(They know not whither) in a chaise and one ;
They * hire their sculler, and when once abroad,
Grow sick, and damn the climate—like a Lord. 160

† You laugh, half Beau, half Sloven if I stand,
My wig all powder, and all snuff my band ;
You laugh, if coat and breeches strangely vary,
White gloves, and linen worthy Lady Mary !
But when ‡ no Prelate's Lawn with hair-shirt lin'd,
Is half so incoherent as my mind, 160
When (each opinion with the next at strife,
One || ebb and flow of follies all my life)
I §§ plant, root up ; I build, and then confound ;
Turn round to square, and square again to round ;

Nil ait esse prius, melius nil cœlibi vita :

§ Si non est, jurat bene solis esse maritis.

** Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo ?

Quid †† pauper ? ride : mutat †† cœnacula, lectos,

Balnea, tonfores ; * conducto navigio æque

Nauseat, ac locuples quem ducit priva triremis.

† Si curatus inæquali tonfore capillos

Occurro ; rides. si forte subucula pexæ

Trita subest tunica, vel si toga dissidet impar ;

Rides. quid, ‡ mea cum pugnat sententia secum ;

Quod petiit, spernit ; repetit quod nuper omisit ;

|| Aestuat, et vitæ disconvēnit ordine toto ;

§§ Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis ?

§§ You never change one muscle of your face, 171
 You think this madness but a common case,
 Nor * once to Chanc'ry, nor to Hale apply;
 Yet hang your lip, to see a Seam awry!
 Careless how ill I with myself agree, 175
 Kind to my dress, my figure, not to Me.
 Is this my † Guide, Philosopher, and Friend?
 This he who loves me, and who ought to mend;
 Who ought to make me (what he can, or none)
 That man divine, whom Wisdom calls her own; 180
 Great without Title, without Fortune blest'd;
 Rich ‡ ev'n when plunder'd; § honour'd while op-
 press'd;
 Lov'd § without youth, and followed without power;
 At home, tho' exil'd; ** free, tho' in the Tower;
 In short, that reas'ning, high, immortal Thing, 185
 Just †† less than Jove, and ‡‡ much above a King,
 Nay, half in heav'n—§§ except (what's mighty odd)
 A fit of vapours clouds this Demi-God?

§§ *Insanire putas solennia me, neque rides,*
 Nec * *medici credis, nec curatoris egere*
A Pratore dati; rerum † tutela mearum
Cum sis, et prave sectum stomacheris ob unguem,
De te pendentis, te respicientis amici.

Ad summam, *sapiens uno † minor est Jove, § dives,*
 § Liber, ** honoratus, †† pulcher, ‡‡ rex denique re-
 præcipue sanus, §§ nisi cum pituita molesta est. [gum;

THE
SIXTH EPISTLE
OF THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
HORACE,
IMITATED.

TO MR MURRAY.

"NOT to admire is all the art I know,
To make men happy, and to keep them so."
(Plain truth, dear MURRAY, needs no flow'rs of
speech,

So take it in the very words of Creech.)

* This Vault of Air, this congregated Ball,
Self-center'd Sun, and Stars that rise and fall,

EPISTOLA VI.

NIL *admirari*, prope res est una, Numici,
Solaque quæ possit facere et servare beatum.
* Hunc solem et stellas, et decedentia certis

NOTES.

ψ. 4. Creech.] From whose translation of Horace the two
first lines are taken.

There are, my friend! whose philosophic eyes
 Look thro', and trust the Ruler with his skies;
 To him commit the hour, the day, the year,
 And view * this dreadful All without a fear. 10

Admire we then what † Earth's low entrails hold,
 Arabian shores, or Indian seas infold;
 All the mad trade of ‡ Fools and Slaves for Gold? }
 Or || Popularity? or Stars and Strings?
 The Mob's applauses, or the gifts of Kings? 15
 Say with what § eyes we ought at Courts to gaze,
 And pay the Great our homage of Amaze?

If weak the ** pleasure that from these can spring,
 The fear to want them is as weak a thing:
 Whether we dread, or whether we desire, 20
 In either case, believe me, we admire;
 Whether we †† joy or grieve, the same the curse,
 Surpriz'd at better, or surpriz'd at worse.
 Thus good or bad, to one extreme betray
 Th' unbalanc'd Mind, and snatch the Man away;
 For ‡ Virtue's self may too much zeal be had; 25
 The worst of Madmen is a Saint run mad.

Tempora momentis, sunt qui * formidine nulla
 Imbuti spectent. † quid censes, munera terræ?
 Quid, maris extremos Arabas ‡ ditantis et Indos?
 Ludicra, quid, || plausus, et amici dona Quiritis?
 Quo spectando modo, § quo sensu credis et ore?

** Qui timet his adversa, fere minatur eodem
 Quo cupiens pacto: pavor est utrobique molestus:
 Improvisa simul species exterret utrumque:
 †† Gaudeat, an doleat: cupiat, metuatne; quid ad rem,
 Si, quidquid vidit melius pejusse sua spe,
 Defixis oculis animoque et corpore torpet?
 ‡ Infani sapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui;

† Go then, and if you can, admire the state
 Of beaming diamonds, and reflected plate;
 Procure a TASTE to double the surprise, 30
 And gaze on † Parian Charms with learned eyes:
 Be struck with bright || Brocade, or Tyrian Dye,
 Our Birth-day Nobles' splendid Livery.
 If not so pleas'd, at § Council-board rejoice,
 To see their Judgments hang upon thy Voice;
 From * morn to night, at Senate, Rolls, and Hall,
 Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.
 But wherefore all this labour, all this strife?
 For †† Fame, for Riches, for a Noble Wife?
 Shall †† One whom Nature, Learning, Birth conspir'd,
 To form, not to admire but be admir'd,
 Sigh, while his Chloe blind to Wit and Worth
 Weds the rich Dulness of some Son of earth?
 Yet ||| time ennobles, or degrades each Line;
 It brighten'd Craggs's, and may darken thine: 45
 And what is Fame? the meanest have their day,
 The Greatest can but blaze, and pass away.
 Grac'd as thou art, §§ with all the Power of Words,
 So known, so honour'd, at the house of Lords:

Ultra quam satis est, *virtutem* si petat ipsam,
 † Inunc, argentum et marmor † *vetus*, æraque et artes
 Suspice; cum gemmis || Tyrios mirare colores:
 Gaude, quod spectant oculi te mille § loquentem:
 Gnavus * mane forum, et vespertinus pete tectum;
 †† Ne plus frumenti dotalibus emetat agris
 Mutus et (indignum; quod sit pejoribus ortus)
 †† Hic tibi sit potius, quam tu mirabilis illi.
 ||| Quicquid sub terra est, in apricum proferet ætas;
 Defodiet condetque nitentia. §§ cum bene notum

Conspicuous Scene! another yet is nigh, 50
(More silent far) where Kings and Poets ly;

* Where Murray (long enough his country's pride)
Shall be no more than Tully; or than Hyde!

† Rack'd with Sciatics, martyr'd with the Stone,
Will any mortal let himself alone? 55

See Ward, by batter'd Beaus invited over,
And desp'rate Misery, lays hold on Dover.

The case is easier in the Mind's disease;

There all men may be cur'd, whene'er they please.

Would ye be † blest? despise low joys, low gains;

Disdain whatever Cornbury disdains; 60

Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.

|| But art thou one whom new opinions sway,

One who believes as Tindal leads the way,

Who Virtue and a Church alike disowns, 65

Thinks that but words, and this but brick and stones?

Fly § then, on all the wings of wild desire,

Admire whate'er the maddest can admire:

Is wealth thy passion? Hence! from Pole to Pole,

Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll, 70

For Indian spices, for Peruvian Gold,

Prevent the greedy, or outbid the bold:

Porticus Agrippæ, et via te conspexerit Appi;

Ire tamen restat, Numa * quo devenit et Ancus.

† Si latus aut renes morbo tentantur acuto,

Quære fugam morbi. ‡ vis recte vivere? quis non?

Si virtus hoc una potest dare, fortis omissis

Hoc age deliciis.

|| virtutem verba putes, et

Lucum ligna? § cave ne portus occupet alter:

Ne Cibyratica, ne Bithyna negotia perdas:

* Advance thy golden Mountain to the skies;
 On the broad base of fifty thousand rise;
 Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair) 75
 Add fifty more, and bring it to a square.
 For, mark th' advantage; just so many score
 Will gain a † Wife with half as many more,
 Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaste,
 And then such ‡ Friends—as cannot fail to last. 80
 A || Man of wealth is dubb'd a Man of worth,
 Venus shall give him Form, and Anstis Birth.
 (Believe me, many a § German Prince is worse,
 Who proud of Pedigree, is poor of Purse.)
 His Wealth ** brave Timon gloriously confounds; 85
 Ask'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds;
 Or if three ladies like a luckless Play,
 Take the whole House upon the Poet's day.
 †† Now, in such exigencies not to need,
 Upon my word, you must be rich indeed; 90
 A noble superfluity it craves,
 Not for yourself, but for your Fools and Knaves;

* Mille talenta rotundentur, totidem altera, porro et
 Tertia succedant, et quæ pars quadret acervum.
 Scilicet † uxorem cum dote, fidemque, et ‡ amicos.
 Et genus, et formam, regina || Pecunia donat;
 Ac bene mummatum decorat Suadela, Venusque.
 Mancipiis locuples, eget æris § Cappadocum Rex:
 Ne fueris hic tu. ** chlamydés Lucillus, ut aiunt,
 Si posset centum scenæ præbere rogatus,
 Qui possum tot? ait: tamen et quæram, et quot ha-
 Mittam: post paulo scribit, sibi millia quinque [bebo
 Esse domi chlamydum: partem, vel tolleret omnes.
 †† Exilis domus est, ubi non et multa supersunt,

Something, which for your Honour they may cheat,
And which it much becomes you to forget.

†† If Wealth alone then make and keep us blest, 95
Still, still be getting, never, never rest.

* But if to Pow'r and Place your passion ly,
If in the Pomp of Life consist the joy;
Then hire † a Slave, or (if you will) a Lord
To do the Honours, and to give the Word; 100
Tell at your Levee, as the Crouds approach,

To whom † to nod, whom take into your Coach,
Whom honour with your hand: to make remarks,
Who || rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks:

" This may be troublesome, is near the Chair: 105

" That makes three members, this can chuse a May'r."

Instructed thus, you bow, embrace, protest,

Adopt him § Son, or Cousin at the least,

Then turn about, and ** laugh at your own Jest. }

Or if your life be one continu'd Treat, 110

If †† to live well means nothing but to eat;

Up! up! cries Gluttony, 'tis break of day,

Go drive the Deer, and drag the finny prey;

Et dominum fallunt, et profunt furibus. †† ergo,

Si res sola potest facere et servare beatum,

Hoc primus repetas opus, hoc postremus omittas.

* *Si fortunatum species et gratia præstat,*

† Mercemur servum, qui dicet nomina, lævum

Qui fodicet latus, et † cogat trans pondera dextram

Porrigere: || Hic multum in Fabia valet, ille Velina:

Cui libet, is fasces dabit; eripietque curule,

Cui volet, importunus ebur: § Frater, Pater, adde:

*Ut cuique est ætas, ita quemque ** facetus adopta.*

Si †† bene qui cornat, bene vivit; lucet; camus.

With hounds and horns go hunt an Appetite—
 So †† Ruffel did, but could not eat at night; 115
 Call'd happy Dog! the Beggar at his door,
 And envy'd Thirst and Hunger to the Poor.

Or shall we * ev'ry Decency confound,
 Thro' Taverns, Stews, and Bagnios take our round,
 Go dine with Chartres, in each Vice outdo 120
 † K—I's lewd Cargo, or Ty—y's Crew,
 From Latian Syrens, French Circæan Feasts,
 Return'd well travell'd, and transform'd to Beasts,
 Or for a titled Punk, or foreign Flame,
 Renounce our ‡ Country, and degrade our Name?

If, after all, we must with || Wilmot own, 126
 The Cordial Drop of Life is Love alone,
 And SWIFT cry wisely, "Vive la Bagatelle!"
 The Man that loves and laughs, must sure do well.
 § Adieu—if this advice appear the worst, 130
 E'en take the Counsel which I gave you first:
 Or better Precepts if you can impart,
 Why do, I'll follow them with all my heart.

Quo ducit gula : piscemur, venemur, ut †† olim
 Gargilius: qui mane plagas, venabula, servos,
 Differtum transire forum populumque jubebat,
 Unus ut e multis populo spectante referret.
 Emtum mulus aprum. * crudi, tumidique lavemur,
 Quid deceat, quid non, obliti; Cærite cera
 Digni; † remigium vitiosum Ithacensis Ulyssæi:
 Cui potior ‡ patria fuit interdicta voluptas.

|| Si, Mimnermus uti censet, sine amore jocisque
 Nil est jucundum; vivas in amore jocisque.

§ Vive, vale. si quid novisti rectius istis,
 Candidus imperti: si non, his utere mecum.

ADVERTISEMENT

To the following EPISTLE.

THE Reflections of Horace, and the Judgments past in his Epistle to Augustus, seemed so seasonable to the present Times, that I could not help applying them to the use of my own Country. The Author thought them considerable enough to address them to his Prince; whom he paints with all the great and good qualities of a Monarch, upon whom the Romans depended for the Encrease of an *absolute Empire*. But to make the Poem entirely English, I was willing to add one or two of those which contribute to the Happiness of a *Free People*, and are more consistent with the Welfare of our *Neighbours*.

This Epistle will shew the learned World to have fallen into Two mistakes: one, that *Augustus was a Patron of Poets in general*; whereas he not only prohibited all but the Best Writers to name him, but recommended that Care even to the Civil Magistrate: *Admonebat Pratores, ne paterentur Nomen suum obsolescere*, &c. The other, that this piece was only a *general Discourse of Poetry*; whereas it was an *Apology for the Poets*, in order to render Augustus more their Patron. Horace here pleads the Cause of his Contemporaries, first against the Taste of the *Town*, whose humour it was to magnify the Authors of the preceding Age; secondly, against the *Court and Nobility*, who encouraged only the Writers for the Theatre; and, lastly, against the

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Emperor himself, who had conceived them of little Use to the Government. He shews (by a view of the Progress of Learning; and the Change of Taste among the Romans) that the Introduction of the Polite Arts of Greece had given the Writers of his Time great advantages over their Predecessors; that their *Morals* were much improved, and the license of those ancient Poets restrained: that *Satire* and *Comedy* were become more just and useful; that whatever extravagancies were left on the Stage, were owing to the *Ill Taste* of the *Nobility*; that Poets, under due Regulations, were in many respects useful to the *State*; and concludes, that it was upon them the *Emperor* himself must depend for his Fame with Posterity.

We may farther learn from this Epistle, that Horace made his Court to this Great Prince by writing with a decent Freedom toward him, with a just Contempt of his low Flatterers, and with a manly Regard to his own Character.

THE
FIRST EPISTLE

OF THE
SECOND BOOK

OF
HORACE,

IMITATED.

TO AUGUSTUS.

WHILE you, great Patron of Mankind! * sustain
The balanc'd World, and open all the Main;
Your country, chief in Arms, abroad, defend,
At home with Morals, Arts, and Laws amend;
† How shall the Muse, from such a Monarch, steal;
An hour, and not defraud the Public Weal?

EPISTOLA I.

Ad AUGUSTUM.

CUM tot * sustineas et tanta negotia solus
Res Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,
Legibus emendes; in † publica commoda peccem,
Si longo sermone morer tua tempora, Caesar.

† Edward and Henry, now the Boast of Fame,
 And virtuous Alfred, a more || sacred Name,
 After a Life of gen'rous toils endur'd,
 The Gaul subdu'd, or Property secur'd, 10
 Ambition humbled, mighty cities storm'd,
 Or Laws establish'd, and the world reform'd;
 * Clos'd their long Glories with a sigh, to find
 Th' unwilling Gratitude of base mankind!
 All human Virtue, to its latest breath, 15
 † Finds Envy never conquer'd, but by Death.
 The great Alcides, ev'ry Labour past,
 Had still this Monster to subdue at last:
 † Sure fate of all, beneath whose rising ray
 Each star of meaner merit fades away! 20
 Oppress'd we feel the beam directly beat,
 Those Suns of Glory please not till they set.

To thee, the World its present homage pays,
 The Harvest early, § but mature the praise:
 Great Friend of LIBERTY! in Kings a Name 25
 Above all Greek, above all Roman Fame ¶:

† Romulus, et Liber pater, et cum Castore Pollux,
 Post ingentia facta, || Deorum in templa recepti,
 Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aspera bella
 Componunt, agros adsignant, oppida condunt;
 * Ploravere suis non respondere favorem
 Speratum meritis. diram qui contudit Hydram,
 Notaque fatali portenta labore subegit,
 Comperit † invidiam supremo sine domari.
 † Urit enim fulgore suo, qui prægravat artes.
 Infra se positas: extinctus amabitur idem.
 § Præsenti tibi maturos largimur honores,

Whose Word is Truth, as sacred and rever'd,
 As Heav'n's own Oracles from Altars heard,
 Wonder of King! like whom, to mortal eyes
 None e'er has risen, and none e'er shall rise. 30
 Just in one instance, be it yet confess'd
 Your People, Sir, are partial in the rest;
 Foes to all living worth except your own,
 And Advocates for folly dead and gone.
 Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old; 35
 It is the rust we value, not the gold.
 Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
 And beastly Skelton heads of houses quote:
 One likes no language but the Faery Queen;
 A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk o' the Green; 40

Jurandasque tuum per numen ponimus aras,
 Nil oriturum alias, nil ortum tale fatentes.
 Sed tuus hoc populus sapiens et justus in uno,
 Te nostris ducibus, te Graiis anteferendo,
 Cætera nequaquam simili ratione modoque
 Estimât; et, nisi quæ terris semota suisque
 Temporibus defuncta videt, fastidet et odit:
 Sic fautor veterum, et tabulas peccare vetantes
 Quas bis quinque viri sanxerunt, fœdera regum,
 Vel Gabiis vel cum rigidis æquata Sabinis,

NOTES.

ψ. 38. *And beastly Skelton, &c.*] Skelton, Poet Laureat to Henry VIII. a volume of whose verses has been lately reprinted, consisting almost wholly of ribaldry, obscenity, and scurrilous language.

ψ. 40. *Christ's Kirk o' the Green.*] A Ballad made by a King of Scotland,

And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,
 ‡ He swears the Muses met him at the Devil.

Tho' justly || Greece her eldest sons admires,
 Why shou'd not We be wiser than our fires?

In ev'ry Public Virtue we excell;

We build, we paint, § we sing, we dance as well;

And * learned Athens to our art must stoop,

Could she behold us tumbling thro' a hoop.

If † Time improve our Wits as well as Wine,
 Say at what age a Poet grows divine?

Shall we, or shall we not, account him so,

Who dy'd, perhaps, an hundred years ago?

End all dispute; and fix the year precise

When British bards begin t' immortalize?

"Who lasts a ‡ century can have no flaw;

"I hold that Wit a Clastic, good in law."

Pontificum libros, annosa volumina Vatum,

‡ Dictetet Albano Musas in monte locutas.

Si, quia || Graiorum sunt antiquissima quæque
 Scripta vel optima, Romani pensantur eadem
 Scriptores trutina; non est quod multa loquamur:
 Nil intra est oleam, nil extra est in nuce duri.

Venimus ad summum fortunæ: pingimus, atque

§ Psallimus, et * luctamur Achivus doctius unctis.

Si † meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit;

Scire velim, chartis pretium quotus arroget annus.

Scriptor ab hinc annos centum qui decidit, inter

Perfectos veteresque referri debet, an inter

Viles atque novos? excludat jurgia finis.

Est vetus atque probus, ‡ centum qui perficit annos.

NOTE.

ψ. 42.—met him at the Devil.] The Devil Tavern,
 where Ben Johnson held his Poetical Club.

Suppose he wants a year, will you compound?
and shall we deem him ||| Ancient, right and sound,
or damn to all eternity at once,

at ninety-nine, a Modern and a Dunce? 60

"We shall not quarrel for a year or two;

By §§ courtesy of England, he may do."

Then, by the rule that made the * Horse-tail bare,
pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,

and melt † down Ancients like a heap of snow: 65

While you, to measure merits, look in † Stowe,

and estimating authors by the year,

bestow a Garland only on a || Bier.

§ Shakespeare (whom you and ev'ry Playhouse bill
style the divine, the matchless, what you will) 70

Quid? qui deperiit minor uno mense vel anno,

inter quos referendus erit? ||| veteresne poetas,

an quos et præsens et postera respuat ætas?

Ille quidem veteres inter ponetur §§ honeste,

qui vel mense brevi, vel toto est junior anno.

Utor permissio, caudæque pilos ut * equinæ

scissatim vello: et demo unum, demo et item unum;

utrum cadat elusus ratione † ruentis acervi,

qui redit in † fastos, et virtutem æstimat annis,

miraturque nihil, nisi quod || Libitina sacravit.

§ Ennius et sapiens, et fortis, et alter Homerus,

NOTE.

ψ. 69. *Shakespeare.*] Shakespeare and Ben Johnson may
truly be said not much to have thought of this Immortality;
the one in many pieces composed in haste for the Stage;
the other in his latter works in general, which *Dryden* cal-
led his *Dotages*.

For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
 And grew Immortal in his own despight.
 Ben, old and poor, as little seem'd to heed
 The Life to come, in ev'ry Poet's Creed.
 Who now reads † Cowley ? if he pleases yet,
 His Moral pleases, not his pointed wit;
 Forgot his Epic, nay, Pindaric Art,
 But still ‡ I love the language of his heart.

“ Yet surely, || surely, these were famous men!

“ What boy but hears the sayings of old Ben ?

“ In all § debates where Critics bear a part,

“ Not one but nods, and talks of Johnson's Art,

“ Of Shakespeare's Nature, and of Cowley's Wit;

“ How Beaumont's judgment check'd what Fletcher
 writ;

“ How Shadwell hasty, Wycherley was slow;

“ But, for the Passions, Southern sure and Row!

Ut critici dicunt, levitur curare videtur

Quo * *promissa* cadant, et *somnia Pythagorea*.

† Nævius in manibus non est; at ‡ mentibus hæret

Pene recens: || adeo sanctum est vetus omne poema

Ambigitur § quoties, uter utro sit prior; aufert

Pacuvius docti famam senis, Accius alti:

NOTES.

ψ. 77. *Pindaric Art.*] Which has much more merit than his Epic, but very unlike the Character, as well as Numbers, of Pindar.

ψ. 85. *Shadwell hasty, Wycherley was slow.*] Nothing was less true than this particular: but the whole paragraph has a mixture of irony, and must not altogether be taken for Horace's own judgment, only the common chat of the pretenders to criticism; in some things right, in others wrong; as he tells us in his answer.

Interdum vulgus rectum videt: est ubi peccat.

" These, * only these, support the crouded stage,
 " From eldest Heywood down to Cibber's age."

All this may be; † the People's Voice is odd,
 It is, and it is not, the voice of God. 90

To ‡ Gammer Gurton if it give the bays,
 And yet deny the Careless Husband praise,
 Or say our Fathers never broke a rule;
 Why then, I say, the Public is a fool.

But let them own that greater Faults than we 95
 They had, and greater Virtues, I'll agree.

Spenser himself affects the || Obsolete,
 And Sidney's verse halts ill on § Roman feet :
 Milton's strong pinion now not Heav'n can bound,
 Now Serpent-like, in ** prose he sweeps the ground ;
 In Quibblés, Angel and Archangel join, 101
 And God the Father turns a School-divine.

Dicitur Afranſi toga conveniſſe Menandro ;
 Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi ;
 Vincere Cæcilius gravitate, Terentius arte :
 Hos ediscit, et hos arcto ſtipata theatro
 Spectat Roma potens ; * habet hos numeratque poetas
 Ad noſtrum tempus, Livi ſcriptoris ab ævo.

† Interdum vulgus rectum videt : eſt ubi peccat.

Si ‡ veteres ita miratur laudatque poetas,
 Ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet ; errat :

Si quædam nimis || *antique*, ſi pleraque § *dure*

Dicere cedit eos, ** *ignave* multa fatetur ;

Et ſapit, et mecum facit, et Jove judicat æquo.

NOTE.

ſ. 91. *Gammer Gurton.*] A piece of very low humour,
 one of the firſt printed Plays in Engliſh, and therefore much
 valued by ſome Antiquaries.

† Not that I'd lop the Beauties from his book,
 Like † flashing Bentley with his desp'rate hook,
 Or damn all Shakespeare, like th' affected Fool 105
 At court, who hates whate'er he || read at school.

But for the Wits of either Charles's days,
 The Mob of Gentlemen who wrote with Ease;
 Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more,
 (Like twinkling stars the Miscellanies o'er) 110
 One Simile, that § solitary shines
 In the dry desert of a thousand lines,
 Or * lengthen'd Thought that gleams through ma-
 ny a page,

Has sanctify'd whole poems for an age.
 †† I lose my patience, and I own it too, 115
 When works are censur'd, not as bad but new;
 While if our Elders break all Reason's laws,
 These fools demand not pardon, but Applause.

‡‡ On Avon's bank, where flow'rs eternal blow,
 If I but ask, if any weed can grow; 120

† Non equidem instructor, delendaque carmina Liv?
 Esse reor, memini quæ † plagosum || mihi parvo
 Orbilius dictare;

sed emendata videri

Pulchraque, et exactis minimum distantia, miror:
 Inter quæ § verbum emicuit si forte decorum,
 Si * versus paulo concinnior unus et alter;
 Injuste totum ducit venitque poema.

‡‡ Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia crasse
 Compositum, illepideve putetur, sed quia nuper;
 Nec veniam antiquis, sed honorem et præmia posci.

‡‡ Recte necne crocum floresque perambulet *Atta*
Fabula, si dubitem; clamant periisse pudorem

One Tragic sentence if I dare deride,
 Which || Betterton's grave action dignify'd,
 Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims;
 (Tho' but, perhaps, a muster-roll of Names),
 How will our Fathers rise up in a rage, 125
 And swear, all shame is lost in George's Age!
 You'd think § no Fools disgrac'd the former reign,
 Did not some grave Examples yet remain,
 Who scorn a Lad should teach his father skill,
 And, having once been wrong, will be so still. 130
 He, who to seem more deep than you or I,
 Extols old Bards, * or Merlin's Prophecy,
 Mistake him not; he envies, not admires,
 And to debase the Sons, exalts the Sires.
 † Had ancient times conspir'd to disallow 135
 What then was new, what had been ancient now?
 Or what remain'd, so worthy to be read
 By learned Critics, of the mighty Dead?
 ‡ In Days of Ease, when now the weary Sword
 Was sheath'd, and *Luxury* with *Charles* restor'd; 140

Cuncti pene patres; ea cum reprehendere coner,
 Quæ || *gravis Æsopus*, quæ doctus *Roscius* egit.
 Vel quia nil § rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducunt;
 Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, et quæ
 Imberbi didicere, senes perdenda fateri.

Jam * *Saliare Numa* carmen qui laudat, et illud,
 Quod mecum ignorat, solus vult scire videri;
 Ingeniis non ille favet plauditque sepultis,
 Nostra sed impugnat, nos nostraque lividus odit.

† Quod si tam Græcis novitas invisa fuisset,
 Quam nobis; quid nunc esset vetus? aut quid haberet,
 Quod legeret tereretque viritim publicus usus?

‡ Ut primum positis nugari Græcia bellis

In ev'ry taste of foreign Courts improv'd,
 " All, by the King's Example, liv'd and lov'd."
 Then Peers grew proud in || Horsemanship t' excel,
 Newmarket's Glory rose, as Britain's fell;
 The Soldier breath'd the Gallantries of France, 145
 And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.
 Then § Marble, soften'd into life, grew warm,
 And yielding Metal flow'd to human form:
 Lely on * animated Canvas stole
 The sleepy Eye that spoke the melting soul. 150
 No wonder then, when all was love and sport,
 The willing Muses were debauch'd at Court:
 On † each enervate string they taught the note
 To pant, or tremble thro' an Eunuch's throat.
 But ‡ Britain, changeful as a Child at play, 155
 Now calls in Princes, and now turns away.

Cœpit, et in vitium fortuna labier aqua;
 Nunc athletarum studiis, nunc arsit || equorum
 § Marmoris aut eboris fabros aut æris amavit;
 Suspendit * picta vultum mentemque tabella;
 Nunc † tibicinibus, nunc est gavisa tragœdis:
 ‡ Sub nutrice puella velut si luderet infans,
 Quod cupide petiit, mature plena reliquit.
 Quid placet, aut odio est, quod non mutabile credas?

NOTES.

ψ. 142. A verse of the Lord Lansdown.

ψ. 143. *In Horsemanship t' excel,—And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.*] The Duke of Newcastle's Book of Horsemanship: the Romance of *Parthenissa*, by the Earl of Orrery, and most of the French Romances translated by *Persons of Quality*.

ψ. 153. *On each enervate string, &c.*] The Siege of Rhodes by Sir William Davenant, the first Opera sung in England.

Now Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate ;
 Now all for Pleasure, now for Church and State ;
 Now for Prerogative, and now for Laws ;
 Effects unhappy ! from a Noble Cause. 160

|| Time was, a sober Englishman would knock
 His servants up, and rise by five o'clock ;
 Instruct his Family in ev'ry rule,
 And send his Wife to church, his Son to school.
 To § worship like his Fathers was his care ; 165
 To teach their frugal Virtues to his Heir ;
 To prove, that Luxury could never hold ;
 And place, on good * Security, his Gold.
 Now times are chang'd, and one † Poetic Itch
 Has seiz'd the Court and City, poor and rich : 170
 Sons, Sires, and Grandfires, all will wear the bays,
 Our Wives read Milton, and our Daughters Plays,
 To Theatres, and to Rehearsals throng,
 And all our Grace at table is a Song.

Hoc paces habuere bonæ, ventique secundi.

|| Romæ dulce diu fuit et solemne, reclusa
 Mane domo vigilare, clienti promere jura ;
 Scriptis § nominibus rectis expendere nummos ;
 * Majores audire, minori dicere, per quæ
 Crescere res posset, minui damnosa libido.
 Mutavit mentem populus levis, † et calet uno
 Scribendi studio : puerique patresque severi
 Fronde comas vincti cœnant, et carmina dictant.
 Ipse ego, qui nullos me affirmo scribere versus,

NOTES.

ψ. 158. *Now all for Pleasure, now for Church and State.*] The first half of Charles the Second's reign was passed in an abandoned dissoluteness of manners ; the other half, in factious disputes about Popish plots and French prerogative.

ψ. 160. *Effects unhappy ! from a Noble Cause.*] i. e. The love of Liberty.—Mr. Voltaire, while in England, in a letter,

I, who so oft renounce the Muses, † lie, 175
 Not —'s self e'er tells more *Fibbs* than I;
 When sick of Muse, our follies we deplore,
 And promise our best Friends to rhyme no more;
 We wake next morning in a raging fit,
 And call for pen and ink to show our Wit. 180

* He serv'd a 'Prenticeship, who sets up shop;
 Ward try'd on puppies, and the Poor, his Drop;

Invenior † Parthis *mendacior*; et prius orto
 Sole vigil, calamum et chartas et scrinia posco.

* Navem agere *ignarus* navis timet : abrotonum agro.

NOTES.

dated October 15, 1726, writes thus to a friend in Paris —

" I had a mind at first to print our poor Henry at my own
 " expences in London; but the loss of my money is a sad
 " stop to my design. I question if I shall try the way of
 " subscriptions by the favour of the court. I am weary
 " of courts. All that is king, or belongs to a king, frights
 " my republican philosophy. I won't drink the least draught
 " of slavery in the land of liberty. I have written freely
 " to —, and I will always do so, having no reason to lay my-
 " self under any restraint. I fear, I hope nothing from
 " your country: all that I wish for, is to see you one day
 " here. I am entertaining myself with this pleasant hope,
 " If it is but a dream, let me enjoy it: do not undeceive
 " me: let me believe I shall have the pleasure to see you
 " in London, drawing up the strong spirit of this unaccount-
 " able nation. You will translate their thoughts better
 " when you live amongst them. You will see a nation fond
 " of their liberty, learned, witty, despising life and death,
 " a nation of philosophers. Not but that there are some fools
 " in England. Every country has its madmen. It may be,
 " French folly is pleasanter than English madness, but by
 " — English wisdom and English honesty is above yours."

ψ. 182. *Ward.*] A famous Empiric, whose Pill and Drop
 had several surprizing effects, and were one of the princi-
 pal subjects of writing and conversation at this time.

Ibid. *Ward try'd on puppies, and the poor, his drop.*] It
 was the poet's purpose to do Mr Ward honour in assigning
 to him that medical aphorism of regular practice,

Periculum faciamus in corpore vili.

Av'n † Radcliff's Doctors travel first to France,
Nor dare to practise till they've learned to dance.
Who builds a Bridge that never drove a pile? 185
Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile :)
But † those who cannot write, and those who can,
All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man.

Yet, Sir, || reflect, the mischief is not great;
These Madmen never hurt the Church or State: 190
Sometimes the Folly benefits mankind;
And rarely § Av'rice taints the tuneful mind.
Allow him but his ** plaything of a Pen,
He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men:
† Flight of Cashiers, or Mobs, he'll never mind, 195
And knows no losses while the Muse is kind.
To †† cheat a Friend, or Ward, he leaves to Peter;
The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre,
Enjoys his Garden and his book in quiet;
And then—a perfect Hermit in his ||| diet. 200

Of little use the Man you may suppose,
Who says in verse what others say in prose;
Yet let me show, a Poet's of some weight,
And (* tho' no Soldier) useful to the State.

Non audit, nisi qui *didicit*, dare: quod *medicorum* est,
Promittunt † *medici*: tractant *fabrilia* *fabri*:
Scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim.

|| Hic error tamen et levis hæc insania, quantas
Virtutes habeat, sic collige: vatis § *avarus* [unum;
Non temere est animus: ** *versus* amat, hoc studet
Detrimenda, †† *fugas servorum, incendia* ridet:
Non †† *fraudem socio*, puerove incogitat ullam
Pupillo; vivit filiquis, et pane secundo ||| :
* *Militiæ* quanquam piger et malus, *utilis urbi*;

NOTE.

Y. 204. And (tho' no soldier)] Horace had not acquitted himself much to his credit in this capacity (*non bene re-*

† What will a Child learn sooner than a song? 205
 What better teach a Foreigner the tongue?
 What's long or short, each accent where to place,
 And speak in public with some sort of grace.
 I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,
 Unless he praise some Monster of a King; 210
 Or Virtue, or Religion turn to sport,
 To please a lewd, or Unbelieving Court.
 Unhappy Dryden!—In all Charles's days,
 Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays;
 And in our own (excuse some Courtly stains) 215
 No whiter page than Addison remains.

Si das hoc, parvis quoque rebus magna juvari;
 † Os tenerum pueri balbumque poeta figurat:

NOTES.

licta parmula) in the battle of Philippi. It is manifest he alludes to himself, in this whole account of a poet's character; but with an intermixture of irony: *Vivit filiquis et pane secundo*, has a relation to his Epicurism; *Os tenerum pueri*, is ridicule. The nobler office of a poet follows: *Torquet ab obſcœnis—Mox etiã pectus—Recte facta refert*, &c. which the imitator has apply'd where he thinks it more due than to himself. He hopes to be pardoned, if, as he is sincerely inclined to praise what deserves to be praised, he arraigns what deserves to be arraigned, in the 210, 211, and 212th verses.

N°. 215.—*excuse some Courtly stains.*] We are not to understand this as a disapprobation of Mr Addison, for celebrating the virtues of the present Royal Family. It relates to a certain circumstance in which he thought that amiable poet did not act with the ingenuity that became his character.

When Mr Addison, in the year 1713, had finished his *Cato*, he brought it to Mr Pope for his judgment. Our poet, who thought the sentiments excellent, but the action not enough theatrical, gave him his opinion fairly, and told him, that he had better not bring it upon the stage, but print it like a classical performance, which would perfectly answer his design. Mr Addison approved of this advice, and seemed disposed to follow it: but soon after he came

He, * from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
 And sets the Passions on the side of Truth;
 Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
 And pours each human Virtue in the heart. 220
 Let Ireland tell, how Wit upheld her cause,
 Her Trade supported, and supplied her laws;
 And leave on SWIFT this grateful verse engrav'd,
 "The Rights a Court attack'd, a Poet sav'd."

Torquet * ab *obscænis* jam nunc sermonibus aurem;
 Mox etiam pectus præceptis format amicis,
 Asperitatis, et invidia corrector, et ira;

NOTE.

to Mr Pope, and told him, that some friends, whom he could not disoblige, insisted on his having it acted. However, he assured Mr Pope that it was with no party-views, and desired him to satisfy the Treasurer and the Secretary in that particular; and at the same time gave him the Poem to carry to them for their perusal. Our Poet executed his commission in the most friendly manner; and the play, and the project for bringing it upon the stage, had their approbation and encouragement. Throughout the carriage of this whole affair, Mr Addison was so exceedingly afraid of party-imputations, that when Mr Pope, at his request, wrote the famous prologue to it, and had said,

"Britons, arise, be worth like this approv'd,

"And show you have the virtue to be mov'd;"

he was much troubled, said it would be called stirring the people to rebellion; and earnestly begged he would soften it into something less obnoxious. On this account it was altered as it now stands, to—*Britons, attend*,—though at the expence both of the sense and spirit. Notwithstanding this, the very next year, when the present illustrious family came to the succession, Mr Addison thought fit to make a merit of Cato, as purposely and directly written to oppose the schemes of a faction; his Poem to her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, beginning in this manner:

"The Muse that oft with sacred raptures fir'd,

"Has gen'rous thoughts of Liberty inspir'd;

"And, boldly rising for Britannia's laws,

"Engag'd great Cato in her country's cause;

"On you submissive waits."

Behold the hand that wrought a Nation's cure, 225
 Stretch'd to † relieve the Idiot and the Poor,
 Proud Vice to brand, or injur'd Worth adorn,
 And ‡ stretch the Ray to ages yet unborn.
 Not but there are, who merit other Palms;
 Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with Psalms; 230
 The * Boys and Girls whom charity maintains,
 Implore your help in these pathetic strains:
 How could Devotion || touch the country pews,
 Unless the Gods bestow'd a proper Muse?
 Verse cheers their leisure, Verse assists their work, 235
 Verse prays for Peace, or sings down § Pope and Turk.
 The silenc'd Preacher yields to potent strain,
 And feels that grace his pray'r besought in vain;
 The blessing thrills thro' all the lab'ring throng,
 And †† Heav'n is won by Violence of Song. 240

*Recte facta refert; † orientia tempora notis
 Instruit exemplis; ‡ inopem solatur et agrum.
 Castis cum * pueris ignara puella mariti
 Disceret unde || preces, vatem ni Musa dedisset?
 Poscit opem chorus, et presentia numina sentit:
 Cœlestes implorat aquas, docta prece blandus;
 Avertit morbos, § metuenda pericula pellit;
 Impetrat et pacem, et locupletem frugibus annum.
 †† Carminc Di superi placantur, carmine Manes.*

NOTES.

ψ. 226. —*the Idiot and the Poor.*] A foundation for the maintenance of idiots, and a fund for assisting the poor, by lending small sums of money on demand.

ψ. 230. *Sternhold.*] One of the versifiers of the old singing psalms. He was a courtier, and Groom of the Robes to Henry VIII. and of the Bedchamber to Edward VI. Fuller, in his Church History, says he was esteemed an excellent Poet.

Our § rural Ancestors, with little blest,
 Patient of labour when the end was rest,
 Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain,
 With feasts, and off'rings, and a thankful strain:
 The joy their wives, their sons, and servants, share, 245
 Ease of their toil, and partners of their care:
 The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
 Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and open'd ev'ry soul:
 With growing years the pleasing Licence grew,
 And * Taunts alternate innocently flew. 250
 But Times corrupt, and † Nature ill-inclin'd,
 Produc'd the point that left a sting behind;
 Till friend with friend, and families at strife,
 Triumphant Malice rag'd thro' private life.
 Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th' alarm, 255
 Appeal'd to Law, and Justice lent her arm.
 At length, by wholesome ‡ dread of statutes bound,
 The Poets learn'd to please, and not to wound:

§ Agricolaë prisci, fortes, parvoque beati,
 Condita post frumenta, levantes tempore festo
 Corpus et ipsum animum spe finis dura ferentem,
 Cum sociis operum pueris et conjuge fida,
 Tellurem porco, Silvanum lacte piabant,
 Floribus et vino Genium memorem brevis ævi.
 Fescennina per hunc inventa licentia morem
 Versibus alternis opprobria rustica fudit;
 Libertasque recurrentes accepta per annos
 Lusit amabiliter: † donec jam sævus apertam
 In rabiem cœpit verti jocus, et per honestas
 Ire domos impune minax. doluere cruento
 Dente laceffiti: fuit intactis quoque cura
 Conditione super communi: ‡ quin etiam lex
 Pœnaque lata, malo quæ nollet carmine quemquam

Most warp'd to || Flatt'ry's side; but some more nice,
 Preserv'd the freedom, and forbore the vice. 266
 Hence Satire rose, that just the medium hit,
 And heals with morals what it hurts with Wit.

* We conquer'd France, but felt our Captive's charms;
 Her Arts victorious triumph'd o'er our Arms :
 Britain to soft refinements less a foe, 268
 Wit grew polite, and † Numbers learn'd to flow.
 Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join }
 The varying verse, the full-resounding line, }
 The long majestic March, and Energy divine. }
 Tho' still some traces of our ‡ rustic vein 270
 And splay-foot verse remain'd, and will remain.
 Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
 When the tir'd Nation || breath'd from civil war.
 Exact § Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,
 Show'd us that France had something to admire. 271

Describi. vertere modum, formidine fustis
 Ad || *bene dicendum, delectandumque* redacti.

* Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes
 Intulit agresti Latio. sic horridus ille
Defluxit † numerus Saturnius, et grave virus
Munditiæ pepulere : sed in longum tamen ævum
 Manserunt, hodieque manent, ‡ *vestigia ruris.*
 Serus enim Græcis admovit æumina chartis :
 Et post || *Punica bella* quietus quærere cœpit.
 Quid § Sophocles et Thespis et Æschylus utile ferrent :

NOTE.

ψ. 267. *Waller was smooth.*] Mr Waller, about this time, with the Earl of Dorset, Mr Godolphin, and others, translated the Pompey of Corneille; and the more correct French Poets began to be in reputation.

Not but the * Tragic spirit was our own,
 And full in Shakespeare, fair in Otway stone :
 But Otway fail'd to polish or refine,
 And † fluent Shakespeare scarce effac'd a line.
 Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot, 280
 The last and greatest Art, the Art to blot.
 Some doubt, if equal pains, or equal fire
 The † humbler Muse of Comedy require.
 But in known Images of life, I guess
 The labour greater, as th' indulgence less. 285
 || Observe how seldom ev'n the best succeed :
 Tell me if § Congreve's Fools are Fools indeed ?
 What pert, low Dialogue has Farqu'ar writ !
 How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit !
 The stage how ** loosely does Astrea tread, 290
 Who fairly puts all Characters to bed !
 And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
 To make poor Pinky †† eat with vast applause !

Tentavit quoque rem, si digne vertere posset :
 Et placuit sibi, natura sublimis et acer :
 Nam * spirat tragicum fatis, et feliciter audet :
 Sed † turpem putat inscite metuitque *lituram*.

Creditur, ex † *medio* quia res arcessit, habere
 Sudoris minimum ; sed habet *Comædia* tanto
 Plus oneris, quanto veniæ minus. || aspice, Plautus
 Quo pacto § *partes tutetur* amantis ephēbi,
 Ut patris attenti, lenonis ut infidiosi :
 Quātus sit Dossennus ** *edacibus in parasitis* ;
 Quam †† *non astricto* percurrat pulpita *socco*.

NOTE.

ψ. 290. *Astrea*.] A Name taken by Mrs Behn, Authoress
 of several obscene Plays, &c.

But fill their ** purse, our Poets' work is done,
Alike to them, by Pathos or by Pun. 293

O you! whom † Vanity's light bark conveys
On Fame's mad voyage by the wind of praise,
With what a shifting gale your course you ply,
For ever sunk too low, or borne too high!

Who pants for glory finds but short repose, 300
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.

|| Farewell the stage! if just as thrives the play,
The silly bard grows fat, or falls away.

§ There still remains, to mortify a Wit,
The many-headed Monster of the Pit: 305

A senseless, worthless, and unhonour'd croud;
Who, * to disturb their betters mighty proud,
Clatt'ring their sticks before ten lines are spoke,
Call for the Farce, † the Bear, or the Black-joke.
What dear delight to Britons Farce affords! 310

Ever the Taste of Mobs, but now † of Lords;
(Taste, that eternal wanderer, which flies
From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes)

Gessit enim ** nummum in loculos demittere; post hoc
Securus, cadat an recto stet fabula talo.

Quem tulit ad scenam † ventoso gloria curru,
Exanimat lentus spectator, sedulus inflat:
Sic leve, sic parvum est, animum quod laudis avarum
Subruit, ac reficit: || valeat res ludicra. si me
Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.

§ Sæpe etiam audacem fugat hoc terretque poetam
Quod numero plures, virtute et honore minores
Indocti, stolidique, et * depugnare parati
Si discordet eques, media inter carmina poscunt
Aut † ursum aut pugilas: his nam plebecula gaudet.
Verum † equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas

The Play stands still; damn action and discourse,
 Back fly the scenes, and enter foot || and horse; 315
 Pageants on Pageants, in long order drawn,
 Peers, Heralds, Bishops, Ermin, Gold and Lawn;
 The Champion too! and, to complete the jest,
 Old Edward's Armour beams on Cibber's breast.
 With * laughter sure Democritus had dy'd, 320
 Had he beheld an Audience gape so wide.
 Let Bear or † Elephant be e'er so white,
 The people, sure, the people are the sight!
 Ah luckless ‡ Poet! stretch thy lungs and roar,
 That Bear or Elephant shall heed thee more; 325
 While all its § throats the gallery extends,
 And all the Thunder of the Pit ascends!

Omnis, ad incertos oculos, et gaudia vana.
 Quatuor aut plures aula premuntur in horas;
 Dum fugiunt || equitum turmæ, peditumque catervæ;
 Mox trahitur manibus regum fortuna retortis;
 Effeda festinant, pilenta, petorrita, naves;
 Captivum portatur ebur; captiva Corinthus.
 * Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus; seu
 Diversum confusa genus panthera camelo,
 Sive † *elephus albus* vulgi converteret ora.
 Spectaret *populum* ludis attentius ipsis,
 Ut sibi præbentem mimo spectacula plura ::
 Scriptores autem ‡ narrare putaret *afello*
Fabellam furdo. nam quæ § pervincere voces

NOTE.

ψ. 319. *Old Edward's Armour beams on Cibber's breast.*]
 The Coronation of Henry VIII. and Queen Anne Boleyn, in
 which the Playhouses vied with each other to represent all
 the pomp of a Coronation. In this noble contention, the
 Armour of one of the Kings of England was borrowed from
 the Tower, to dress the Champion.

Loud as the Wolves, on Orcas' § stormy steep,
 Howl to the roarings of the Northern deep;
 Such is the shout, the long-applauding note, 330
 At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's ** petticoat;
 Or when from Court a birth-day suit bestow'd,
 Sinks the † lost Actor in the tawdry load.
 Booth enters—hark! the universal peal!

“ But has he spoken ?” Not a syllable. 335
 What shook the stage, and made the people stare?
 ‡ Cato's long wig, flower'd gown, and lacquer'd chair,

Yet lest you think I rally more than teach,
 Or praise malignly Arts I cannot reach,
 Let me for once presume t' instruct the times, 340
 To know the Poet from the man of rhymes:
 'Tis he, * who gives my breast a thousand pains,
 Can make me feel each passion that he feigns;
 Inrage, compose, with more than magic Art,
 With Pity, and with Terror, tear my heart; 345
 And snatch me, o'er the earth, or thro' the air,
 To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

Evaluere sonum, referunt quem nostra theatra?
 § Garganum mugire putes nemus, aut mare Tuscum.
 Tanto cum strepitu ludi spectantur, et artes,
 ** Divitiæque peregrinæ: quibus † oblitus actor
 Cum stetit in scena, concurrat dextera lævæ.
 Dixit adhuc aliquid? nil sane. Quid placet ergo?
 ‡ Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.
 Ac ne forte putes me, quæ facere ipse recusem,
 Cum recte tractent alii, laudare maligne;
 Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur
 Ire poeta; * meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
 Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,

NOTE.

§. 328. *Orcas' Stormy Steep.*] The farthest Northern Promontory of Scotland, opposite the Orcades.

† But not this part of the Poetic state
 Alone, deserves the favour of the Great :
 Think of those Authors, Sir, who would rely 350
 More on a Reader's sense, than Gazer's eye.
 Or who shall wander where the Muses sing ?
 Who climb their mountain, or who taste their spring ?
 How shall we fill † a Library with Wit,
 When Merlin's Cave is half unfurnish'd yet ? 355
 My Liege ! why Writers little claim your thought,
 I guess; and, with their leave, will tell the fault :
 We * Poets are (upon a Poet's word)
 Of all mankind, the creatures most absurd :
 The § season, when to come, and when to go, 360
 To sing, or cease to sing, we never know ;
 And if we will recite nine hours in ten,
 You lose your patience, just like other men.
 Then too we hurt ourselves, when to defend
 A || single verse, we quarrel with a friend ; 365

Ut magus ; et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.
 † Verum age, et his, qui se lectori credere malunt,
 Quam spectatoris fastidia ferre superbi,
 Curam impende brevem : si † munus Apolline dignum,
 Vis complere libris ; et vatibus addere calcar,
 Ut studio majore petant Helicon virentem.
 * Multa quidem nobis facimus mala sæpæ poetæ,
 (Ut vineta egomet cædem mea) cum tibi librum
 § Sollicito damus, aut fessæ : cum lædimur, || unum

NOTES.

ψ. 354. *A Library.*] *Munus Apolline dignum.* The Palatine Library then building by Augustus.

ψ. 355. *Merlin's Cave.*] A Building in the Royal Gardens of Richmond, where is a small, but choice Collection of Books.

Repeat || unask'd; lament, the § Wit's too fine
 For vulgar eyes, and point out ev'ry line.
 But most, when straining with too weak a wing,
 We needs will write Epistles to the King;
 And ** from the moment we oblige the town, 370
 Expect a place or Pension from the Crown;
 Or dubb'd Historians by express command,
 T' enroll your triumphs o'er the seas and land,
 Be call'd to Court to plan some work divine,
 As once for LOUIS, Boileau and Racine. 375

Yet †† think, great Sir! (so many virtues shown)
 Ah think, what Poet best may make them known?
 Or chuse at least some Minister of Grace,
 Fit to bestow the * Laureat's weighty place.

† Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair, 380
 Assign'd his figure to Bernini's care;

Si quis *amicorum* est ausus reprehendere *versum* :
 Cum loca jam || recitata revolvimus *irrevocati* :
 Cum § lamentamur non *apparere* labores
 Nostros, et *tenui* deducta poemata *filo* ;
 Cum ** speramus eo rem venturam, ut, simul atque
Carmina rescieris nos fingere, commodus ultro
Arceffas, et egere vetes, et *scribere cogas*.
 Sed tamen est †† *opera pretium* cognoscere, *quales*
Ædituos habeat belli spectata domique
Virtus, * *indigno* non committenda *poeta*.

† Gratus Alexandro regi Magno fuit ille
 Chœrilus, incultis qui versibus et male natis
 Rettulit acceptos, regale numisma, Philippos.
 Sed veluti tractata notam labemque remittunt
 Atramenta, fere scriptores carmine sædo
 Splendida facta linunt. idem rex ille, poema

And great † Nassau to Kneller's hand decreed
 To fix him graceful on the bounding Steed;
 So well in paint and stone they judg'd of merit;
 But Kings in Wit may want discerning spirit. 385
 The Hero William and the Martyr Charles,
 One knighted Blackmore, and one pension'd Quarles:
 Which made old Ben, and surly Dennis swear,
 "No Lord's anointed, but a || Russian bear."

Not with such § majesty, such bold relief, 390
 The Forms august, of King, or conqu'ring Chief,
 E'er swell'd on marble; as in verse have shin'd
 (In polish'd verse) the Manners and the Mind.
 Oh! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
 Your * Arms, your Actions, your Repose to sing! 395
 What † seas you travers'd, and what fields you fought!
 Your Country's peace, how oft, how dearly bought!
 How ‡ barb'rous rage subsided at your word,
 And Nations wonder'd while they dropp'd the sword!

Qui tam ridiculum tam care prodigus emit,
 Edicto vetuit, ne quis *se* præter Appellem
 Pingeret, aut alius Lyssippo duceret æra
 Fortis † *Alexandri vultum simulantia*. quod si
 Judicium subtile videndis artibus illud
 Ad libros et ad hæc Musarum dona vocares;
 || Bæotum in crasso jurares æra natum.

[*At neque dedecorant tua de se judicia, atque
 Munera, quæ multa dantis cum laude tulerunt,
 Dilecti tibi Virgilius Variusque poeta;*]

Nec magis expressi § vultus per ahenea signa,
 Quam per vatis opus mores animique virorum
 Clarorum apparent. nec sermones ego mallet
 Repentes per humum, * quam *res componere gestas*,
 Terrarumque † situs et flumina dicere, et arces
 Montibus impositas, et ‡ *barbara regna*, tuisque

How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep, 400
 || Peace stole her wing, and wrapt the world in sleep;
 'Till earth's extremes your mediation own,
 And § Asia's Tyrants tremble at your Throne—
 But †† Verse, alas! your Majesty disdains;
 And I'm not us'd to Panegyric strains : 405
 The Zeal of * Fools offends at any time,
 But most of all, the Zeal of Fools in rhyme.
 Besides, a fate attends on all I write,
 That when I aim at praise, they say † I bite.
 A vile † Encomium doubly ridicules : 410
 There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.

*Auspiciis totum || confecta duell a per orbem,
 Claustraque custodem pacis cohibentia Janum,
 Et § formidatam Parthis, te principe, Romam :
 Si quantum cuperem, possem quoque sed neque
 parvum*

†† *Carmen majestas recipit tua; nec meus audeat
 Rem tentare pudor, quam vires ferre recusant.
 Sedulitas autem * stulte quem diligit, urget;
 Præcipue cum se numeris commendat et arte.
 Discit enim citius, meminitque libentius illud
 Quod quis † deridet, quam quod probat et veneratur.
 Nil moror † officium, quod me gravat: ac neque fisto*

NOTE.

Y. 405. *And I'm not us'd to Panegyric strains.*] Archbishop Tillotson hath said, "That satire and invective were
 " the easiest kind of wit, because almost any degree of it
 " would serve to abuse and find fault. For wit (says he)
 " is a keen instrument, and every one can cut and gash with
 " it. But to carve a beautiful image and polish it, requires
 " great art and dexterity. To praise a thing well, is an
 " argument of much more wit than to abuse: a little wit,
 " and a great deal of ill-nature, will furnish a man for
 " satire, but the greatest instance of wit is to commend
 " well."

If true, a † woful likeness; and if lies,
“ Praise undeserv'd is scandal in disguise :”
Well may he † blush, who gives it, or receives;
And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves 415
(Like * Journals, Odes, and such forgotten things
As Eusden, Philips, Settle, writ of Kings)
Cloath spice, line trunks, or flutt'ring in a row,
Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

In † *pejus* vultu proponi *cereus* usquam,
Nec prave factis decorari versibus opto :
Ne † rubeam *pingui* donatus *munere*, et una
Cum * scriptore meo capsâ porrectus aperta,
Deferar in vicum vendentem thus et odores,
Et piper et quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis.

THE
SECOND EPISTLE
OF THE
SECOND BOOK
OF
HORACE,
IMITATED.

Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquebitur.

Hor.

DEAR Col'nel, COBHAM'S and your Country's
Friend!

You love a Verse, take such as I can send.

* A Frenchman comes, presents you with his Boy,
Bows and begins—" This Lad, Sir, is of Blois :

" Observe his shape, how clean ! his locks how curl'd !

" My only son, I'd have him see the world : 6

EPISTOLA I.

FLORE, bono claroque fidelis amice Neroni.

* Si quis forte velit puerum tibi vendere natum
Tibure vel Gabiis, et tecum sic agat : " Hic et

" Candidus, et talos a vertice pulcher ad imos,

NOTE.

ψ. 4. *This Lad, Sir, is of Blois :*] A Town in Beaute,
where the French tongue is spoken in great purity.

" His French is pure; his Voice too—you shall hear.
 " Sir, he's your slave, for twenty pound a-year.
 " Mere wax as yet, you fashion him with ease,
 " Your Barber, Cook, Upholst'rer, what you please:
 " A perfect genius at an Op'ra song— 11
 " To say too much, might do my honour wrong.
 " Take him with all his virtues, on my word;
 " His whole ambition was to serve a Lord:
 " But, Sir, to you, with what would I not part? 15
 " Tho', faith, I fear, 'twill break his Mother's heart.
 " Once (and but once) I caught him in a lie,
 " And then, unwhipp'd, he had the grace to cry:
 " The fault he has I fairly shall reveal,
 " (Could you o'erlook but that) it is, to steal." 20
 * If, after this, you took the graceless lad,
 Could you complain, my Friend, he prov'd so bad?

" Fiet eritque tuus nummorum millibus octo;
 " Verna ministeriis ad nutus aptus heriles;
 " Litterulis Græcis imbutus, idoneus arti
 " Cuilibet: argilla quidvis imitaberis uda:
 " Quin etiam canet indoctum, sed dulce bibenti.
 " Multa fidem promissa levant, ubi plenius æquo
 " Laudat venales, qui vult extrudere, merces.
 " Res urget me nulla: meo sum pauper in ære.
 " Nemo hoc mangonum faceret tibi: non temere a me
 " Quivis ferret idem: semel hic cessavit, et (ut fit)
 " In scalis latuit metuens pendentis habenæ:
 " Des nummos, excepta nihil te si fuga lædit."
 * Ille ferat pretium, pœnæ securus, opinor.
 Prudens emisisti vitiosum: dicta tibi est lex.
 Insequeris tamen hunc, et lite moraris iniqua.

Faith, in such case, if you should prosecute,
 I think Sir Godfrey should decide the suit;
 Who sent the Thief that stole the Cash, away, 25
 And punish'd him that put it in his way.

† Consider then, and judge me in this light;
 I told you when I went, I could not write;
 You said the same; and are you discontent
 With laws to which you gave your own assent? 30
 Nay, worse, to ask for Verse at such a time!
 D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme?

‡ In ANNA's Wars, a Soldier poor and old
 Had dearly earn'd a little purse of gold:
 Tir'd with a tedious march, one luckless night, 35
 He slept, (poor dog!) and lost it, to a doit.
 This put the man in such a desp'rate mind,
 Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join'd,
 Against the foe, himself, and all mankind, }

† Dixi me pigrum proficiscenti tibi, dixi
 Talibus officiis prope mancum: ne mea sævus
 Jurgares ad te quod epistola nulla veniret.
 Quid tum profeci, mecum facientia jura
 Si tamen attentas? quereris super hoc etiam, quod
 Expectata tibi non mittam carmina mendax.

‡ Luculli miles collecta viatica multis
 Ærumnis, lassus dum noctu stertit, ad assem
 Perdiderat: post hoc vehemens lupo, et sibi et hosti
 Iratus pariter, jejunis dentibus acer,
 Præsidium regale loco dejecit, ut aiunt,
 Summe munito, et multarum divite rerum.

NOTE.

vs. 24. *I think Sir Godfrey.*] An eminent Justice of Peace,
 who decided much in the manner of Sancho Pancho.—Sir
 Godfrey Kneller.

He leap'd the trenches, scal'd a Castle-wall, 40
 Tore down a Standard, took the Fort and all.
 "Prodigious well!" his great Commander cry'd,
 Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.
 Next pleas'd his Excellence a town to batter;
 (Its name I know not, and it's no great matter) 45
 "Go on, my Friend, (he cry'd) see yonder walls!
 "Advance and conquer! go where Glory calls!
 "More honours, more rewards, attend the brave."
 Don't you remember what reply he gave?
 "D'ye think me, noble Gen'ral, such a Sot? 50
 "Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat."
 * Bred up at home, full early I begun
 To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' son.

Clarus ob id factum, donis ornatur honestis,
 Accipit et bis dena super sestertia nummum.
 Forte sub hoc tempus *castellum* evertere prætor
Nescio quod cupiens, hortari cœpit eundem
 Verbis, quæ timido quoque possent addere mentem:
 I, bone, quo virtus tua te vocat: i pede fausto,
 Grandia laturus meritum præmia: quid istas?
 Post hæc ille catus, quantumvis rusticus, "Ibit,
 "Ibit eo, quo vis, qui zonam perdidit," inquit.
 * Romæ nutriri mihi contigit, atque doceri,

NOTE.

ψ. 52. *Bred up at home, &c.*] Mr Pope was taught his letters very early by an aunt; and, from thence to his eighth year, he took great delight in reading. He learned to write of himself, by copying after printed books, whose characters he brought himself to imitate in great perfection. At eight he was put under the care of one Taverner, a priest, who taught him the Rudiments of the Latin and Greek tongues, together: from him, in a little time, he was sent to a private school at Twisford near Winchester. Here he

Besides, my Father taught me from a lad,
 The better art to know the good from bad : 33
 (And little sure imported to remove,
 To hunt for Truth in Maudlin's learned grove.)
 But knottier points we knew not half so well,
 Depriv'd us soon of our paternal Cell ;
 And certain Laws, by suff'ers thought unjust, 60
 Deny'd all posts of profit or of trust :
 Hopes after hopes of pious Papists fail'd,
 While mighty WILLIAM's thund'ring arm prevail'd.

*Iratus Graiis quantum nocuisset Achilles,
 Adjecere bonæ paulo plus artis Athenæ :
 Scilicet ut possem curvo dignoscere rectum,
 Atque inter filvas Academi querere verum.*

NOTE.

continued about a year, and was then removed to another, near Hyde-park corner. Under these two last masters he lost the little he had got under the priest. At twelve, he went with his father into the Forest; where he was for a few months under another priest, and with as little success as before: for, as he used to say, he never could learn any thing which he did not pursue with pleasure; and these miserable pedants had not the art of making his studies an amusement to him. Upon the remnants, therefore, of this small stock, so hardly picked up, so easily lost, and recovered (as we shall see) with so much labour, he at length thought fit to become his own master. And now the only method of study he prescribed to himself, was reading those classic writers, who afforded him most entertainment. So that while he was intent upon the subject, with a strong appetite for knowledge, and an equal passion for poetry, he insensibly got Latin and Greek. And, what was extraordinary, his impatience of restraint, in the usual forms, did not hinder his subjecting himself, now he was his own master, to all the drudgery and fatigue of perpetually recurring to his grammar and lexicon. By the time he was fifteen, he had acquired a very ready habit in the learned languages, when a strong fancy came into his head to remove to London to learn French and Italian. His family (whose only object

For Right Hereditary tax'd and fin'd,
He stuck to poverty with peace of mind;

65

Dura sed emovere loco me tempora grato;
Civilisque rudem belli tulit æstus in arma,

NOTES.

was the preservation of his miserable infirm body) regarded it as a very wild project; but he persisted in it, and they gave way. To town he went, and mastered those two languages with surprising dispatch. The whole treasure of Parnassus now lay open to him; and, between this and his twentieth year, his constant employment was reading the most considerable poets and critics in the Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and English languages: but all this without much order, as chance threw them in his way, or the caprice of desultory reading directed his choice. This being one continued indulgence of his curiosity or amusement, made him always speak of these four or five years as the most pleasurable part of his life.

Yet his true understanding would not suffer him to continue long easy under so defective an education: for a vast memory, and an accurate judgment, which remedied many of its inconveniencies, made him but the more sensible of them all. So that at twenty, when the impetuosity of his spirits began to permit his genius to be put under restraint, he went over all the parts of his education anew, from the very beginning, and in a regular and more artful manner. He penetrated into the general grounds and reasons of speech; he learned to distinguish the several species of style; he studied the peculiar genius and character of each language; he reduced his natural talent for poetry to a science, and mastered those parts of philosophy that would most contribute to enrich his vein. And all this with such continued attention, labour, and severity, that he used to say, that he had been seven years (that is, from twenty to twenty-seven) in unlearning all he had been acquiring for twice that time.

¶ 65. *He stuck to poverty with peace of mind.*] There was something very singular in the oeconomy of Mr Pope's father. He was a merchant, and lived in London. At the Revolution he left off trade, and converted his effects into money, amounting to between fifteen and twenty thousand pounds, with which he retired into the country. As he was

And me the Muses help'd to undergo it ;
Convict a Papist he, and I a Poet.

But (thanks to Homer) since I live and thrive,
Indebted to no Prince or Peer alive,
Sure I should want the care of ten Monroes, 70
If I would scribble rather than repose.

* Years foll' wing years, steal something ev'ry day,
At last they steal us from ourselves away ;
In one our Frolics, one Amusements end,
In one a Mistress drops, in one a Friend : 75
This subtle Thief of life, this paltry Time,
What will it leave me, if it snatch my rhyme ?

Cæsaris Augusti non responsura lacertis.
Unde simul primum me demisere Philippi,
Decisus humilem pennis, inopemque paterni
Et laris et fundi, paupertas impulit audax
Ut versus facerem : sed, quod non desit, habentem,
Quæ poterunt unquam satis expurgare cicuta,
Ni melius dormire putem, quam scribere versus ?

* Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes ;

NOTES.

a papist, he could not purchase, nor put his money to interest on real security ; and as he adhered to the interests of King James, he made a point of conscience not to lend it to the new government : so he kept it in his chest, and lived upon the principal ; till, by that time his son came to the succession, it was almost all fairly spent.

ψ. 68. *But (thanks to Homer), &c.*] He began the *Iliad* at twenty-five, and finished it in five years. It was published for his own benefit by subscription. He sold it to Lintot the bookseller on the following terms, Twelve hundred pounds paid down, and all the books for his subscribers. The *Odyssey* was published in the same manner, and sold on the same conditions ; except only that instead of twelve he had six hundred pounds. He was assisted in this latter work by Broome and Fenton, to the first of whom he gave six hundred pounds ; and to the other three hundred.

ψ. 70. *Monroes.*] Dr Monro, physician to Bedlam hospital.

If ev'ry wheel of that unwear'd Mill
That turn'd ten thousand verses, now stands still ?

* But after all, what would you have me do ? 80
When out of twenty I can please not two ;
When this Heroics only deigns to praise,
Sharp Satire that, and that Pindaric lays ?
One likes the Pheasant's wing, and one the leg ;
The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg. 85
Hard task ! to hit the palate of such guests,
When Oldfield loves what Dartineuf detests.

† But grant I may relapse, for want of grace,
Again to rhyme ; can London be the place ?
Who there his Muse, or self, or soul attends, 90
In crowds, and courts, law, bus'ness, feasts, and
My counsel sends to execute a deed : [friends ?
A Poet begs me I will hear him read :
In Palace-yard at nine you'll find me there—
At ten for certain, Sir, in Bloomsb'ry square— 95

Eripuere jocos, venerem, convivium, ludum ;
Tendunt extorquere poemata, quid faciam vis ?

* Denique non omnes eadem mirantur amantque.
Carminum tu gaudes : hic delectatur iambis ;
Ille Bionis sermonibus, et sale nigro.
Tres mihi convivæ prope dissentire videntur,
Poscentes vario multum diversa palato.
Quid dem ? quid non dem ? renuis quod tu, jubet alter :
Quod petis, id sane est invisum acidumque duobus.

† Præter cætera me *Romane* poemata censes
Scribere posse, inter tot curas totque labores ?
Hic sponsum vocat, hic auditum scripta, relictis
Omnibus officiis : cubat hic in colle Quirini,

NOTE.

¶ 87. *Oldfield—Dartineuf.*] Two celebrated gluttons.

Before the Lords at twelve my Cause comes on—
There's a Rehearſal, Sir, exact at one.—

“ Oh, but a Wit can ſtudy in the ſtreets,

“ And raiſe his mind above the mob he meets.”

Not quite ſo well however as one ought; 100

A hackney coach may chance to ſpoil a thought;

And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,

God knows, may hurt the very ableſt head.

Have you not ſeen, at Guildhall's narrow paſs,

Two Aldermen diſpute it with an Aſs? 105

And Peers give way, exalted as they are,

Ev'n to their own S-r-v-nce in a Car?

‡ Go, lofty Poet! and in ſuch a croud

Sing thy ſonorous verſe—but not aloud.

Alas! to Grottos and to Groves we run, 110

To eaſe and ſilence, ev'ry Muſe's ſon:

Blackmore himſelf, for any grand effort,

Would drink and doſe at Tooting or Earl's-Court.

How ſhall I rhyme in this eternal roar?

How match the bards whom none e'er match'd before?

Hic extremo in Aventino; viſendus uterque.

Intervalla vides humane commoda. “ Verum

“ Puræ ſunt plateæ, nihil ut meditantibus obſtet.”

Feſtinat calidus mulis geruliſque redemptor:

Torquet nunc lapidem, nunc ingens machina tignum:

Triftia robuſtis luçantur funera plauſtris:

Hac rabioſa fugit canis, hac lutulenta ruit ſus.

‡ I nunc, et verſus tecum meditare canoros

Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, et fugit urbes,

Rite cliens Bacchi, ſomno gaudentis et umbra.

Tu me inter ſtrepitus nocturnos atque diurnos

Vis canere, et contracta ſequi veſtigia vatum?

NOTE.

Y. 113. — *Tooting—Earl's-court.*] Two villages within a few miles of London.

† The Man, who, stretch'd in Isis' calm retreat, 116
 To books and study gives sev'n years-compleat,
 See! strow'd with learned dust, his night-cap on,
 He walks, an object new beneath the sun! 119
 The boys flock round him, and the people stare :
 So stiff, so mute! some statue, you would swear,
 Stept from its Pedestal to take the air!
 And here, while town, and court, and city roars,
 With mobs, and duns, and soldiers, at their doors;
 Shall I, in London, act this idle part, 125
 Composing songs, for Fools to get by heart?

† The Temple late two brother Serjeants saw,
 Who deem'd each other Oracles of Law;
 With equal talents, these congenial souls, 129
 One lull'd th' Exchequer, and one stunn'd the Rolls;
 Each had a gravity would make you split,
 And shook his head at Murray, as a Wit.
 'Twas, "Sir, your law"—and "Sir, your eloquence,"
 "Yours, Cowper's manner—and yours, Talbot's sense."
 * Thus we dispose of all poetic merit, 135
 Yours Milton's genius, and mine Homer's spirit.

† Ingenium, sibi quod vacuas desumfit *Athenas*,
 Et studiis annos *septem* dedit, insenuitque
 Libris et curis, *statua taciturnius exit*
 Plerumque, et risu populum quatit; hic ego rerum
 Fluctibus in mediis, et tempestatibus urbis,
 Verba lyrae motura sonum connectere digner?

† Frater erat Romæ consulti rhetor; ut alter
 Alterius sermone meros audiret honores:
 Gracchus ut hic illi, foret huic ut Mucius ille.
 Qui minus argutos vexat furor iste poetas?
 * Carmina compono, hic elegos; mirabile visu,
 Celatumque novem Musis opus. aspice primum,

Call Tibbald Shakespeare, and he'll swear the Nine,
 Dear Cibber ! never match'd one Ode of thine.
 Lord ! how we strut thro' Merlin's Cave, to see
 No Poets there, but Stephen, you, and me. 140
 Walk with respect behind, while we at ease
 Weave laurel Crowns, and take what names we please.
 " My dear Tibullus ! " if that will not do,
 " Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you :
 " Or, I'm content, allow me Dryden's strains, 145
 " And you shall rise up Otway for your pains."
 Much do I suffer, much, to keep in peace
 This jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhyming race;
 And much must flatter, if the whim should bite
 To court applause by printing what I write : 150
 But let the fit pass o'er ; I'm wise enough
 To stop my ears to their confounded stuff.

Quanto cum fastu, quanto molimine circum-
 -Spectemus *vacuam Romanis vatibus adem*.
 Mox etiam (si forte vacas) sequere, et *procul* audi,
 Quid ferat, et quare sibi nectat uterque coronam.
 Cædimur et totidem plagis consumimus hostem,
 Lento Samnites ad lumina prima duello.
 Discedo Alcæus puncto illius; ille meo quis ?
 Quis, nisi Callimachus ? si plus adposcere visus,
 Fit Mimnermus, et optivo cognomine crescit.
 Multa fero, ut placem *genus irritabile vatum*,

NOTES.

Y. 139. — *Merlin's Cave.*] In the royal gardens at Richmond. By this it should seem, as if the collection of poetry in that place was not to our author's taste.

Y. 140. — *but Stephen.*] Mr Stephen Duck, a modest and worthy man, who had the honour (which many, who thought themselves his betters in poetry had not) of being esteemed by Mr Pope.

* In vain bad Rhymers all mankind reject,
 They treat themselves with most profound respect!
 'Tis to small purpose that you hold your tongue, 155
 Each prais'd within, is happy all day long:
 But how severely with themselves proceed
 The men who write such Verse as we can read?
 Their own strict Judges, not a word they spare,
 That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care, 160
 Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place,
 Nay tho' at Court (perhaps) it may find grace:
 Such they'll degrade; and sometimes, in its stead,
 † In downright charity revive the dead;
 Mark where a bold expressive phrase appears, 165
 Bright thro' the rubbish of some hundred years;
 Command old words that long have slept, to wake,
 Words that wise Bacon or brave Rawleigh spake;
 Or bid the new be English, ages hence,
 (For Use will father what's begot by Sense) 170

Cum scribo, et supplex populi suffragia capto:

Idem, finitis studiis, et mente recepta,

Obturem patulas *impune* legentibus aures.

* Ridentur mala qui componunt carmina: verum

Gaudent scribentes, et se venerantur, et ultro,

Si taceas, laudant; quidquid scripsere, beati.

At qui *legitimum* cupiet fecisse poema,

Cum tabulis animum censoris fumet honesti:

Audebit quæcunque parum splendoris habebunt,

Et *sine pondere* erunt, et *honore indigna* ferentur,

Verba movere loco; quamvis *invita* recedant,

Et versentur adhuc intra penetralia Vestæ;

† *Obscurata* diu populo bonus eruet, atque

Proferet in lucem speciosa vocabula rerum,

Quæ priscæ memorata Catonibus atque Cethegis,

Nunc situs informis premit et deserta vetustas:

Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
 Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong,
 Rich with the treasures of each foreign tongue;
 Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
 But show no mercy to an empty line; 175
 Then polish all, with so much life and ease
 You think 'tis Nature, and a knack to please:
 "But ease in writing flows from Art, not Chance;
 "As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance."
 * If such the plague and pains to write by rule, 180
 Better (say I) be pleas'd, and play the fool;
 Call, if you will, bad rhyming a disease,
 It gives men happiness, or leaves them ease.
 There liv'd in *primo Georgii* (they record)
 A worthy member, no small fool, a Lord; 185
 Who, tho' the House was up, delighted sate,
 Heard, noted, answer'd, as in full debate:
 In all, but this, a man of sober life,
 Fond of his Friend, and civil to his Wife;

Adsciscet nova, quae genitor produxerit usus:
Vehemens et liquidus, puroque simillimus amni,
Fundet opes, Latiumque beabit divite lingua:
Luxuriantia compescet: nimis aspera sano
Levabit cultu, virtute carentia tollet:
Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquetur, ut qui
Nunc Satyrum, nunc agrestem Cyclopa movetur.
 * *Prætulero scriptor delirus inersque videri,*
Dum mea delectent mala me, vel denique fallant,
Quam sapere, et ringi. Fuit haud ignobilis Argis,
Qui se credebat miros audire tragædos,
In vacuo lætus sessor plausorque theatro:
Cætera qui vitæ servaret munia recto
More; bonus sane vicinus, amabilis hospes,
Comis in uxorem; posset qui ignoscere servis,

Not quite a madman tho' a pasty fell, 190
And much too wise to walk into a well.

Him, the damn'd Doctors and his Friends immur'd,
They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd; in short, they
Whereat the gentleman began to stare— [cur'd:
My Friends! he cry'd, p—x take you for your care!
That from a patriot of distinguish'd note, 196
Have bled and purg'd me to a simple Vote.

* Well, on the whole, plain prose must be my fate:
Wisdom (curse on it!) must come soon or late.

There is a time when Poets will grow dull: 200
I'll e'en leave verses to the boys at school:

To rules of Poetry no more confin'd,
I'll learn to smoothe and harmonize my mind,
Teach ev'ry thought within its bounds to roll,
And keep the equal measure of the Soul. 205

† Soon as I enter at my country-door,
My mind resumes the thread it dropt before:
Thoughts, which at Hyde-park corner I forgot,
Meet and rejoin me, in the Pensive Grot.
There all alone, and compliments apart, 210
I ask these sober questions of my heart.

Et signo læso non insanire lagenæ:

Poffet qui rupem, et puteum vitare patentem.

Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curisque reſectus,

Expulit elleboro morbum bilemque meraco,

Et redit ad ſeſe: Pol me occidiſtis, amici,

Non ſervaviſtis, ait; cui ſic extorta voluptas,

Et demtus per vim mentis gratiſſimus error.

* Nimirum ſapere eſt abjectis utile nugis,

Et tempeſtivum pueris concedere ludum;

† Ac non verba ſequi ſidibus modulanda Latinis,

Sed vera numeroſque modosque ediſcere vita.

Quocirca mecum loquor hæc, tacituſque recordor;

* If, when the more you drink, the more you crave,
You tell the Doctor; when the more you have,
The more you want, why not with equal ease
Confess as well your Folly, as Disease? 215

The heart resolves this matter in a trice,
"Men only feel the smart, but not the Vice."

† When golden Angels cease to cure the Evil,
You give all royal Witchcraft to the Devil:
When servile Chaplains cry, that birth and place 220
Indue a Peer with honour, truth, and grace,
Look in that breast, most dirty D—! be fair,
Say, can you find out one such lodger there?
Yet still, not heeding what your heart can teach,
You go to church to hear those Platt'ners preach. 225

Indeed, could wealth bestow or wit or merit,
A grain of courage, or a spark of spirit,
The wisest man might blush, I must agree,
If D— lov'd sixpence, more than he.

* Si tibi nulla sitim finiret copia lymphæ
Narrares medicis: quod quanto plura parasti,
Tanto plura cupis, nulline faterier audes?

† Si vulnus tibi monstrata radice vel herba
Non fieret levius, fugeres radice vel herba
Proficiente nihil curarier: audieras, cui
Rem Dî donarint, illi decedere pravam
Stultitiam: et, cum sis nihilo sapientior, ex quo
Plenior es, tamen uteris monitoribus istem?

At si divitiæ prudentem reddere possent,
Si cupidum timidumque minus te; nempe ruberes,
Viveret in terris, te si quis avarior uno.

NOTE.

Ÿ. 220. *When servile Chaplains cry.*] Dr Ken-t.

* If there be truth in Law, and Use can give 30
 A Property, that's yours on which you live.
 Delightful Abs-court, if its fields afford
 Their fruits to you, confesses you its lord:
 All † Worldly's hens, nay, partridge, sold to town,
 His Ven'son too, a guinea makes your own: 235
 He bought at thousands, what with better wit
 You purchase as you want, and bit by bit;
 Now, or long since, what diff'rence will be found?
 You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.
 † Heathcote himself, and such large-acred men, 240
 Lords of fat Escham, or of Lincoln fen,
 Buy ev'ry stick of wood that lends them heat,
 Buy ev'ry Pullet they afford to eat.
 Yet these are Wights, who fondly call their own
 Half that the Dev'l o'erlooks from Lincoln town. 245
 The Laws of God, as well as of the land,
 Abhor a Perpetuity should stand:

* Si proprium est, quod quis libra mercatus et ære est,
 Quædam (si credis consultis) mancipat usus:
 Qui te pascit ager, tuus est; et vilicus Orbî,
 Cum segetes occat tibi mox frumenta daturas,
 Te dominum sentit.

† das nummos; accipis uvam,
 Pullos, ova, cadum temeti: nempe modo isto
 Paulatim mercis agrum, fortasse trecentis,
 Aut etiam supra nummorum millibus emtum.
 Quid refert, vivas numerata nuper, an olim?

‡ Emtor Aricini quondam, Veientis et arvi,
 Emtum cœnat olus, quamvis aliter putat; emtis
 Sub noctem gelidam lignis calefactat ahenum.
 Sed vocat usque suum, qua populus adlita certis

Estates have wings, and hang in Fortune's pow'r
 * Loose on the point of ev'ry wav'ring hour,
 Ready, by force, or of your own accord, 250
 By sale, at least by death, to change their lord.
 Man? and for ever? wretch! what wou'dst thou have?
 Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave.
 All vast possessions (just the same the case
 Whether you call them Villa, Park, or Chase) 255
 Alas, my BATHURST! what will they avail?
 Join Cotswood hills to Saperton's fair dale;
 Let rising Granaries and Temples here,
 There mingled farms and pyramids appear,
 Link towns to towns with avenues of oak, 260
 Enclose whole downs in walls, 'tis all a joke!
 Inexorable Death shall level all,
 And trees, and stones, and farms, and farmer fall.
 † Gold, Silver, Iv'ry, Vases sculptur'd high,
 Paint, Marble, Gems, and robes of Persian dye, 265
 There are who have not—and thank Heav'n there are,
 Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.

Limitibus vicina refigit jurgia : tanquam
 * Sit *propriam* quidquam, puncto quod mobilis horz,
 Nunc pœce, nunc pretio, nunc vi, nunc morte suprema,
 Permutet dominos, et cedat in altera jura.

Sic, quia *perpetuus* nulli datur *usus*, et hæres
 Hæredem alterius, velut unda supervenit undam :
 Quid *vici* prosunt, aut *horrea*? quidve calabris
 Saltibus adjecti Lucani; si metit Orcus
 Grandia cum parvis, non exorabilis auro?

† Gemmas, marmor, ebur, Tyrrhena figilla, tabellas,
 Argentum, vestes Gætulo murice tinctas,
 Sunt qui non habeant; est qui non curat habere.

† Talk what you will of Taste, my friend, you'll find
Two of a face, as soon as of a mind.

Why, of two brothers, rich and restless one 270
Plows, burns, manures, and toils from sun to sun;
The other slights, for women, sports, and wines,
All Townshend's turnips, and all Grosvenor's mines:
Why one, like Bu—, with pay and scorn content,
Bows and votes on, in Court and Parliament; 275
One, driv'n by strong Benevolence of soul,
Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole:
Is known alone to that Directing Pow'r,
Who forms the Genius in the natal hour;
That God of Nature, who, within us still, 280
Inclines our action, not constrains our will;
Various of temper, as of face or frame,
Each individual: his great end the same.

† *Cur alter fratrum cessare, et ludere, et ungi
Præferat Herodis palmetis pinguibus; alter
Dives et importunus, ad umbram lucis ab ortu
Silvestrem flammis et ferro mitiget agrum:
Scit Genius, natale comes qui temperat astrum:
NATURÆ DEUS HUMANÆ, mortalis in unum-
Quodque caput, vultu mutabilis, albus, et ater.*

NOTES.

ψ. 273. *All Townshend's turnips.*] Lord Townshend, Secretary of State to George the first and second.—When this great statesman retired from business, he amused himself in husbandry; and was particularly fond of that kind of rural improvement which arises from Turnips; it was the favourite subject of his conversation.

ψ. 277. —*fly, like Oglethorpe.*] Employed in settling the colony of Georgia.

* Yes, Sir, how small soever be my heap,
 A part I will enjoy, as well as keep. 285
 My heir may sigh, and think it want of grace
 A man so poor would live without a place :
 But sure no statute in his favour says,
 How free, or frugal, I shall pass my days :
 I, who at sometimes spend, at others spare, 290
 Divided between carelessness and care :
 'Tis one thing madly to disperse my store ;
 Another, not to heed to treasure more :
 Glad, like a boy, to snatch the first good day,
 And pleas'd, if sordid want be far away. 295
 † What is't to me (a passenger, God wot)
 Whether my vessel be first rate or not ?
 The ship itself may make a better figure,
 But I that sail, am neither less nor bigger.

* Utar, et ex modico, quantum res poscet, acervo
 Tollam : nec metuam, quid de me judicet *hæres*,
 Quod non *plura datis* invenerit. et tamen idem
 Scire volam, quantum simplex hilarisque nepoti
 Discrepet, et quantum discordet parcus avaro.
 Distat enim, spargas tua prodigus, an neque sumtum
 Invitus facias, nec plura parare labores ;
 Ac potius, puer ut festis Quinquatribus olim,
 Exiguo *gratoque* fruaris tempore *raptim*.
 † Pauperies immunda procul procul absit : ego utrum
 Nave ferar *magna* an *parva* ; ferar unus et idem.
 Non agimur tumidis velis Aquilone secundo :

NOTE.

Y. 288. *But sure no statute.*] Alluding to the statutes made in England and Ireland, to regulate the succession of papists, &c.

I neither strut with ev'ry fav'ring breath, 300
Nor strive with all the tempest in my teeth.
In pow'r, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, plac'd
Behind the foremost, and before the last.

* "But why all this of Avarice? I have none."
I wish you joy, Sir, of a Tyrant gone; 305
But does no other lord it at this hour,
As wild and mad? the Avarice of pow'r?
Does neither Rage inflame, nor Fear appall?
Not the black fear of death, that saddens all?
With terrors round, can Reason hold her throne, 310
Despise the known, nor tremble at th' unknown?
Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,
In spite of witches, devils, dreams and fire?
Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,
And count each birth-day with a grateful mind? 315
Has life no sourness, drawn so near its end?
Can't thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?
Has age but melted the rough parts away,
As winter-fruits grow mild ere they decay?
Or will you think, my friend, the business done,
When of a hundred thorns you pull out one? 320

Non tamen adversis atatem ducimus Austris.
Viribus, ingenio, specie, virtute, loco, re,
Extremi primorum, extremis usque priores.

* Non es avarus: abi. quid? cætera jam simul iste
Cum vitio fugere? caret tibi pectus inani
Ambitione? caret mortis formidine et ira?
Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Theffala rides?
Natales grate numeras? ignoscis amicis?
Lenior et melior sis accedente senecta?

* Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;
 You've play'd, and lov'd, and eat, and drank your fill:
 Walk sober off; before a sprightlier age
 Comes titt'ring on, and shoves you from the stage:
 Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease, 346
 Whom Folly pleases, and whose Follies please.

Quid te exempta levat spinis de pluribus una?

* *Vivere si recte nescis, decede peritis.*

Lusisti satis, edisti satis, atque bibisti:

Tempus abire tibi est: ne potum largius aequo

Rideat, et pulset lasciva decentius aetas.

THE
SATIRES

OF

DR. JOHN DONNE,

DEAN of ST. PAUL'S,

VERSIFIED.

Quid vetat et nosmet *Lucili* scripta legentes
Quaerere, num illius, num rerum dura negarit
Versiculos natura magis factos, et cunctos
Mollius? *Hor.*

THE LIFE OF

DR JOHN DUNN

DEAN OF ST PAULS

VERIFIED

By the Rev. John Dunne, Dean of St Pauls, London.
Printed by J. Smith, at the Angel, in St Dunstons Church-yard, London.

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S A T I R E II.

YES! thank my stars! as early as I knew
 This Town, I had the sense to hate it too :
 Yet here, as ev'n in Hell, there must be still
 One Giant-Vice, so excellently ill,
 That all beside, one pities, not abhors ;
 As who knows Sappho, smiles at other whores.

I grant that Poetry's a crying sin ;
 It brought (no doubt) th' *Excise* and *Army* in :
 Catch'd like the Plague, or Love, the Lord knows how,
 But that the cure is starving, all allow.

Yet like the Papist's, is the Poet's state,
 Poor and disarm'd, and hardly worth your hate!

Here a lean Bard, whose wit could never give
 Himself a dinner, makes an Actor live :

S A T I R E II.

SIR; though (I thank God for it) I do hate
 Perfectly all this town; yet there's one state
 In all ill things, so excellently best,
 That hate towards them, breeds pity towards the rest.
 Though Poetry, indeed, be such a sin,
 As I think, that brings dearth and Spaniards in :
 Though, like the pestilence, and old-fashion'd love,
 Ridlingly it catch men, and doth remove
 Never, till it be starv'd out; yet their state
 Is poor, disarm'd, like Papists, not worth hate.

One (like a wretch, which at bar judg'd as dead;
 Yet prompts him which stands next, and cannot read,

The Thief condemn'd, in law already dead, 15
 So prompts, and saves a rogue who cannot read.
 Thus as the pipes of some carv'd Organ move,
 The gilded puppets dance and mount above :
 Heav'd by the breath th' inspiring bellows blow ;
 Th' inspiring bellows ly and pant below. 20

One sings the Fair ; but songs no longer move ;
 No rat is rhym'd to death, nor maid to love :
 In Love's, in Nature's spite, the siege they hold,
 And scorn the flesh, the dev'l, and all but gold.

These write to Lords, some mean reward to get,
 As needy beggars sing at doors for meat. 25
 Those write because all write, and so have still
 Excuse for writing, and for writing ill.

Wretched indeed ! but far more wretched yet
 Is he who makes his meal on others wit : 30
 'Tis chang'd, no doubt, from what it was before,
 His rank digestion makes it wit no more :

And saves his life) gives Ideot Actors means
 (Starving himself) to live by's labour'd scenes.

As in some Organs, Puppets dance above,
 And bellows pant below, which them do move.

One would move love by rythmes ; but witchcraft's
 charms

Bring not now their old fears, nor their old harms ;
 Rams and slings now are silly battery,
 Pistolets are the best artillery.

And they who write to Lords, rewards to get,
 Are they not like fingers at doors for meat ?
 And they who write, because all write, have still
 That 'scuse for writing, and for writing ill.

But he is worst, who beggarly doth chew
 Others wits fruits, and in his ravenous maw

Sense, pass'd thro' him, no longer is the same;
For food digested takes another name.

I pass o'er all those Confessors and Martyrs, 35
Who live like S—tt—n, or who die like Chartres,
Out-cant old Esdras, or out-drink his heir,
Out-usure Jews, or Irishmen out-swear;
Wicked as Pages, who in early years
Act sins which Prisca's Confessor scarce hears. 40
Ev'n those I pardon, for whose sinful sake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make;
Of whose strange crimes no Canonist can tell
In what Commandment's large contents they dwell.

One, one man only breeds my just offence; 45
Whom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave impu-
Time, that at last matures a clap to pox, [dence:
Whose gentle progress makes a calf an ox,

Rankly digested, doth these things out-spue,
As his own things; and they're his own, 'tis true:
For if one eat my meat, though it be known
The meat was mine, the excrement's his own.

But these do me no harm, nor they which use,
..... to out-usure Jews,
T' out-drink the sea, t' out-swear the Letanie,
Who with sins all kinds as familiar be
As Confessors, and for whose sinful sake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make;
Whose strange sins Canonists could hardly tell
In which Commandment's large receipt they dwell.

But these punish themselves. The insolence
Of *Coscus* only breeds my just offence,
Whom Time (which rots all, and makes botches pox,
And plodding on, must make a calf an ox)

And brings all natural events to pass,
 Hath made him an Attorney of an Ass. 50
 No young divine, new-benefic'd, can be
 More pert, more proud, more positive than he.
 What further could I wish the fop to do,
 But turn a wit, and scribble verses too?
 Pierce the soft lab'rinth of a Lady's ear 55
 With rhymes of this *per cent.* and that *per year*?
 Or court a Wife, spread out his wily parts,
 Like nets or lime-twigs, for rich Widows' hearts;
 Call himself Barrister to ev'ry wench,
 And wooe in language of the Pleas and Bench? 60
 Language, which Boreas might to Auster hold,
 More rough than forty Germans when then scold.
 Curs'd be the wretch, so venal and so vain;
 Paltry and Proud, as drabs in Drury-lane.
 'Tis such a bounty as was never known, 65
 If PETER deigns to help you to your *own*;

Hath made a Lawyer; which, (alas), of late;
 But scarce a Poet: jollier of this state,
 Than are new-benefic'd Ministers, he throws
 Like nets or lime-twigs wherefoe'er he goes
 His title of Barrister on ev'ry wench,
 And woos in language of the Pleas and Bench. *

Words, words which would tear
 The tender labyrinth of a Maid's soft ear:
 More, more than ten Sclavonians scolding, more
 Than when winds in our ruin'd Abbeys roar.
 Then sick with Poetry, and possess'd with Muse
 Thou wast, and mad I hop'd; but men which chuse
 Law practice for mere gain; bold soul repute
 Worse than imbrothel'd strumpets prostitute.

What thanks, what praise, if *Peter* but supplies !
 And what a solemn face if he denies !
 Grave, as when pris'ners shake the head and swear
 'Twas only Suretyship that brought 'em there. 70
 His *Office* keeps your Parchment fates entire,
 He starves with cold to save them from the fire :
 For you he walks the streets thro' rain or dust,
 For not in Chariots *Peter* puts his trust ;
 For you he sweats and labours at the laws, 75
 Takes God to witness he affects your cause,
 And lies to ev'ry Lord in ev'ry thing,
 Like a King's Favourite—or like a King.
 These are the talents that adorn them all,
 From wicked Waters ev'n to godly * * 80
 Not more of Simony beneath black gowns,
 Not more of bastardy in heirs to Crowns.
 In shillings and in pence at first they deal,
 And steal so little, few perceive they steal ;
 Till, like the sea, they compass all the land, 85
 From *Scots* to *Wight*, from *Mount* to *Dover* strand :

Now like an owl-like watchman he must walk,
 His hand still at a bill ; now he must talk
 Idly, like pris'ners, which whole months will swear,
 That only suretyship hath brought them there,
 And to every suitor lie in every thing,
 Like a King's Favourite—or like a King.
 Like a wedge in a block, wring to the barre,
 Bearing like asses, and more shameless farre
 Than carted whores lie to the grave Judge ; for
 Bastardy abounds not in the King's titles, nor
 Simony and Sodomy in Churchmen's lives,
 As these things do in him ; by these he thrives.

And when rank Widows purchase luscious nights,
 Or when a Duke to *Jansen* punts at White's,
 Or City-heir in mortgage melts away,
Satan himself feels far less joy than they. 90
 Piece-meal they win this acte first, then that,
 Glean on, and gather up the whole estate :
 Then strongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,
 Indentures, Cov'nants, Articles they draw,
 Large as the fields themselves, and larger far 95
 Than Civil Codes, with all their Glosses, are;
 So vast, our new Divines, we must confess,
 Are Fathers of the Church for writing less.
 But let them write for you, each rogue impairs
 The deeds, and dextrously omits *ses heires* : 100
 No Commentator can more sily pass
 O'er a learn'd, unintelligible place :

Shortly (as th' sea) he'll compass all the land,
 From *Scots* to *Wight*, from *Mount* to *Dover* strand.
 And spying heirs melting with Luxury,
Satan will not joy at their sins as he :
 For (as a thrifty wench scrapes kitchen-stuffe,
 And barrelling the droppings, and the snuffe
 Of wasting candles, which in thirty year,
 Reliquely kept, perchance buys wedding chear)
 Piece-meal he gets lands, and spends as much time
 Wringing each acre, as maids pulling prime.
 In parchment then, large as the fields, he draws
 Assurances, big as gloss'd civil laws,
 So huge that men (in our times forwardness)
 Are Fathers of the Church for writing less.
 These he writes not ; nor for these written payes,
 Therefore spares no length (as in those first dayes

Or, in quotation, shrewd Divines leave out
Those words that would against them clear the doubt.

So Luther thought the *Pater-noster* long, 113
When doom'd to say his Beads and Even-song;
But having cast his cowl, and left those laws,
Adds to Christ's pray'r the *Power and Glory* clause.

The lands are bought; but where are to be found
Those ancient woods, that shaded all the ground?

We see no new-built palaces aspire, 111
No kitchens emulate the vestal fire.

Where are those troops of Poor, that throng'd of yore
The good old landlord's hospitable door?

Well, I could wish, that still in lordly domes 115
Some beasts were kill'd, tho' not whole hecatombs;
That both extremes were banish'd from their walls,
Carthusian fasts, and fulsome Bacchanals;

When *Luther* was profess'd, he did desire
Short *Pater-nosters*, saying as a Fryer
Each day his Beads; but having left those laws,
Adds to Christ's prayer the *Power and Glory* clause.)
But when he sells or changes land, he impaires
The writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out *ses beires*,
As sily as any Commenter goes by
Hard words, or sense; or, in Divinity
As controverters in vouch'd Texts, leave out
Shrewd words, which might against them clear the
doubt.

Where are these spread woods which cloath here-
tofore

Those bought lands? not built, nor burnt within door.
Where the old landlord's troops, and almes? In halls
Carthusian Fasts, and fulsome Bacchanals

And all mankind might that just Mean observe,
 In which none e'er could surfeit, none could starve.
 These as good works, 'tis true, we all allow, 121
 But oh! these works are not in fashion now:
 Like rich old wardrobes, things extremely rare,
 Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.

Thus much I've said, I trust without offence; 125
 Let no Court Sycophant pervert my sense,
 Nor sly Informer watch, these words to draw
 Within the reach of Treason, or the Law.

Equally I hate. Means blest. In rich men's homes
 I bid kill some beasts, but no hecatombs;
 None starve, none surfeit so. But (oh) we allow
 Good works as good, but out of fashion now,
 Like old rich wardrobes. But my words none draws
 Within the vast reach of th' huge statutes jaws.

S A T I R E IV.

WELL, if it be my time to quit the stage,
 Adieu to all the follies of the age!
 I die in charity with fool and knave,
 Secure of peace at least beyond the grave.
 I've had my Purgatory here betimes, 5
 And paid for all my satires, all my rhymes.
 The Poet's hell, its tortures, fiends, and flames,
 To this were trifles, toys and empty names.
 With foolish pride my heart was never fir'd,
 Nor the vain itch t' admire, or be admir'd; 10
 I hop'd for no commission from his Grace;
 I bought no benefice, I begg'd no place;
 Had no new verses, nor new suit to show;
 Yet went to Court!—the Dev'l would have it so.

S A T I R E IV.

WELL; I may now receive and die. My sin,
 Indeed is great, but yet I have been in
 A Purgatory, such as fear'd Hell is
 A recreation, and scant map of this.
 ' My mind neither with pride's itch, nor hath been
 Poison'd with love to see or to be seen;
 I had no suit there, nor new suit to show,
 Yet went to Court; but as Glare which did go

NOTE.

ψ. 3. *I die in charity with fool and knave.*] We verily think he did. But of the cause of his death, not only the doctors, but other people differed. His family suggests, that:

But as the Fool, that in reforming days 15
 Would go to Mass in jest (as story says)
 Could not but think, to pay his fine was odd,
 Since 'twas no form'd design of serving God;
 So was I punish'd, as if full as proud,
 As prone to ill, as negligent of good, 20
 As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,
 As vain, as idle, and as false as they
 Who live at Court, for going once that way! }
 Scarce was I enter'd, when, behold! there came
 A thing which Adam had been pos'd to name; 25
 Noah had refus'd it lodging in his Ark,
 Where all the Race of Reptiles might embark:

To Mass in jest, catch'd, was fain to disburse
 Two hundred marks, which is the Statutes curse,
 Before he 'scap'd; so it pleas'd my destiny
 (Guilty of my sin of going) to think me
 As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
 Full, as proud, lustfull, and as much in debt,
 As vain, as witlese, and as false as they
 Which dwell in Court, for once going that way.
 Therefore I suffer'd this; towards me did run
 A thing more strange than on Nile's slime the Sun

NOTE.

a general decay of nature, which had been long coming on, ended with a dropsy in the breast. The *gentlemen of the Dunciad* maintain, that he fell by the keen pen of our redoubtable Laureat. We ourselves should be inclined to this latter opinion, for the sake of ornamenting his story; and that we might be able to say, that he died, like his immortal namesake, *Alexander the Great*, by a drug of so deadly cold a nature, that, as Plutarch and other grave writers tell us, it could be contained in nothing but the scull of an ass.—This is a grievous error. It was the *hoof* of an ass; a much likelier vehicle of mischief.

Our sons shall see it leifurely decay,
First turn plain rash, then vanish quite away.

This thing has travell'd, speaks each language too
And knows what's fit for ev'ry state to do;
Of whose best phrase and courtly accent join'd,
He forms one tongue, exotic and refin'd.
'Talkers I've learn'd to bear; Motteux I knew,
Henley himself I've heard, and Budgel too,
'The Doctor's wormwood style, the Hash of tongue
A Pedant makes, the storm of Gonson's lungs,
'The whole Artill'ry of the terms of War,
And (all those plagues in one) the bawling Bar:
These I could bear; but not a rogue so civil,
Whose tongue will compliment you to the devil;
A tongue, that can cheat Widows, cancel scores,
Makes Scots speak treason, cozen subtlest whores,
With royal Favourites in flatt'ry vie,
And Oldmixon and Burnet both out-lie.

The thing hath travail'd, and, faith, speaks a
tongues,

And only knoweth what to all States belongs.
Made of th' accents, and best phrase of all these,
He speaks one language. If strange meats displeas
Art can deceive, or hunger force my tast;
But pedants motly tongue, soldiers bombast,
Mountebanks drug-tongue, nor the terms of law,
Are strong enough preparatives to draw
Me to hear this, yet I must be content
With his tongue, in his tongue call'd complement
In which he can win widows, and pay scores,
Make men speak treason, couzen subtlest whores,
Out-flatter favourites, or out-lie either
Jovius, or Surlus, or both together.

He spies me out ; I whisper, Gracious God !
What sin of mine could merit such a rod ?
That all the shot of dulness now must be
From this thy blunderbuss discharg'd on me ! 65
Permit (he cries) no stranger to your fame
To crave your sentiment, if——'s your name.
What *Speech* esteem you most ? " The King's," said I.
But the best *words* ?—" O, Sir, the *Dictionary*."
You miss my aim ; I mean the most acute 70
And perfect *Speaker* ?—" Onslow, past dispute."
But, Sir, of writers ? " Swift, for closer style,
" But Ho**y for a period of a mile."
Why yes, 'tis granted, these indeed may pass :
Good common linguists, and so Panurge was ; 75
Nay, truth the Apostles (tho' perhaps too rough)
Had once a pretty gift of Tongues enough :

He names me, and comes to me ; I whisper, God,
How have I sinn'd, that thy wrath's furious Rod,
This fellow, chuseth me ! He saith, Sir,
I love your judgment ; whom do you prefer
For the best Linguist ? and I feebly
Said that I thought Calepines Dictionary.
Nay, but of men, most sweet Sir ? Beza then,
Some Jesuits, and two reverend men
Of our two academies I nam'd. Here
He stopt me, and said, Nay, your Apostles were
Good pretty Linguists ; so Panurgus was,
Yet a poor Gentleman ; all these may pass
By travail. Then, as if he would have fold
His tongue, he prais'd it, and such wonders told,
That I was fain to say, If you had liv'd, Sir,
Time enough to have been Interpreter

Yet these were all poor Gentlemen! I dare
Affirm 'twas Travel made them what they were.

Thus others Talents having nicely shown, 80
He came by sure transition to his own:

Till I cry'd out, You prove yourself so able,
Pity you was not Druggerman at Babel;
For had they found a linguist half so good,
I make no question but the Tow'r had stood. 85

"Obliging Sir! for Courts you sure were made;
"Why then for ever bury'd in the shade?
"Spirits like you should see, and should be seen;
"The King would smile on you—at least the Queen."

Ah, gentle Sir! you Courtiers so cajol us— 90
But Tully has it, *Nunquam minus solus*:

And as for Courts, forgive me if I say,
No lessons now are taught the Spartan way:
Tho' in his pictures Lust be full display'd,
Few are the Converts Aretine has made; 95
And tho' the Court show Vice exceeding clear,
None should, by my advice, learn Virtue there.

At this entranc'd, he lifts his hands and eyes,
Squeaks like a high-stretch'd lute-string, and replies;

To Babels Bricklayers, sure the tower had stood.

He adds, If of Court life you knew the good,
You would leave loneness. I said, Not alone
My loneness is; but Spartanes fashion
To teach by painting drunkards doth not last.
Now, Aretines pictures have made few chaste;
No more can Princes Courts (though there be few
Better pictures of vice) teach me virtue.

He like to a high-stretcht Lute-string squeaks, O Sir,
'Tis sweet to talk of Kings at Westminster,

"Oh
"To
Then,
He dw
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Of all
And g
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"Lon
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I have
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Said I
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Kings
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" Oh 'tis the sweetest of all earthly things 100
 " To gaze on Princes, and to talk of kings!"
 Then, happy Man who shows the Tombs! said I,
 He dwells amidst the royal Family;
 He ev'ry day from King to King can walk,
 Of all our Harries, all our Edwards talk, 105
 And get, by speaking truth of monarchs dead,
 What few can of the living, Ease and Bread.
 " Lord, Sir, a meer Mechanic! strangely low,
 " And coarse of phrase,—your English all are so.
 " How elegant your Frenchmen?" Mine, d'ye mean;
 I have but one, I hope the fellow's clean. 111
 " Oh! Sir, politely so! nay let me die,
 " Your only wearing is your Padua-foy."
 Not, Sir, my only, I have better still,
 And this you see is but my dishabille— 115
 Wild to get loose, his patience I provoke,
 Mistake, confound, object at all he spoke.
 But as coarse iron, sharpen'd, mangles more,
 And itch most hurts when anger'd to a fore;

Said I, the man that keeps the Abby-tombs,
 And for his price, doth with whoever comes
 Of all our Harrys, and our Edwards talk,
 From King to King, and all their kin can walk:
 Your ears shall hear nought but Kings; your eyes meet
 Kings only: the way to it is Kings-street.
 He smack'd, and cry'd, He's base, mechanic, coarse,
 So are all your Englishmen in their discourse.
 Are not your Frenchmen neat? Mine, as you see,
 I have but one, Sir, look, he follows me.
 Certes they are neatly cloth'd. I of this mind am,
 Your only wearing is your Grogaram.
 Not so, Sir, I have more. Under this pitch
 He would not fly; I chaff'd him: but as Itch

So when you plague a fool, 'tis still the curse, 120
You only make the matter worse and worse.

He past it o'er; affects an easy smile
At all my peevishness, and turns his style.
He asks, "What news?" I tell him of new Plays,
New Eunuchs, Harlequins, and Operas. 125

He hears, and as a Still with simples in it,
Between each drop it gives, stays half a minute,
Loth to enrich me with too quick replies,
By little, and by little, drops his lies.
Meer household trash! of birth-nights, balls, and
shows, 130

More than ten Hollinsh eads, or Halls, or Stows.
When the *Queen* frown'd, or smil'd, he knows; and
A subtle Minister may make of that: [what
Who sins with whom; who got his Pension rug,
Or quicken'd a Reversion by a drug: 135

Scratch'd into smart, and as blunt Iron ground
Into an edge, hurts worse: so, I (fool) found,
Crossing hurt me. To fit my fullness,
He to another key his style doth dress;
And asks what news; I tell him of new plays:
He takes my hand, and as a Still, which stays
A Semebrief 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,
As loth to enrich me, so tells many a ly.
More than ten Hollensheads, or Halls, or Stows,
Of trivial household trash: he knows, he knows
When the *Queen* frown'd or smil'd, and he knows what
A subtle Statesman may gather of that;
He knows who loves whom; and who by poison
Hasts to an offices reversion;

Whose place is quarter'd out, three parts in four,
 And whether to a Bishop or a Whore :
 Who having lost his credit, pawn'd his rent,
 Is therefore fit to have a Government :
 Who in the secret, deals in Stocks secure, 140
 And cheats th' unknowing Widow and the Poor :
 Who makes a trust of Charity a Job,
 And gets an Act of Parliament to rob :
 Why Turnpikes rise, and now no Cit nor Clown
 Can gratis see the country, or the town : 145
 Shortly no lad shall chuck, or lady vole,
 But some excising Courtier will have toll.
 He tells what strumpet places sells for life,
 What 'Squire his lands, what citizen his wife :
 At last (which proves him wiser still than all) 150
 What Lady's face is not a whited wall.
 As one of Woodward's patients, sick, and sore,
 I puke, I nauseate,—yet he thrusts in more :

Who wastes in meat, in clothes, in horse, he notes,
 Who loveth whores
 He knows who hath sold his land, and now doth beg
 A licence, old iron, boots, shoes, and egge-
 Shells to transport ;

shortly boys shall not play
 At span-counter, or blow-point, but shall pay
 Toll to some Courtier ; and wiser than all us
 He knows what Lady is not painted. Thus
 He with home meats cloyes me. I belch, spue, spit,
 Look pale and sickly, like a Patient, yet
 He thrusts on more, and as he had undertook
 To say Gallo-Belgicus without book,

'Tis Europe's balance, tops the statesman's part,
 And talks Gazettes and Post-boys o'er by heart. 135
 Like a big wife at sight of loathsome meat
 Ready to cast, I yawn, I sigh, and sweat:
 Then as a licens'd spy, whom nothing can
 Silence or hurt, he libels the great Man;
 Swears ev'ry place entail'd for years to come, 140
 In sure succession to the day of doom:
 He names the price for ev'ry office paid,
 And says our wars thrive ill, because delay'd:
 Nay hints, 'tis by connivance of the Court
 That Spain robs on, and Dunkirk's still a Port. 165
 Not more amazement seis'd on Circe's guests,
 To see themselves fall enelong into beasts,
 Than mine to find a subject stay'd and wife
 Already half turn'd traitor by surprize.
 I felt th' infection slide from him to me, 170
 As in the pox, some give it to get free;

Speaks of all States and deeds that have been since
 The Spaniards came to th' loss of Amyens.
 Like a big wife, at sight of loathsome meat
 Ready to travail; so I sigh and sweat
 To hear this Makaron talk: in vain, for yet,
 Either my humour, or his own to fit,
 He, like a priviledg'd spie, whom nothing can
 Discredit, libels now 'gainst each great Man.
 He names the price of ev'ry office paid;
 He saith our wars thrive ill because delaid;
 That Offices are intail'd, and that there are
 Perpetuities of them, lasting as far
 As the last day; and that great Officers
 Do with the Spaniards share, and Dunkirkers.
 I, more amaz'd than Circe's prisoners when
 They fel th emselves turn beasts, felt myself then

And quick to swallow me, methought I saw
One of our Giant Statutes ope its jaw.

In that nice Moment, as another lie
Stood just a-till, the Minister came by, 175
To him he flies, and bows, and bows again,
Then, close as Umbra, joins the dirty train.
Not Fannius' self more impudently near,
When half his nose is in his Prince's ear.
I quak'd at heart; and still afraid, to see 180
All the Court fill'd with stranger things than he,

Becoming Traytor, and methought I saw
One of our Giant Statutes ope his jaw
To suck me in for hearing him: I found,
That as burnt venomous Leachers do grow sound
By giving others their sores, I might grow
Guilty, and be free: therefore I did show
All signs of loathing; but since I am in,
I must pay mine and my forefathers' fin
To the last farthing. Therefore to my power
Toughly and stubbornly I bear; but th' hower
Of mercy now was come: he tries to bring
Me to pay a fine to 'scape a torturing,
And says, Sir, can you spare me—? I said, Willingly.
Nay, Sir, can you spare me a crown? Thankfully I
Gave it, as ransom: but as fiddlers, still,
Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
Thrust one more jig upon you; so did he
With his long complimentary thanks vex me.
But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
And the Prerogative of my Crown; scant
His thanks were ended, when I (which did see
All the Court fill'd with more strange things than he)

Ran out as fast as one that pays his bail,
And dreads more actions, hurries from a jail.

Bear me, some God! oh quickly bear me hence
To wholesome Solitude, the nurse of sense: 188

Where Contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,
And the free soul looks down to pity Kings!

There sober thought pursu'd th' amusing theme,
Till Fancy colour'd it, and form'd a Dream.

A Vision hermits can to hell transport, 190
And forc'd ev'n me to see the damn'd at Court.

Not Dante dreaming all th' infernal state,
Beheld such scenes of envy, sin, and hate.

Base Fear becomes the guilty, not the free;
Suits Tyrants, Plunderers, but suits not me: 195

Shall I, the Terror of this sinful town,
Care if a liv'ry'd Lord or smile or frown?

Who cannot flatter, and detest who can,
Tremble before a noble Serving-man?

O my fair mistress, Truth! shall I quit thee 200
For huffing, braggart, puffed Nobility?

Ran from thence with such, or more haste than one
Who fears more actions, doth haste from prison.

At home in wholesome solitariness
My piteous soul began the wretchedness

Of suitors at court to mourn, and a trance
Like his, who dreamt he saw hell, did advance

It self o'er me; such men as he saw there
I saw at court, and worse and more. Low fear

Becomes the guilty, not th' accuser: then
Shall I, none's slave, of high-born or rais'd men

Fear frowns; and, my mistress Truth! betray thee
For th' huffing, braggart, puffed nobility?

Thou, who since yesterday hast roll'd o'er all
 The busy, idle blockheads of the ball,
 Hast thou, oh Sun! beheld an emptier fort,
 Than such as swell this bladder of a court? 205
 Now pox on those who shew a *Court in wax!*
 It ought to bring all Courtiers on their backs:
 Such painted puppets! such a varnish'd race
 Of hollow gew-gaws, only dress and face!
 Such waxen noses, stately staring things— 210
 No wonder some folks bow, and think them Kings.
 See! where the British youth, engag'd no more
 At Fig's, at White's, with felons or a whore,

No, no. Thou which since yesterday hast been
 Almost about the whole world, hast thou seen,
 O Sun, in all thy journey, vanity
 Such as swells the bladder of our Court? I
 Think he which made your * Waxen garden, and
 Transported it from Italy, to stand
 With us at London, flouts our Courtiers; for
 Just such gay painted things, which no sap nor
 Taste have in them, ours are; and natural
 Some of the stocks † are; their fruits bastard all.
 'Tis ten a-Clock and past; all whom the mues,
 Baloun, or tennis, diet, or the stews
 Had all the morning held, now the second
 Time made ready, that day, in flocks are found

NOTES.

ψ. 206. *Court in wax!*] A famous show of the Court of France, in wax-work.

* A show of the Italian Garden in wax-work, in the time of King James the first.

† That is, of wood.

ψ. 213. *At Fig's, at White's.*] White's was a noted ga-

Pay their last duty to the Court, and come
 All fresh and fragrant to the drawing room; 215
 In hues as gay, and odours as divine,
 As the fair fields they sold to look so fine.
 "That's Velvet for a King!" the flatt'rer swears;
 'Tis true, for ten days hence 'twill be King Lear's.
 Our Court may justly to our stage give rules, 220
 That helps it both to fools-coats and to fools.
 And why not players strut in courtiers' cloaths?
 For these are actors too, as well as those:
 Wants reach all states; they beg but better dress,
 And all is splendid poverty at best. 225
 Painted for fight, and effenc'd for the smell,
 Like frigates fraught with spice and cochinnell,

In the *Presence*, and I (God pardon me)
 As fresh and sweet their apparels be, as be
 Their fields they sold to buy them. For a king
 Those hose are, cry the flatterers; and bring
 Them next week to the theatre to sell.
 Wants reach all states: me seems they do as well
 At stage as courts; all are players. Whoe'er looks
 (For themselves dare not go) o'er Cheapside books,
 Shall find their wardrobes' inventory. Now
 The Ladies come. As pirates (which do know

NOTES.

ming-hoofe: Fig's, a prize-fighter's academy, where the
 young nobility received instruction in those days: It was
 also customary for the nobility and gentry to visit the con-
 demned criminals in Newgate.

Ps. 220. — *our stage gives rules.*] Alluding to the char-
 berlain's authority.

Sail in the Ladies : how each pirate eyes
 So weak a vessel, and so rich a prize!
 Top-gallant he, and she in all her trim, 230
 He boarding her, she striking sail to him :
 " Dear Countess! you have charms all hearts to hit!"
 And, " Sweet Sir Fopling! you have so much wit!"
 Such wits and beauties are not prais'd for nought,
 For both the beauty and the wit are bought. 235
 'Twould burst ev'n Heraclitus with the spleen,
 To see those Antics, Fopling and Courtin :
 The Presence seems, with things so richly odd,
 The mosque of Mahound, or some queer Pa-god.
 See them survey their limbs by Durer's rules, 240
 Of all beau-kind the best proportion'd fools!
 Adjust their cloaths, and to confession draw
 Those venial sins, an atom, or a straw ;
 But, oh! what terrors must distract the soul
 Convicted of that mortal crime a hole; 245

That there came weak ships fraught with Cutchanel,
 The men board them; and praise (as they think) well
 Their beauties; they the mens wits; both are bought.
 Why good wits ne'er wear scarlet gowns, I thought
 This cause, These men men's wits for speeches buy,
 And women buy all red which scarlets dye.
 He call'd her beauty lime-twigs, her hair net :
 She sears her drugs ill lay'd, her hair loose set.
 Wouldn't Heraclitus laugh to see Macrine
 From hat to shoe, himself at door refine,
 As if the Presence were a Mosque? and lift
 His skirts and hose, and call his clothes to shift,

NOTE.

*. 240. — *Durer's rules.*] Albert Durer.

Or should one pound of powder less bespread
 Those monkey tails that wag behind their head.
 Thus finish'd, and corrected to a hair,
 They march, to prate their hour before the Fair.
 So first to preach a white-glov'd Chaplain goes, 250
 With band of Lily, and with cheek of Rose,
 Sweeter than Sharon, in immac'late trim,
 Neatness itself impertinent in him.
 Let but the Ladies smile, and they are blest'd:
 Prodigious! how the things *protest, protest*: 255
 Peace, fools! or Gonson will for Papiſts ſeize you,
 If once he catch you at your *Jesu! Jesu!*
 Nature made ev'ry Fop to plague his brother,
 Juſt as one Beauty mortifies another. 259

Making them confeſs not only mortal
 Great ſtains and holes in them, but venial
 Feathers and duſt, wherewith they fornicate:
 And then by Durer's rules ſurvey the ſtate
 Of his each limb, and with ſtrings the odds tries
 Of his neck to his leg, and waſte to thighs.
 So in immaculate clothes, and Symmetry
 Perfect as Circles *, with ſuch nicety
 As a young Preacher at his firſt time goes
 To preach, he enters, and a lady which owes
 Him not ſo much as good will, he arreſts,
 And unto her proteſts, proteſts, proteſts,
 So much as at Rome would ſerve to have thrown
 Ten Cardinals into the *Inquiſition*;
 And whiſpers by *Jesu* ſo oft, that a
 Purſuevant would have raviſh'd him away

NOTE.

* Becauſe all the lines drawn from the centre to the circumference are equal.

But here's the Captain that will plague them both,
 Whose air cries Arm ! whose very look's an oath.
 The Captain's honest, Sir, and that's enough,
 Tho' his soul's bullet, and his body buff.
 He spits fore-right ; his haughty chest before,
 Like batt'ring rams, beats open ev'ry door : 163
 And with a face as red, and as awry,
 As Herod's hang-dogs in old Tapestry,
 Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curse,
 Has yet a strange ambition to look worse ;
 Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe, 170
 Jest's like a licens'd fool, commands like law.
 Frighted I quit the room, but leave it so
 As men from jails to executions go ;
 For hung with deadly sins I see the wall,
 And lin'd with Giants deadlier than 'em all : 275

For saying our Lady's Psalter. But 'tis fit
 That they each other plague, they merit it.
 But here comes Glorious, that will plague them both,
 Who in the other extreme only doth
 Call a rough carelessness good fashion :
 Whose cloak his spurs tear, or whom he spits on,
 He cares not, he. His ill words do no harm
 To him ; he rushes in, as if Arm, arm,
 He meant to cry ; and though his face be as ill
 As theirs which in old hangings whip Christ, still
 He strives to look worse ; he keeps all in awe ;
 Jest's like a licens'd fool, commands like law.

Tir'd, now I leave this place, and but pleas'd so
 As men from goals to execution go,

NOTE.

V. 274. *For hung with deadly sins.* The room hung with
 old tapestry, representing the seven deadly sins.

Each man an *Askapart*, of strength to toss
 For quoits, both Temple-bar and Charing-crofs.
 Scar'd at the grizly forms, I sweat, I fly,
 And shake all o'er, like a discover'd spy. 279

Courts are too much for wits so weak as mine:
 Charge them with Heav'n's Artill'ry, bold Divine!
 From such alone the Great rebukes endure,
 Whose Satire's sacred, and whose rage secure:
 'Tis mine to wash a few light stains, but theirs
 To deluge sin, and drown a Court in tears. 283
 Howe'er, what's now *Apocrypha*, my Wit,
 In time to come, may pass for Holy Writ.

Go, through the great chamber (why is it hung
 With the seven deadly sins?) being among
 Those *Askaparts* *, men big enough to throw
 Charing-Crofs for a bar; men that do know
 No token, but Queen's man, and fine
 Living; barrells of beef, flaggons of wine.
 I shook like a spied Spie—Preachers which are
 Seas of Wit and Arts, you can, then dare,
 Drown the sins of this place, but as for me
 Which am but a scant brook, enough shall be
 To wash the stains away: although I yet
 (With *Maccabees*' modesty) the known merit
 Of my own work lessen, yet some wise men shall,
 I hope, esteem my Writs Canonical.

NOTE.

* A giant famous in romances.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

SATIRES.

IN TWO DIALOGUES.

Written in M.DCC.XXXVIII.

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D I A L O G U E I.

FR. **N**OT twice a twelvemonth you appear in Print,
 And when it comes, the Court see nothing in't.
 You grow correct, that once with Rapture writ;
 And are, besides, too *moral* for a Wit.
 Decay of Parts, alas! we all must feel—
 Why now, this moment, don't I see you steal?
 'Tis all from Horace; Horace long before ye
 Said, "Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a Tory;"
 And taught his Romans, in much better metre,
 "To laugh at Fools who put their trust in Peter."
 But Horace, Sir, was delicate, was nice;
 Bubo observes, he lash'd no sort of Vice;
 Horace would say, Sir Billy serv'd the Crown,
 Blunt could do *Bus'ness*, H-ggins knew the Town;

NOTES.

ψ. 1. *Not twice a twelvemonth, &c.*] These two lines are from Horace; and the only lines that are so in the whole Poem; being meant to give a handle to that which follows in the character of an impertinent censurer;

'Tis all from Horace, &c.

ψ. 12. *Bubo observes.*] Some guilty person, very fond of making such an observation.

ψ. 14. *H-ggins.*] Formerly jailor of the Fleet-prison, enriched himself by many exactions, for which he was tried and expelled.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 2. in the MS.

You don't, I hope, pretend to quit the trade,
 Because you think your reputation made:

Like good **, of whom so much was said,

That when his name was up, he lay a-bed.

Come, come, refresh us with a livelier song,

Or like ** you'll ly a-bed too long.

P. Sir, what I write, should be correctly writ.

F. Correct! 'tis what no genius can admit.

Besides, you grow too moral for a wit.

VOL. III.

M

In Sappho touch the *Failings of the Sex*, 15
 In rev'rend Bishops note some *small Neglects*,
 And own the Spaniard did a *waggish thing*,
 Who cropt our Ears, and sent them to the King.
 His sly, polite, insinuating style
 Could please at Court, and make AUGUSTUS smile:
 An artful Manager, that crept between 21
 His Friend and Shame, and was a kind of Screen.
 But, faith, your very friends will soon be fore;
 Patriots there are, who wish you'd jest no more—
 And where's the Glory? 'twill be only thought 25
 The Great man never offer'd you a groat.
 Go see Sir ROBERT——

P. See Sir ROBERT!—hum—
 And never laugh—for all my life to come!
 Seen him I have; but in his happier hour
 Of Social Pleasure, ill-exchang'd for Pow'r; 30

NOTES.

ψ. 18. *Who cropt our Ears.*] Said to be executed by the captain of a Spanish ship on one Jenkins, a captain of an English one. He cut off his ears, and bid him carry them to the King his master.

ψ. 22. *Screen.*]

Omne vaser vitium ridenti Flaccus amico

Tangit, et admissus circum praetordia ludit. *Perf.*

Ibid. *Screen.*] A metaphor peculiarly appropriated to a certain person in power.

ψ. 24. *Patriots there are, &c.*] This appellation was generally given to those in opposition to the court; though some of them (which our author hints at) had views too mean and interested to deserve that name.

ψ. 26. *The Great man.*] A phrase, by common use, appropriated to the first minister.

ψ. 29. *Seen him I have, &c.*] This and other strokes of commendation in the following poem, as well as his regard to him on all occasions, were in acknowledgment of a certain service the minister had done a priest at Mr Pope's solicitation. Our Poet, when he was about seventeen, had a

Seen him, uncumber'd with the venal tribe,
 Smile without Art, and win without a Bribe.
 Would he oblige me? let me only find
 He does not think me what he thinks mankind.
 Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt; 35
 The only difference is, I dare laugh out.
 F. Why yes: with *Scripture* still you may be free;
 A Horfe-laugh, if you please, at Honesty;

NOTES.

very ill fever in the country, which, it was feared, would end fatally. In this condition, he wrote to Southcot, a priest of his acquaintance, then in town, to take his last leave of him. Southcot, with great affection and solicitude, applied to Dr Ratcliffe for his advice; and, not content with that, he rode down post to Mr Pope, who was then an hundred miles from London, with the Doctor's directions; which had the desired effect. A long time after this Southcot, who had an interest in the Court of France, writing to a common acquaintance in England, informed him that there was a good abbey near Avignon, which he had credit enough to get, were it not from an apprehension that his promotion would give umbrage to the English court, to which he (Southcot) by his intrigues in the Pretender's service, was become very obnoxious. The person to whom this was written happening to acquaint Mr Pope with the case, he immediately wrote to Sir Robert Walpole about it; begged that this embargo might be taken off; and acquainted him with the grounds of solicitation: that he was indebted to Southcot for his life, and he must discharge his obligation, either here or in Purgatory. The minister received the application favourably, and with much good-nature wrote to his brother, then in France, to remove this obstruction: in consequence of which Southcot got the abbey. Mr Pope ever after retained a grateful sense of his civility.

Y. 31. *Seen him, uncumber'd.*] These two verses were originally in the poem, tho' omitted in all the first editions.

Y. 37. *Why yes: with Scripture, &c.*] A scribler whose only chance for reputation is the falling in with the fashion, is apt to employ this infamous expedient for the preserva-

A joke on JEKYL, or some odd Old Whig
Who never chang'd his Principle or Wig: 40

A Patriot is a Fool in ev'ry age,
Whom all Lord Chamberlains allow the Stage:
These nothing hurts; they keep their Fashion still,
And wear their strange old Virtue as they will.

If any ask you, "Who's the Man, so near 45
"His Princee, that writes in Verse, and has his ear?"

Why, answer, LYTTLETON, and I'll engage
The worthy Youth shall ne'er be in a rage:
But were his Verses vile, his Whisper base,
You'd quickly find him in Lord Fanny's case. 50

Sejanus, Wolfey, but not honest FLEURY,
But well may put some Statesmen in a Fury.

Laugh then at any, but at Fools or Foes;
These you but anger, and you mend not those. 54

NOTES.

tion of his fleeting existence; but a true genius could not do a foolisher thing, or sooner defeat his own aim.

The sage Boileau used to say on this occasion, "Une outrage severe peut bien plaire aux libertins; mais un outrage trop libre ne plaira jamais aux personnes severes."

ψ. 39. *A joke on Jekyl.*] Sir Joseph Jekyl, master of the rolls, a true Whig in his principles, and a man of the utmost probity. He sometimes voted against the court, which drew upon him the laugh here described of one who bestowed it equally upon religion and honesty. He died a few months after the publication of this poem.

ψ. 47. *Why, answer, Lyttelton.*] George Lyttelton, secretary to the Prince of Wales, distinguished both for his writings and speeches in the spirit of Liberty.

ψ. 51. *Sejanus, Wolfey.*] The one the wicked minister of Tiberius; the other of Henry VIII. The writers against the court usually bestowed these and other odious names on the minister, without distinction, and in the most injurious manner. See Dial. ii. ver. 137.

Ibid. Fleury.] Cardinal, and minister to Lewis XV. It was a patriot fashion, at that time, to cry up his wisdom and honesty.

Laugh at your Friends, and, if your Friends are sore,
 So much the better, you may laugh the more,
 To Vice and Folly to confine the jest,
 Sets half the world, God knows, against the rest,
 Did not the sneer of more impartial men
 At Sense and Virtue, balance all agen. 60
 Judicious wits spread wide the ridicule,
 And charitably comfort Knave and Fool.

P. Dear Sir, forgive the prejudice of Youth :
 Adieu Distinction, Satire, Warmth, and Yruth !
 Come, harmless Characters that no one hit ; 65
 Come, Henley's Oratory, Osborne's Wit !
 The Honey dropping from Favonio's tongue,
 The Flow'rs of Bubo, and the Flow of Y—ng !
 The gracious Dew of Pulpit Eloquence,
 And all the well-whipt Cream of Courtly Sense, 70
 That first was H—vy's, F—'s next, and then
 The S—te's, and then H—vy's once agen.
 O come, that easy, Ciceronian style,
 So Latin, yet so English all the while,
 As, tho' the pride of Middleton and Bland, 75
 All Boys may read, and Girls may understand !
 Then might I sing without the least offence,
 And all I sing should be the Nation's sense ;

NOTES.

ψ. 56. *So much the better, you may laugh the more.*] Their *foreness* being a clear indication of their wanting the frequent repetition of this discipline.

ψ. 66. *Henley, Osborne.*] See them in their places in the Dunciad.

ψ. 69. *The gracious Dew.*] Alludes to some court-sermons, and florid panegyric speeches; particularly one very full of puerilities and flatteries; which afterwards got into an address in the same pretty style; and was lastly served up in an epitaph, between Latin and English, published by its author.

Or teach the melancholy Muse to mourn,
 Hang the sad Verse on CAROLINA's urn, 80
 And hail her passage to the Realms of Rest,
 All parts perform'd, and all her Children blest!
 So—Satire is no more—I feel it die—
 No *Gazetteer* more innocent than I—
 And let, a God's name, ev'ry Fool and Knave 85
 Be grac'd thro' Life, and flatter'd in his Grave.

F. Why so? if Satire knows its Time and Place,
 You still may lash the greatest—in disgrace:

NOTES.

ψ. 80. *Carolina*.] Queen-consort to King George II. She died in 1737. Her death gave occasion, as is observed above, to many indiscreet and mean performances unworthy of her memory, whose last moments manifested the utmost courage and resolution.

How highly our Poet thought of that truly great personage, may be seen by one of his letters to Mr Allen, written at that time; in which, among others equally respectful, are the following words: "The Queen showed, by the confession of all about her, the utmost firmness and temper to her last moments, and through the course of great torments. What character historians will allow her, I do not know; but all her domestic servants, and those nearest her, give her the best testimony, that of sincere tears."

ψ. 84. *No Gazetteer more innocent than I*.] The *Gazetteer* is one of the low appendices to the Secretary of State's office, to write the government's newspaper, published by authority. Sir Richard Steele had once this post; and he describes the condition of it very well, in *The Apology for himself and his writings*: "My next appearance as a writer was in the quality of the lowest minister of state, viz. in the office of *Gazetteer*, where I worked faithfully, according to order, without ever erring against the rule observed by all ministers, to keep that paper very innocent and very insipid. It was to the reproaches I heard every gazette-day against the writer of it, that I owe the fortitude of being remarkably negligent of what people say which I do not deserve."

For merit will by turns forsake them all;
 Would you know when? exactly when they fall. 90
 But let all Satire in all Changes spare
 Immortal S——k, and grave De——re.
 Silent and soft, as Saints remove to Heav'n,
 All Tyes dissolv'd, and ev'ry Sin forgiv'n,
 These may some gentle ministerial Wing 95
 Receive, and place for ever near a King!
 There, where no Passion, Pride, or Shame transport,
 Lull'd with the sweet Nepenthe of a Court;

NOTES.

Y. 92. *Immortal S——k and grave De——re!*] A title given that Lord by King James II. He was of the bedchamber to King William; he was so to King George I. and II. This Lord was very skillful in all the forms of the House, in which he discharged himself with great gravity.

Y. 97. *There, where no Passion, &c.*] The excellent writer De l'Esprit des Loix gives the following character of the spirit of courts, and the principle of monarchies:

“Qu'on life ce que les historiens de tous les tems ont dit sur la cour des monarques; qu'on se rapelle les conversations des hommes des tous les pais sur le miserable caractere des courtisans; ce ne sont point des choses de speculation, mais d'une triste experience. L'ambition dans l'oliveté, la bassesse dans l'orgueil, le desir de s'enricher sans travail, l'averfion pour la verite; la flatterie, la trahison, la perfidie, l'abandon de tous ses engagements, le mepris des devoirs du citoyen, la crainte de la vertu du prince, l'esperance de ses foibleffes, et plus que tout cela, le ridicule perpetuel jette sur la vertu, sont, je crois, le caractere de la plupart des Courtisans marque dans tous les lieux et dans tous les tems. Or il est tres-malaise que les principaux d'un etat soient malhonnetes gens, et que les inferieurs soient gens-de-bien; que ceux-la soyent trompeurs, et que ceux-ci consentent a n'etre que dupes. Que si dans le peuple il se trouve quelque malheureux honnete-homme, le Cardinal de Richelieu dans son Testament politique insinue, qu'un Monarque doit se garder de s'en servir. Tant-il est vrai que la Vertu n'est pas le ressort de ce gouvernement.”

There, where no Father's, Brother's, Friend's disgrace
Once break their rest, or stir them from their place:
But past the Sense of human Miseries, 101

All Tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes:
No cheek is known to blush, no heart to throb,
Save when they lose a Question, or a Job. [glory,

P. Good Heav'n forbid, that I should blast their
Who know how like Whig Ministers to Tory, 106
And when three sov'reigns dy'd, could scarce be vext,
Confid'ring what a *gracious Prince* was next.

Have I, in silent wonder, seen such things
As Pride in Slaves and Avarice in Kings; 110

And at a Peer, or Peerefs, shall I fret,
Who starves a Sister, or forswears a debt?

Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast;
But shall the Dignity of *Vice* be lost?

Ye Gods! shall Cibber's Son, without rebuke, 115
Swear like a Lord, or Rich out-whore a Duke?

A Fav'rite Porter with his Master vie,
Be brib'd as often, and as often lie?

Shall Ward draw Contracts with a Statesman's skill?
Or Japhet pocket, like his Grace, a Will? 120

Is it for Bond, or Peter (paultry things)

To pay their Debts, to keep their Faiths like Kings?

If Blount dispatch'd himself, he play'd the man,
And so may'st thou, illustrious Passeran!

NOTES.

ψ. 115. *Cibber's Son—Rich.*] Two players; look for them in the Duncial.

ψ. 123. *If Blount.*] Author of an impious foolish book called *The Oracles of Reason*, who, being in love with a near kinswoman of his, and rejected, gave himself a stab in

VARIATIONS.

ψ. 112. in some editions,

Who starves a mother,

But shall a Printer, weary of his life, 115
 Learn, from their Books, to hang himself and wife?
 This, this, my friend, I cannot, must not bear;
 Vice thus abus'd, demands a Nation's care:
 This calls the Church to deprecate our Sin:
 And hurls the Thunder of the Laws on Gin. 130

NOTES.

the arm, as pretending to kill himself, of the consequence of which he really died.

Y. 124. *Passeran!*] Author of another figure of the same stamp, called *A philosophical Discourse on Death*, being a defence of Suicide. He was a nobleman of Piedmont, banished from his country for his impieties, and lived in the utmost misery, yet feared to practise his own precepts; of which there went a pleasant story about that time. Amongst his pupils, it seems, to whom he read in moral philosophy, was a noted *gamester*, who lodged under the same roof with him. This useful citizen, after a run of ill luck, came one morning early into his master's bedchamber with two loaded pistols; and, as Englishmen do not understand railery in a case of this nature, told the philosopher, on presenting him with one of his pistols, that now was come the time to put his doctrine in practice: that, as to himself, having lost his last stake, he was become an *useless* member in society, and so was resolved to quit his *station*; and that, as to him, his *guide*, *philosopher*, and *friend*, surrounded with miseries, the outcast of government, and the sport even of that *chance* which he adored, he doubtless would rejoice for such an opportunity to bear him company. All this was said and done with so much resolution and solemnity, that the Italian found himself under a necessity to cry out murder! which brought in company to his relief.—This unhappy man at last died a penitent.

Y. 125. *But shall a Printer, &c.*] A fact that happened in London a few years past. The unhappy man left behind him a paper justifying his action by the reasonings of some of these authors.

Y. 130. *Gin.*] A spirituous liquor, the exorbitant use of which had almost destroyed the lowest rank of the people, till it was restrained by an act of parliament in 1736.

Let modest FOSTER, if he will, excell
 Ten Metropolitans in preaching well;
 A simple Quaker, or a Quaker's Wife,
 Out-do Landaffe in Doctrine,—yea in Life:
 Let humble ALLEN, with an aukward Shame, 133
 Do good by stealth, and blush to find it Fame.
Virtue may chuse the high or low Degree,
 'Tis just alike to Virtue, and to me;
 Dwell in a Monk, or light upon a King,
 She's still the same below'd, contented thing. 140
Vice is undone, if she forgets her Birth,
 And stoops from Angels to the dregs of Earth:
 But 'tis the *Fall* degrades her to a Whore;
 Let *Greatness* own her, and she's mean no more, 144
 Her Birth, her Beauty, Crowds and Courts confess,
 Chaste Matrons praise her, and grave Bishops bless;
 In golden chains the willing World she draws,
 And hers the Gospel is, and hers the Laws;
 Mounts the Tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,
 And sees pale *Virtue* carted in her stead. 150
 Lo! at the wheels of her triumphal Car,
 Old England's Genius, rough with many a scar,
 Dragg'd in the dust! his arms hang idly round,
 His Flag inverted trails along the ground!
 Our Youth, all liv'ry'd o'er with foreign Gold, 155
 Before her dance: behind her, crawl the Old!
 See thronging Millions to the Pagod run,
 And offer Country, Parent, Wife, or Son!

NOTES.

Y. 131. *Let modest Foster.*] This confirms an observation which Mr Hobbes made long ago, That "there be very few
 "bishops that act a sermon so well, as divers Presbyterians
 "and fanatic preachers can do." *Hist. of Civ. Wars*, p. 62.

Y. 134. *Landaffe.*] A poor bishopric in Wales, as poorly
 supplied.

Hear her black Trumpet thro' the Land proclaim,
 That NOT TO BE CORRUPTED IS THE SHAME.
 In Soldier, Churchman, Patriot, Man in Pow'r, 162
 'Tis Av'rice all, Ambition is no more!
 See, all our Nobles begging to be Slaves!
 See, all our Fools aspiring to be Knaves!
 The Wit of Cheats, the Courage of a Whore, 165
 Are what ten thousand envy and adore:
 All, all look up, with reverential Awe,
 At crimes that 'scape, or triumph o'er the Law:
 While Truth, Worth, Wildom, daily they decry—
 " Nothing is sacred now but Villainy." 170

Yet may this Verse (if such a Verse remain)
 Show there was one who held it in disdain.

NOTE.

Y. 165. *The Wit of Cheats, the Courage of a Whore,—*
Are what ten thousand envy and adore.] And no wonder:
 for the wit of cheats being the evasion of justice, and the
 courage of a whore the contempt for reputation; these e-
 mancipate men from the two tyrannical restraints upon free
 spirits, fear of punishment, and dread of shame.

DIALOGUE II.

FR. **T**IS all a Libel—Paxton, Sir, will say.

P. Not yet, my Friend! to-morrow 'faith
it may;

And for that very cause I print to-day.

How should I fret to mangle ev'ry line,

In rev'rence to the Sins of *Thirty nine*!

Vice with such Giant strides comes on amain,

Invention strives to be before in vain;

Feign what I will, and paint it e'er so strong,

Some rising Genius fins up to my Song.

F. Yet none but you by name the guilty lash; 10

Ev'n Guthry saves half Newgate by a Dash.

Spare then the Person, and expose the Vice.

P. How, Sir! not damn the Sharper, but the Dice!

Come on then, Satire! gen'ral, unconfin'd,

Spread thy broad wing, and souce on all the kind. 15

Ye Statesmen, Priests, of one Religion all!

Ye Tradefmen, vile, in Army, Court, or Hall!

Ye Rev'rend Atheists. F. Scandal! name them, Who!

P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.

Who starv'd a Sister, who forswore a Debt, 20

I never nam'd; the Town's enquiring yet.

The pois'ning Dame—F. You mean—P. I don't—

F. You do.

P. See, now I keep the Secret, and not you!

NOTES.

ψ. i. *Paxton.*] Late Solicitor to the Treasury.

ψ. ii. *Ev'n Guthry.*] The ordinary of Newgate, who publishes the memoirs of the malefactors, and is often prevailed upon to be so tender of their reputation, as to set down no more than the initials of their name.

The bribing Statesman—F. Hold, too high you go.

P. The brib'd Elector—F. There you stoop too low.

P. I fain would please you, if I knew with what; 26

Tell me, which Knave is lawful Game, which not?

Must great offenders, once escap'd the Crown,

Like Royal Harts, be never more run down?

Admit your Law to spare the Knight requires, 30

As Beasts of Nature may we hunt the Squires?

Suppose I censure—you know what I mean—

To save a Bishop, may I name a Dean?

F. A Dean, Sir? no: his Fortune is not made,

You hurt a man that's rising in the Trade. 35

P. If not the Tradesman who set up to-day,

Much less the 'Prentice who to-morrow may.

Down, down, proud Satire! tho' a Realm be spoil'd,

Arraign no mightier Thief than wretched Wild;

Or, if a Court or Country's made a job, 40

Go drench a Pick-pocket, and join the Mob.

But, Sir, I beg you (for the Love of Vice!)

The matter's weighty, pray consider twice:

NOTES.

ψ. 29. *Like Royal Harts, &c.*] Alluding to the old game-laws, when our Kings spent all the time they could spare from human slaughter, in woods and forests.

ψ. 31. *As Beasts of Nature may we hunt the Squires?*] The expression is rough, like the subject, but no reflection; for if *beasts of nature*, then not beasts of their own making, a fault too frequently objected to country-squires. However, the Latin is nobler, *fera natura*, things uncivilized, and free. *Fera*, as the critics say, being from the Hebrew, *Pere*, *Asinus silvestris*.

ψ. 35. *You hurt a man that's rising in the Trade.*] For, as the reasonable *De la Bruyere* observes, "Qui ne fait être un *Erasmus*, doit penser à être *Eveque*."

ψ. 39. —*wretched Wild.*] Jonathan Wild, a famous thief, and thief-impeacher, who was at last caught in his own train and hanged.

Have you less pity for the needy Cheat,
 The poor and friendless Villain, than the Great? 45
 Alas! the small discredit of a Bribe
 Scarce hurts the Lawyer, but undoes the Scribe.
 Then better sure it Charity becomes
 To tax Directors, who (thank God) have Plums;
 Still better, Ministers; or, if the thing 50
 May pinch ev'n there—why lay it on a King.

F. Stop! stop!

P. Must Satire, then, nor rise nor fall?
 Speak out, and bid me blame no Rogues at all.

F. Yes, strike that Wild, I'll justify the blow.

P. Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years ago:
 Who now that obsolete Example fears? 56
 Ev'n Peter trembles only for his Ears.

F. What, always Peter? Peter thinks you mad;
 You make men desp'rate, if they once are bad:
 Else might he take to Virtue some years hence— 60

P. As S—k, if he lives, will love the PRINCE.

F. Strange spleen to S—k!

P. Do I wrong the Man?
 God knows, I praise a Courtier where I can.
 When I confess, there is who feels for Fame,
 And melts to Goodness, need I SCARB'ROW name?

NOTES.

℥. 42. —for the Love of Vice!] We must consider the Poet as here directing his discourse to a follower of the new system of politics, that *private vices are public benefits*.

Scribl.

℥. 57. Ev'n Peter trembles only for his Ears.] Peter had, the year before this, narrowly escaped the pillory for forgery; and got off with a severe rebuke only from the bench.

℥. 65. Scarb'row.] Earl of, and Knight of the Garter, whose personal attachments to the King appeared from his steady adherence to the royal interest, after his resignation of his great employment of Master of the Horse; and whose known honour and virtue made him esteemed by all parties.

Pleas'd let me own, in Esſher's peaceful Grove 66
 (Where Kent and Nature vye for PELHAM's Love)
 The Scene, the Maſter, opening to my view,
 I ſit and dream I ſee my CRAGGS anew!

Ev'n in a Biſhop I can ſpy Deſert; 70
 Secker is decent, Rundel has a Heart;
 Manners with Candour are to Benſon giv'n,
 To Berkley, ev'ry Virtue under Heav'n.

But does the Court a worthy Man remove?
 That inſtant, I declare, he has my Love: 75
 I ſhun his Zenith, court his mild Decline;
 Thus SOMMERS once, and HALIFAX, were mine.
 Oft in the clear, ſtill Mirrour of Retreat,
 I ſtudy'd SHREWSBURY, the wiſe and great:

NOTES.

ψ. 66. *Esſher's peaceful Grove.*] The houſe and gardens of Eſher in Surry, belonging to the Honourable Mr Pelham. Brother to the Duke of Newcaſtle. The author could not have given a more amiable idea of his character than in comparing him to Mr Craggs.

ψ. 74. *But does the Court a worthy Man remove?*] The Poet means *remove* him for his *worth*; not that he eſteemed the being *in* or *out* a proof either of corruption or virtue. "I had a glimpse of a letter of yours lately (ſays he "to Dr Swift) by which I find you are, *like the vulgar*, "apt to think well of people *out* of power, than of people "in power. Perhaps 'tis a miſtake; but, however, there "is ſomething in it generous." Let. xvii. Sept. 3. 1726.

ψ. 77. *Sommers.*] John Lord Sommers died in 1716. He had been Lord Keeper in the reign of William III. who took from him the ſeals in 1700. The author had the honour of knowing him in 1706. A faithful, able, and incorrupt miniſter; who, to the qualities of a conſummate ſtateſman, added thoſe of a man of learning and politeneſs.

Ibid. *Halifax.*] A peer no leſs diſtinguiſhed by his love of letters, than his abilities in parliament. He was diſgraced in 1710, on the change of Queen Anne's miniſtry.

ψ. 79. *Shrewsbury.*] Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury, had been Secretary of State, Ambaſſador in France, Lord

CARLETON's calm sense, and STANHOPE's noble
Flame, 80

Compar'd, and knew their gen'rous End the same:
How pleasing ATTERBURY's softer hour?
How shin'd the Soul, unconquer'd in the Tow'r!
How can I PULT'NEY, CHESTERFIELD forget,
While Roman Spirit charms, and Attic Wit : 85
ARGYLL, the State's whole Thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the Senate and the Field :
Or WYNDHAM, just to Freedom and the Throne,
The Master of our Passions, and his own.
Names, which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain, 90
Rank'd with their Friends, not number'd with their
And if yet higher the proud List should end, [Train;
Still let me say, No Follower, but a Friend.

Yet think not, Friendship only prompts my lays;
I follow Virtue ; where she shines, I praise : 95

NOTES.

Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Treasurer. He several times quitted his employments, and was often recalled. He died in 1718.

ψ. 80. *Carleton.*] Henry Boyle, Lord Carleton (nephew of the famous Robert Boyle) who was Secretary of State under William III. and President of the Council under Queen Anne.

Ibid. Stanhope.] James, Earl Stanhope; a nobleman of equal courage, spirit, and learning: general in Spain, and Secretary of State.

ψ. 84. *Chesterfield.*] Philip, Earl of Chesterfield, commonly given by writers of all parties for an example to the age he lives in, of *superior talents*, and *public virtue*.

ψ. 88. *Wyndham.*] Sir William Wyndham, Chancellor of the Exchequer under Queen Anne, made early a considerable figure; but since a much greater, both by his ability and eloquence, joined with the utmost judgment and temper.

ψ. 92. *And if yet higher, &c.*] He was at that time honoured with the esteem and favour of his Royal Highness the Prince.

Point she to Priest or Elder, Whig or Tory,
 Or round a Quaker's Beaver cast a Glory.
 I never (to my sorrow I declare)
 Din'd with the MAN of ROSS, or my LORD MAY'R.
 Some, in their choice of Friends (nay, look not grave)
 Have still a secret Byass to a Knave: 101.
 To find an honest man I beat about,
 And love him, court him, praise him, in or out.
 F. Then why so few commended?

P. Not so fierce;

Find you the Virtue, and I'll find the Verse. 105
 But random Praise—the task can ne'er be done;
 Each Mother asks it for her booby Son,
 Each Widow asks it for *the Best of Men*,
 For him she weeps, for him she weds agen.
 Praise cannot stoop, like Satire, to the ground; 110
 The Number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.
 Enough for half the Greatest of these days,
 To 'scape my Censure, not expect my Praise.
 Are they not rich? what more can they pretend?
 Dare they to hope a Poet for their Friend? 115
 What RICHELIEU wanted, LOUIS scarce could gain,
 And what young AMMON wish'd, but wish'd in vain.
 No Pow'r the Muse's Friendship can command;
 No Pow'r, when Virtue claims it, can withstand:

NOTE.

Y. 99. —*my Lord May'r.*] Sir John Bernard, Lord Mayor in the year of the Poem, 1738. A citizen eminent for his virtue, public spirit, and great talents in parliament. An excellent man, magistrate, and senator. In the year 1747, the city of London, in memory of his many and signal services to his country, erected a statue to him: but his image had been placed long before in the heart of every good man.

To Cato, Virgil pay'd one honest line; 120
 O let my Country's Friends illumine mine!
 —What are you thinking? F. Faith the thought's no sin,
 I think your Friends are out, and would be in.

P. If merely to come in, Sir, they go out,
 The way they take is strangely round about. 125

F. They too may be corrupted, you'll allow?

P. I only call those Knaves who are so now.

Is that too little? Come then, I'll comply—
 Spirit of Arnall! aid me while I lie.

CQBHAM's a Coward, POLWARTH is a Slave, 130

And LYTTTELTON a dark, designing Knave,

ST JOHN has ever been a wealthy Fool——

But let me add, Sir ROBERT's mighty dull,

Has never made a Friend in private life,

And was, besides, a Tyrant to his Wife. 135

But pray, when others praise him, do I blame?

Call Verres, Wolfey, any odious name?

Why rail they then, if but a Wreath of mine,

Oh all-accomplish'd ST JOHN! deck thy shrine?

What! shall each spurgall'd Hackney of the day,

When Paxton gives him double Pots and Pay, 140

Or each new-pension'd Sycophant, pretend

To break my Windows if I treat a Friend;

Then wisely plead, to me they meant no hurt,

But 'twas my Guest at whom they threw the dirt?

NOTES.

ψ. 129. *Spirit of Arnall!*] Look for him in his place in the Dunciad, book ii. ver. 315.

ψ. 130. *Polwarth.*] The Honourable Hugh Hume, son of Alexander Earl of Marchmont, grandson of Patrick Earl of Marchmont, and distinguished, like them, in the cause of Liberty.

ψ. 136. —*do I blame?—Call Verres, Wolfey, any odious name?*] The leaders of parties, be they as florid as they will, generally do their business by a single rule of rhetoric, which they may have learned of Quintilian, or perhaps of

Sure, if I spare the Minister, no rules 145

Of Honour bind me, not to maul his Tools;

Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be said

His Saws are toothless, and his Hatchets Lead.

It anger'd TURBENNE, once upon a day,

To see a Footman kick'd that took his pay: 150

But when he heard th' affront the fellow gave,

Knew one a man of honour, one a knave;

The prudent Gen'ral turn'd it to a jest,

And begg'd, he'd take the pains to kick the rest:

Which not at present having time to do—— 156

F. Hold, Sir! for God's sake, where's th' Affront to
you?

Against your Worship when had S—k writ?

Or P—ge pour'd forth the Torrent of his Wit?

Or grant the Bard whose distich all commend. 160

[*In Pow'r a Servant, out of Pow'r a Friend*]

To W—le guilty of some venial sin;

What's that to you who ne'er was out nor in?

The Priest whose flattery be-dropt the Crown,

How hurt he you? he only stain'd the Gown. 165

And how did, pray, the florid Youth offend,

Whose Speech you took, and gave it to a Friend?

P. Faith it imports not much from whom it came;

Whoever borrow'd, could not be to blame,

Since the whole House did afterwards the same.

NOTES.

a much older sophist, "Si nihil quod nos adjuvet, erit, quaeramus quid adversarium laedat."

ψ. 160. —*the Bard.*] A verse taken out of a Poem to Sir R. W.

ψ. 164. *The Priest, &c.*] Spoken not of any particular priest, but of many priests.

ψ. 166. *And how did, &c.*] This seems to allude to a complaint made, ver. 71 of the preceeding dialogue.

Let Courtly Wits to Wits afford supply, 171
 As Hog to Hog in huts of Westphaly;
 If one, thro' Nature's Bounty or his Lord's,
 Has what the frugal, dirty soil affords,
 From him the next receives it, thick or thin, 175
 As pure a mess almost as it came in;
 The blessed benefit, not there confin'd,
 Drops to the third; who nuzzles close behind;
 From tail to mouth they feed and they carouse:
 The last full fairly gives it to the *House*. 180

F. This filthy simile, this beastly line
 Quite turns my stomach—

P. So does Flatt'ry mine;
 And all your Courtly Givet-cats can vent,
 Perfume to you, to me is Excrement.
 But hear me further—Japhet, 'tis agreed, 185
 Writ not, and Chartres scarce could write or read,
 In all the Courts of Pindus guiltless quite;
 But Pens can forge, my Friend, that cannot write;
 And must no Egg in Japhet's face be thrown,
 Because the Deed he forg'd was not my own? 190
 Must never Patriot then declaim at Gin,
 Unless, good man! he has been fairly in?
 No zealous Pastor blame a failing spouse,
 Without a staring Reason on his brows?
 And each blasphemer quite escape the rod, 195
 Because the insult's not on Man, but God?

NOTE.

ψ. 185. *Japhet*,—*Chartres*.] See the Epistle to Lord Bathurst.

VARIATIONS.

ψ. 185. in the MS.

I grant it, Sir; and further, 'tis agreed,
 Japhet writ not, and Chartres scarce could read.

Ask you what provocation I have had?
 The strong antipathy of Good to Bad.
 When Truth or Virtue an affront endures,
 Th' affront is mine, my friend, and should be yours.
 Mine, as a foe profess'd to false pretence, 201
 Who think a Coxcomb's Honour like his Sense;
 Mine, as a Friend to ev'ry worthy mind;
 And mine as Man, who feel for all mankind.

F. You're strangely proud.

P. So proud, I am no Slave: 205
 So impudent, I own myself no knave:
 So odd, my country's Ruin makes me grave.
 Yes, I am proud; I must be proud to see
 Men not afraid of God, afraid of me:
 Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit, and the Throne, 210
 Yet touch'd and sham'd by Ridicule alone.

O sacred weapon! left for Truth's defence,
 Sole dread of Folly, Vice, and Insolence!
 To all but Heav'n-directed hands deny'd,
 The Muse may give thee, but the Gods must guide:
 Rev'rent I touch thee! but with honest zeal; 216
 To rouse the Watchmen of the public weal,
 To Virtue's work provoke the tardy Hall,
 And goad the Prelate slumb'ring in his Stall.

NOTES.

Y. 204. *And mine as Man, who feel for all mankind.*
 From Terence: "Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum
 puto."

Y. 219. *And goad the Prelate slumb'ring in his Stall.*
 The good Eusebius, in his *Evangelical Preparation*, draws
 a long parallel between the Ox and the Christian Priesthood.
 Hence the dignified clergy, out of mere humility, have ever
 since called their *thrones* by the name of *stalls*. To which
 a great prelate of Winchester, one W. Edinton, modestly
 alluding, (who otherwise had been long since forgotten),
 has rendered his name immortal by this ecclesiastical apho-

Ye tinsel Insects ! whom a Court maintains, 210
 That counts your beauties only by your stains,
 Spin all your Cobwebs o'er the Eye of Day !
 The Muse's wing shall brush you all away :
 All his Grace preaches, all his Lordship sings, 214
 All that makes Saints of Queens, and Gods of Kings,
 All, all but Truth, drops dead-born from the Press,
 Like the last Gazette, or the last Address.

When black Ambition stains a public Cause,
 A Monarch's sword when mad Vain-glory draws,
 Not Waller's Wreath can hide the Nation's Scar,
 Nor Boileau turn the Feather to a Star. 237

NOTES.

rism, *Canterbury is the higher rack, but Winchester is the better manger.* By which, however, it appears that he was not one of those here condemned, who *slumber in their stalls.*

ψ. 222. *Cobwebs.*] Weak and slight sophistry against virtue and honour : thin colours over vice, as unable to hide the light of truth, as cobwebs to shade the sun.

ψ. 228. *When black Ambition, &c.*] The case of Cromwell in the civil war of England : and ver. 229. of Louis XIV. in his conquest of the Low Countries.

ψ. 231. *Nor Boileau turn the Feather to a Star.*] See his Ode on Namur ; where (to use his own words) “ il a fait “ un Astre de la Plume blanche que le Roy porte ordinaire- “ ment a son Chapeau, et qui est en effet une espece de “ Comete, fatale a nos ennemis.”

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 227. in the MS.

Where's now the star that lighted Charles to rise ?
 With that which followed Julius to the skies,
 Angels, that watch'd the Royal Oak so well,
 How chanc'd ye nod, when luckless Sorel fell ?
 Hence, lying miracles ! reduc'd so low
 As to the regal touch, and papal-toe ;
 Hence haughty Edgar's title to the main,
 Britain's to France, and thine to India, Spain !

Not so, when diadem'd with rays divine,
 Touch'd with the flame that breaks from *Virtue's*
 Shrine,

Her Priestess's Muse forbids the Good to die,
 And opes the Temple of *Eternity*. 235

There, other trophies deck the truly brave,
 Than such as *Anstis* casts into the Grave;
 Far other Stars than ** and ** wear,

And may descend to Mordington from *STAIR*;
 (Such as on *HOUGH's* unfully'd Mitre shine, 240
 Or beam, good *DIGBY*, from a heart like thine.)

Let *Envy* howl, while Heav'n's whole Chorus sings,
 And bark at Honour not conferr'd by Kings;

Let *Flatt'ry* sick'ning see the Incense rise,
 Sweet to the World, and grateful to the Skies : 245
 Truth guards the Poet, sanctifies the line,
 And makes immortal, Verse as mean as mine.

Yes, the last Pen for Freedom let me draw,
 When Truth stands trembling on the edge of Law;
 Here, last of Britons ! let your Names be read ; 250
 Are none, none living ? let me praise the Dead,
 And for that Cause which made your Fathers shine,
 Fall by the Votes of their degen'rate Line.

NOTES.

Ÿ. 237. *Anstis*.] The chief herald at arms. It is the custom, at the funeral of great peers, to cast into the grave the broken staves and ensigns of honour.

Ÿ. 239. *Stair*.] John Dalrymple Earl of Stair, Knight of the Thistle ; served in all the wars under the Duke of Marlborough ; and afterwards as ambassador in France.

Ÿ. 240, 241. *Hough and Digby*.] Dr John Hough Bishop of Worcester, and the Lord Digby. The one an assertor of the Church of England, in opposition to the false measures of King James II. ; the other as firmly attached to the cause of that King : both acting out of principle, and equally men of honour and virtue.

F. Alas! alas! pray end what you began,
And write next winter more *Essays on Man*.

NOTE.

ψ. 255.] This was the last poem of the kind printed by our author, with a resolution to publish no more; but to enter thus, in the most plain and solemn manner he could, a sort of *protest* against that insuperable corruption and depravity of manners which he had been so unhappy as to live to see. Could he have hoped to have amended any, he had continued those attacks; but bad men were grown so shameless and so powerful, that ridicule was become as unsafe as it was ineffectual. The Poem raised him, as he knew it would, some enemies; but he had reason to be satisfied with the approbation of good men, and the testimony of his own conscience.

VARIATIONS.

ψ. 255. in the MS.

Quit, quit these themes, and write *Essays on Man*.

On receiving, from the Right Hon. the Lady

FRANCES SHIRLEY,

A STANDISH and TWO PENS.

YES, I beheld th' Athenian Queen
Descend in all her sober charms;
" And take (she said, and smil'd serene)
" Take at this hand celestial arms :

" Secure the radiant weapons wield ;
" This golden lance shall guard Desert,
" And if a Vice dares keep the field,
" This steel shall stab it to the heart."

Aw'd, on my bended knees I fell,
Receiv'd the weapons of the sky ;
And dipp'd them in the fable Well,
The fount of Fame or Infamy.

" What *Well*? what *Weapon*? (Flavia cries)
" A Standish, steel and golden Pen!
" It came from Bertrand's *, not the skies ;
" I gave it you to write again.

NOTES.

[*The Lady Frances Shirley.*] A Lady whose great merit Mr Pope took a real pleasure in celebrating.

* A famous toy-shop at Bath.

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O

- " But, Friend, take heed whom you attack;
- " You'll bring a House (I mean of Peers)
- " Red, Blue, and Green, nay, white and black,
- " L—— and all about your ears.

- " You'd write as smoothe again on glass,
- " And run, on ivory, so glib,
- " As not to stick at fool or afs,
- " Nor stop at Flattery or Fib.

- " *Athenian Queen!* and *sober charms!*
- " I tell ye, fool, there's nothing in't:
- " 'Tis Venus, Venus gives these arms;
- " In Dryden's Virgil see the print.

- " Come, if you'll be a quiet foul,
- " That dares tell neither Truth nor Lies,
- " I'll list you in the harmless roll
- " Of those that sing of these poor eyes."

IMITATIONS

OF

HORACE.

92

IMITATION

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E P I S T L E VII.

Imitated in the Manner of Dr. SWIFT.

TIS true, my Lord, I gave my word,
 I would be with you, June the third;
 Chang'd it to August, and (in short)
 Have kept it—as you do at Court.
 You humour me when I am sick,
 Why not when I am splenetick?
 In town, what Objects could I meet?
 The shops shut up in ev'ry street,
 And fun'ral black'ning all the Doors,
 And yet more melancholy Whores:
 And what a dust in ev'ry place?
 And a thin Court that wants your Face,
 And Fevers raging up and down,
 And W** and H** both in Town!
 “The dog-days are no more the case.”
 'Tis true, but Winter comes apace:
 Then southward let your bard retire,
 Hold out some Months 'twixt Sun and Fire,

QUINQUE dies tibi pollicitus me rure futurum,
 Sextilem totum mendax desideror. atqui,
 Si me vivere vis sanum recteque valentem;
 Quam mihi das ægro, dabis ægrotare timentî,
 Mæcenâs, veniam: dum sicus prima calorque
 Designatorem decorat lictoribus atris:
 Dum pueris omnis pater, et matercula pallet;
 Officiosaque sedulitas, et opella forensis
 Adducit febris, et testamenta resignat.
 Quod si bruma nives Albanis illinet agris;
 Ad mare descendet vates tuus, et sibi parcat,

And you shall see the first warm Weather,
Me and the Butterflies together.

20

My Lord, your Favours well I know;
'Tis with Distinction you bestow;
And not to ev'ry one that comes,
Just as a Scotsman does his Plums.

"Pray take them, Sir — Enough's a Feast:

25

"Eat some, and pocket up the rest" —
What, rob your Boys? those pretty rogues?

"No, Sir, you'll leave them to the Hogs."

'Thus Fools with Compliments besiege ye,
Contriving never to oblige ye.

30

Scatter your favours on a Fop,
Ingratitude's the certain crop;
And 'tis but just, I'll tell ye wherefore,
You give the things you never care for.

A wise man always is or shou'd

35

Be mighty ready to do good;

But makes a difference in his thought

Betwixt a Guinea and a Groat.

*Contractusque leget; te, dulcis amice, reviset
Cum Zephyris, si concedes, et hirundine prima.*

Non, quo more pyris vesci Calaber jubet hospes,
Tu me fecisti locupletem. Vescere sodes.

Jam satis est. At tu quantumvis tolle. Benigne.

Non invisa feres pueris munuscula parvis.

Tam teneor dono, quam si dimittar onustus.

Ut libet: hæc porcis hodie comedenda relinques.

Prodigus et stultus donat quæ spernit et odit:

Hæc seges ingratos tulit et feret omnibus annis.

Vir bonus et sapiens, dignis ait esse paratus!

Nec tamén ignorat, quid distent æra lupinis?

Dignum præstabo me, etiam pro laude merentis.

Now this I'll say, you'll find in me.
 A safe Companion, and a free; 40
 But if you'd have me always near—
 A word, pray, in your Honour's ear.
 I hope it is your Resolution
 To give me back my Constitution!
 The sprightly Wit, the lively Eye, 43
 Th' engaging Smile, the Gaiety,
 That laugh'd down many a Summer Sun,
 And kept you up so oft till one:
 And all that voluntary Vein,
 As when Belinda rais'd my Strain. 50

A Weasel once made shift to sink
 In at a Corn-loft thro' a Chink;
 But having amply stuff'd his skin,
 Could not get out as he got in;
 Which one belonging to the House 55
 ("Twas not a Man, it was a Mouse)
 Observing, cry'd, " You 'scape not so,
 " Lean as you came, Sir, you must go."
 Sir, you may spare your Application,
 I'm no such Beast, nor his Relation; 60

Quod si me noles usquam discedere; reddes
 Forte latus, nigros angusta fronte capillos?
 Reddes dulce loqui; reddes ridere decorum, et
 Inter vina fugam Cynaræ mœrere protervæ.

Forte per angustam tenuis vulpecula rimam
 Repserat in cumeram frumenti: pastaque, rursus
 Ire foras pleno tendebat corpore frustra,
 Cui mustela procul, Si vis, ait, effugere istinc;
 Macra cavum repetes arctum, quem macra subisti.
 Hac ego si compellor imagine, cuncta resigno;
 Nec somnum plebis laudo satur altitium, nec
 Otia divitiis Arabum liberrima muto.
 Sæpe verecundum laudasti: Rexque, Paterque

No one that Temperance advance,
 Cramm'd to the throat with Ortolans :
 Extremely ready to resign
 All that may make me none of mine.
 South-sea Subscriptions take who please, 65
 Leave me but Liberty and Ease.
 'Twas what I said to Craggs and Child,
 Who prais'd my Modesty, and smil'd.
 Give me, I cry'd, (enough for me)
 My Bread, and Independency ! 70
 So bought an Annual-rent or two,
 And liv'd—just as you see I do ;
 Near fifty, and without a Wife,
 I trust that sinking Fund, my Life.
 Can I retrench ? Yes, mighty well, 75
 Shrink back to my Paternal Cell,
 A little House, with Trees a-row,
 And, like its Master, very low.
 There dy'd my Father, no man's Debtor,
 And there I'll die, nor worse nor better. 80
 To set this matter full before ye,
 Our old Friend Swift will tell his Story.
 " Harley, the Nation's great Support,"—
 But you may read it, I stop short.

Audisti coram, nec verbo parcius absens :
 Inspice, si possum donata reponere lætus.
 * * * * *
 * * * * *
 Parvum parva decent. mihi jam non regia Roma,
 Sed vacuum Tibur placet, aut imbellè Tarentum.
 Strenuus et fortis, causisque Philippus agendis
 Clarus, &c.

[163]

S A T I R E V L

The First Part imitated in the Year 1714,
by Dr SWIFT; the latter Part added af-
terwards.

I'VE often wish'd that I had clear
For life, fix hundred pounds a-year,
A handsome House to lodge a Friend,
A River at my garden's end,
A Terras-walk, and half a Rood
Of Land, set out to plant a Wood.
Well, now I have all this and more,
I ask not to encrease my store;
" But here a grievance seems to ly,
" All this is mine but till I die; 10
" I can't but think 'twould sound more clever,
" To me and to my Heirs for ever.
" If I ne'er got or lost a groat,
" By any Trick, or any Fault;
" And if I pray by Reason's rules, 15
" And not like Forty other Fools :

HOC erat in votis : modus agri non ita magnus,
Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
Et paulum silvæ super his foret. auctius, atque
Di melius fecere. bene est. nil amplius oro,
Maia nate, nisi ut propria hæc mihi munera faxis.
Si neque majorem feci ratione mala rem,
Nec sum facturus vitio culpave minorem;
Si veneror stultus nihil horum, O si angulus ille

‘ As thus, “ Vouchsafe, oh Gracious Maker !

“ To grant me this and t’ other Acre :

“ Or, if it be thy Will and Pleasure,

“ Direct my Plow to find a Treasure :

20

‘ But only what my Station fits,

‘ And to be kept in my right wits,

‘ Preserve, Almighty Providence !

‘ Just what you gave me, Competence :

‘ And let me in these shades compose

25

‘ Something in Verse as true as Prose ;

‘ Remov’d from all th’ Ambitious scene,

‘ Nor puff’d by Pride, nor sunk by Spleen.”

In short, I’m perfectly content,

Let me but live on this side Trent ;

30

Nor cross the Channel twice a year,

To spend six Months with Statesmen here.

I must by all means come to town,

’Tis for the service of the Crown.

“ Lewis, the Dean will be of use,

35

“ Send for him up, take no excuse.”

Proximus accedat, qui nunc denormat agellum !

O si urnam argenti fors quæ mihi monstret ! ut illi,

Thesauro invento, qui mercenarius agrum

Illum ipsum mercatus aravit, dives amico

Hercule, si, quod adest, gratum juvat ! hac prece te

Pingue pecus domino facias, et cætera præter [oro,

Ingenium ; utque soles, custos mihi maximus adsis.

Ergo ubi me in montes et in arcem ex Urbe removi,

Quid prius illustrem Satiris Musaque pedestri ?

Nec mala me ambitio perdit, nec plumbeus Auster,

Autumnusque gravis, Libitinæ quæstus acerbæ.

Matutine pater, seu Jane libentius audis,

Unde homines operum primos vitæque labores

The toil, the danger of the Seas,
Great Ministers ne'er think of these;
Or let it cost five hundred pound,
No matter where the money's found,
It is but so much more in debt,
And that they ne'er consider'd yet.

" Good Mr Dean, go change your gown,
" Let my Lord know you're come to town."

I hurry me in haste away, 45
Not thinking it is Levee-day;

And find his Honour in a Pound,
Hemm'd by a triple Circle round,
Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green :

How should I thrust myself-between ? 50

Some Wag observes me thus perplex'd,
And smiling whispers to the next,

" I thought the Dean had been too proud,
" To juggle here among a croud."

Another, in a surly fit, 55
Tells me I have more Zeal than Wit,

" So eager to express your love,

" You ne'er consider whom you shove,

Instituunt, (sic D's placitum) tu carminis esto

Principium : Romæ sponforem me rapis : Eia,

Ne prior officio quisquam respondeat, urgue :

Sive Aquilo radit terras, seu bruma nivalem

Interiore diem gyro trahit, ire necesse est.

Postmodo, quod mi obfit, clare certumque locuto,

Luctandum in turba, et facienda injuria tardis.

Quid tibi vis, insane; et quas res agis ? improbus
urguet

Iratis precibus. tu pulses omne quod obstat,

Ad Mæcenatem memori si mente recurras.

" But rudely prefs before a Duke."

I own, I'm pleas'd with this rebuke, 63
And take it kindly meant to show
What I desire the world should know.

I get a whisper, and withdraw;
When twenty fools I never saw
Come with Petitions fairly penn'd, 65
Desiring I would stand their friend.

This, humbly offers me his Case—
That, begs my int'rest for a place—
A hundred other Men's affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears: 70

" To-morrow my Appeal comes on,
" Without your help the Cause is gone"—
The Duke expects my Lord and you,
About some great Affair, at Two—

" Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind, 75
" To get my Warrant quickly sign'd:
" Consider, 'tis my first request"—

Be satisfy'd, I'll do my best:—
Then presently he falls to teize,
" You may for certain, if you please; 80

" I doubt not, if his Lordship knew—

" And, Mr Dean, one word from you—

Hoc juvat, et melli est; ne mentiar. at simul atras
Ventum est Esquilias; aliena negotia centum
Per caput, et circa saliunt latus. Ante secundam
Roscius orabat sibi adesses ad Puteal cras.
De re communi scribæ magna atque nova te
Orabant hodie meminisses, Quinte, reverti.
Imprimat his cura Mæcenas signa tabellis.
Dixeris, Experiar: Si vis, potes, addit; et instat.

'Tis (let me see) three years and more,
 (October next it will be four)
 Since HARLEY bid me first attend, 85
 And chose me for an humble friend;
 Would take me in his Coach to chat,
 And question me of this and that;
 As, "What's o'clock?" And, "How's the Wind?"
 "Whose Chariot's that we left behind?" 90
 Or gravely try to read the lines
 Writ underneath the Country Signs;
 Or, "Have you nothing new to-day
 "From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?"
 Such tattle often entertains 95
 My Lord and me as far as Staicens,
 As once a week we travel down
 To Windsor, and again to Town,
 Where all that passes, *inter nos*,
 Might be proclaim'd at Charing-Cross. 100

Septimus octavo propior jam fugerit annus,
 Ex quo Mæcenas me cœpit habere suorum
 In numero: duntaxat ad hoc, quem tollere rheda
 Vellet, iter faciens, et cui concedere nugas
 Hoc genus, Hora quota est? Threx est Gallina Syro
 par.

Matutina parum cautos jam frigora mordent:
 Et quæ rimosa bene deponuntur in aure.
 Per totum hoc tempus, subjectior in diem et horam
 Invidiæ noster. ludos spectaverit una;
 Luserit in campo: Fortunæ filius, omnes.
 Frigidus a Rostris manat per compita rumor:
 Quicunque obvius est, me consulit; O bone (nam te
 Scire, Deos quoniam proprius contingis, oportet)

Yet some I know with envy swell,
Because they see me us'd so well:

"How think you of our Friend the Dean?"

"I wonder what some people mean:

"My Lord and he are grown so great,

105

"Always together tête à tête;

"What, they admire him for his jokes—

"See but the fortune of some folks!"

There flies about a strange report

Of some express arriv'd at Court;

110

I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,

And catechis'd in ev'ry street.

"You, Mr Dean, frequent the Great;

"Inform us, will the Emp'ror treat?"

"Or do the Prints and Papers lie?"

115

Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.

"Ah, Doctor, how you love to jest:

"'Tis now no secret"—I protest

'Tis one to me—"Then tell us, pray,

"When are the Troops to have their pay?"

120

And tho' I solemnly declare

I know no more than my Lord Mayor,

They stand amaz'd, and think me grown

The closest mortal ever known.

Num quid de Dacis audisti? Nil equidem. Ut tu
Semper eris derisor! At omnes Di exagitent me,
Si quicquam. Quid? militibus promissa Triquetra
Prædia Caesar, an est Italia tellure daturus?
Jurantem me scire nihil miratur, ut unum
Scilicet egregii mortalem altique silenti.

Perditar hæc inter misero lux: non fine votis,
O rus, quando ego te aspiciam? quandoque licebit,
Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno et inertibus horis,

Thus in a sea of folly toss'd, 125
 My choicest hours of life are lost;
 Yet always wishing to retreat,
 Oh, could I see my Country Seat!
 There leaning near a gentle brook,
 Sleep, or peruse some ancient Book, 130
 And there in sweet oblivion drown
 Those cares that haunt the Court and Town.
 O charming Noons! and Nights divine!
 Or when I sup, or when I dine,
 My Friends above, my Folks below, 135
 Chatting and laughing all-a-row,
 The Beans and Bacon set before 'em,
 The Grace-cup serv'd with all decorum:
 Each willing to be pleas'd, and please,
 And ev'n the very dogs at ease! 140
 Here no man prates of idle things,
 How this or that Italian sings,
 A Neighbour's Madnefs, or his Spouse's,
 Or what's in either of the Houses;

Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ?
 O quando faba Pythagoræ cognata, simulque
 Unctæ satis pingui ponentur oluscula lardo?
 O noctes cœnæque Deûm! quibus ipse meique,
 Ante Larem proprium vescor, vernaſque procaces
 Pasco libatis dapibus: cum, ut cuique libido est,
 Siccat inæquales calices conviva, solutus
 Legibus insanis: seu quis capit acria fortis
 Pocula; seu modicis uvescit lætius, ergo
 Sermo oritur, non de villis domibusve alienis,
 Nec male necne Lepos saltet: sed quod magis ad nos

But something much more our concern, 145
 And quite a scandal not to learn:
 Which is the happier, or the wiser,
 A man of Merit, or a Miser?
 Whether we ought to chuse our Friends,
 For their own Worth, or our own Ends? 150
 What good, or better, we may call,
 And what the very best of all?
 Our Friend Dan Prior told (you know)
 A Tale extremely *a propos*:
 Name a Town Life, and in a trice 155
 He had a story of two Mice.
 Once on a time (so runs the Fable)
 A country Mouse, right hospitable,
 Receiv'd a town Mouse at his board,
 Just as a Farmer might a Lord. 160
 A frugal Mouse, upon the whole,
 Yet lov'd his Friend, and had a Soul;
 Knew what was handsome, and would do't,
 On just occasion, *conte qui conte*,

Pertinet, et nescire malum est, agitamus; utrumne
 Divitiis homines, an sint virtute beati:
 Quidve ad amicitias, usus rectumne, trahat nos:
 Et quæ sit natura boni, summumque quid ejus.
 Cervius hæc inter vicinus garrit aniles
 Ex re fabellas. si quis nam laudat Arelli
 Sollicitas ignarus opes; sic incipit: Olim
 Rusticus urbanum murem mus paupere fertur
 Accepisse cavo, veterem vetus hospes amicum:
 Asper, et attentus quæsitus; ut tamen arcum
 Solveret hospitii animum. quid multa? neque ille
 Seposui ciceris, nec longæ invidit avenæ:

He brought him Bacon (nothing lean), 165
 Pudding, that might have pleas'd a Dean :
 Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,
 But wish'd it Stilton for his sake;
 Yet to his guest though no way sparing,
 He ate himself the rind and paring. 170
 Our courtier scarce would touch a bit,
 But shew'd his breeding and his wit ;
 He did his best to seem to eat,
 And cry'd, " I vow you're mighty neat.
 " But Lord, my friend, this savage scene ! 175
 " For God's sake, come, and live with men :
 " Consider, Mice, like Men, must die,
 " Both small and great, both you and I :
 " Then spend your life in joy and sport,
 " (This doctrine, friend, I learn'd at Court.)" 180
 The Veriest hermit in the nation
 May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.

Aridem et ore ferens acinum, semesaque lardi
 Frustra dedit, cupiens varia fastidia cœna
 Vincere tangentis male singula dente superbo :
 Cum pater ipse domus palea porrectus in horna
 Effet ardor loliumque, dapis meliora relinquens.
 Tandem urbanus ad hunc, Quid te juvat, inquit,
 amice,

Prærupti nemoris patientem vivere dorso ?
 Vin' tu homines urbemque feris præponere sylvis ?
 Carpe viam (mihi crede) comes : terrestria quando
 Mortales animas vivunt sortita, neque ulla est,
 Aut magno aut parvo, leti fuga. quo, bone, circa,
 Dum licet, in rebus jucundis vive beatus :
 Vivè memor quam sis ævi brevis. Hæc ubi dicta

Away they come, through thick and thin,
 To a tall house near Lincoln's-inn;
 ('Twas on the night of a Debate, 185
 When all their Lordships had fate late.)

Behold the place where, if a Poet
 Shin'd in Description, he might show it;
 Tell how the Moon-beam trembling falls,
 And tips with Silver all the walls; 190
 Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
 Grotresco roofs, and Stucco floors:
 But let it (in a word) be said,
 The Moon was up, and Men a bed;
 The Napkins white, the Carpet red: 195
 The Guests withdrawn had left the Treat,
 And down the Mice fate, tête à tête.

Our Courtier walks from dish to dish,
 Tastes for his Friend of Fowl and Fish;
 Tells all their names, lays down the law, 200
 " *Que ça est bon! Ah goutez ça!*
 " That Jelly's rich, this Malmsey healing,
 " Pray, dip your Whiskers and your Tail in."
 Was ever such a happy Swain!
 He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again. 205

Agrestem populere, domo levis exilit: inde
 Ambo propositum peragunt iter, urbis aventes.
 Mœnia nocturni subrepere jamque tenebat.
 Nox medium cœli spatium, cum ponit uterque.
 In locuplete domo vestigia: rubro ubi cocco
 Tincta super lectos canderet vestis eburnos;
 Multaque de magna superessent fercula cœna,
 Quæ procul exstructis inerant hesternæ canistris.
 Ergo ubi purpurea porrectum in veste locavit.
 Agrestem; veluti succinctus cursitat hospes,
 Continuatque dapes: nec non vernisiter ipse.

" I'm quite aſham'd—'tis mighty rude

" To eat ſo much—but all's ſo good.

" I have a thouſand thanks to give—

" My Lord alone knows how to live."

No ſooner ſaid, but from the Hall

210

Ruſh Chaplain, Butler, dogs and all;

" A Rat, a Rat! clap to the door"—

The Cat comes bouncing on the floor.

O for the heart of Homer's Mice,

Or Gods to ſave them in a trice!

215

(It was by Providence they think,

For your damn'd Stucco has no chink,)

" An't pleaſe your Honour, quoth the Peaſant,

" This ſame deſert is not ſo pleaſant:

" Give me again my hollow Tree,

220

" A Cruſt of Bread, and Liberty!"

Fungitur officiis, prælibans omne quod affert.

Ille cubans gaudet mutata forte, bonisque

Rebus agit lætum convivam: cum subito ingens

Valvarum strepitus lectis excussit utrumque.

Currere per totum pavidæ conclavæ; magisque

Exanimæ trepidare, simul domus alta Molossis.

Personuit canibus. tum rusticus, Haud mihi vita

Est opus hac, ait, et valeas: me sylva, cavusque

Tutus ab insidiis tenui solabitur ervo.

B O O K IV.

O D E I.

TO VENUS.

A GAIN? new tumults in my breast?
 Ah spare me, Venus! let me, let me rest!
 I am not now, alas! the man
 As in the gentle Reign of my Queen Anne.
 Ah! sound no more thy soft alarms,
 Nor circle sober fifty with thy Charms.
 Mother too fierce of dear Desires!
 Turn, turn to willing hearts your wanton fires.
 To *Number five* direct your Doves,
 There spread round MURRAY all your blooming
 Loves;

Ad VENEREM.

I NTERMISSA, Venus, diu
 Rursus bella moves? parce precor, precor.
 Non sum qualis eram bonæ
 Sub regno Cynaræ, define, dulcium
 Mater sæva Cupidinum,
 Circa lustra decem flectere mollibus
 Jam durum imperiis: abi
 Quo blandæ juvenum te revocant preces.
 Tempestivius in domum
 Paulli, purpureis ales oloribus,
 Comissabere Maximi;
 Si torrere jecur quæris idoneum.

Noble and young, who strikes the heart
 With ev'ry sprightly, ev'ry decent part;
 Equal, the injur'd to defend,
 To charm the Mistress, or to fix the Friend.
 He, with a hundred Arts refin'd,
 Shall stretch thy conquests over half the kind;
 To him each Rival shall submit,
 Make but his Riches equal to his Wit.
 Then shall thy Form the Marble grace,
 (Thy Grecian Form) and Chloe lend the face:
 His House, embosom'd in the Grove,
 Sacred to social life and social love,
 Shall glitter o'er the pendent green,
 Where Thames reflects the visionary scene:
 Thither, the silver-sounding lyres
 Shall call the smiling Loves, and young Desires;
 There, ev'ry Grace and Muse shall throng,
 Exalt the dance, or animate the song;

Namque et nobilis, et decens,
 Et pro sollicitis non tacitus reis,
 Et centum puer artium,
 Late signa feret militis tux.
 Et, quandoque potentior
 Largis muneribus riserit æmuli.
 Albanos prope te lacus
 Ponet marmoreum sub trabe citrea.
 Illic plurima naribus
 Duces thura; lyraque et Berecynthia
 Delectabere tibia.
 Mixtis carminibus, non sine fistula.
 Illic bis pueri die
 Numen cum teneris virginibus tuum
 Laudantes, pede candido
 In morem Salium ter quatiant humum.

There Youths and Nymphs, in consort gay,
 Shall hail the rising, close the parting day.
 With me, alas! those joys are o'er;
 For me the vernal garlands bloom no more.
 Adieu! fond hope of mutual fire,
 The still-believing, still-renew'd desire;
 Adieu! the heart-expanding bowl,
 And all the kind deceivers of the soul!
 But why? ah! tell me, ah! too dear!
 Steals down my cheek th' involuntary Tear?
 Why words so flowing, thoughts so free,
 Stop or turn nonsense, at one glance of thee?
 Thee, drest in Fancy's airy beam,
 Absent I follow thro' th' extended dream;
 Now, now I cease, I clasp thy charms,
 And now you burst (ah cruel!) from my arms;
 And swiftly shoot along the Mall,
 Or softly glide by the Canal,
 Now shown by Cynthia's silver ray,
 And now on rolling waters snatch'd away.

Me nec femina, nec puer
 Jam, nec spes animi credula mutui,
 Nec certare juvat mero,
 Nec vincere novis tempora floribus.
 Sed cur, heu! Ligurine, cur
 Manat rara meas lacrymo per genas?
 Cur facunda parum decoro
 Inter verba cadit lingua silentio?
 Nocturnis te ego somniis
 Jam captum tenco, jam volucrum sequor.
 Te per gramina Martii
 Campi, te per aquas, dure, volubiles,

PART OF THE
NINTH ODE

OF THE
FOURTH BOOK.

LEST you should think that verse shall die,
Which sounds the Silver Thames along,
Taught on the wings of Truth to fly
Above the reach of vulgar song;

Tho' daring Milton fits sublime,
In Spenser native Muses play;
Nor yet shall Waller yield to time,
Nor pensive Cowley's moral lay—

Sages and Chiefs long since had birth
Ere Cæsar was, or Newton nam'd :
These rais'd new Empires o'er the earth,
And Those, new Heav'ns and Systems fram'd,

N'E forte credas interitura, quæ
Longe sonantem natus ad Ausidum
Non ante vulgatas per artes
Verba loquor socianda chordis ;

Non, si priores Mæonius tenet
Edes Homerus, Pindaricæ latent
Cæque, et Alcæi minaces
Stesichorique graves Camenæ :

Vain was the Chief's, the Sage's pride!
They had no Poet, and they died.
In vain they schem'd, in vain they bled!
They had no Poet, and are dead.

Nec, si quid olim lufit Anacreon,
Delevit ætas : fpirat adhuc amor,
Vivuntque commiffi calores
Æoliæ fidibus puellæ.

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi; fed omnes illacrymabiles
Urguentur ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia vate facro.

MISCELLANIES.

Vol. III.

Q

THE LIFE OF

ROBERT EARL OF OXFORD

AND

TWO MONTHS

IN THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES II.

BY

JOHN H. P. ...

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E P I S T L E

T O

ROBERT Earl of OXFORD

AND

Earl MORTIMER.

SUCH were the notes thy once-lov'd Poet sung,
 'Till Death untimely stop'd his tuneful tongue.
 Oh just beheld, and lost! admir'd and mourn'd!
 With softest manners, gentlest arts adorn'd!
 Bless'd in each science, bless'd in ev'ry strain! 5
 Dear to the Muse! to HARLEY dear—in vain!

For him thou oft hast bid the World attend,
 Fond to forget the statesman in the friend;
 For SWIFT and him, despis'd the farce of state,
 The sober follies of the wise and great; 10
 Dextrous, the craving, fawning crowd to quit,
 And pleas'd to 'scape from Flattery to Wit.

Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,
 (A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear),
 Recall those nights that clos'd thy toilsome days, 15
 Still hear thy PARNELL in his living lays,
 Who, careless now of Int'rest, Fame, or Fate,
 Perhaps forgets that OXFORD e'er was great;
 Or deeming meanest what we greatest call,
 Beholds thee glorious only in thy Fall, 20

NOTE.

Epistle to Robert Earl of Oxford.] This Epistle was sent to the Earl of Oxford with Dr Parnell's poems published by our Author, after the said Earl's imprisonment in the Tower, and retreat into the country, in the year 1721.

And sure, if aught below the seats divine
 Can touch Immortals, 'tis a Soul-like thine :
 A Soul supreme, in each hard instance try'd,
 Above all Pain, all Passion, and all Pride,
 The rage of Pow'r, the blast of public breath, 25
 The lust of Lucre, and the dread of Death.

In vain to Deserts thy retreat is made ;
 The Muse attends thee to thy silent shade :
 'Tis hers, the brave man's latest steps to trace,
 Rejudge his acts, and dignify Disgrace. 30
 When Int'rest calls off all her sneaking train,
 And all th' oblig'd desert, and all the vain ;
 She waits, or to the Scaffold, or the Cell,
 When the last ling'ring friend has bid farewell.
 Ev'n now, she shades thy Ev'ning-walk with bays,
 (No hireling she, no prostitute to praise) 36
 Ev'n now, observant of the parting ray,
 Eyes the calm sun-set of thy various Day,
 'Thro' Fortune's cloud one truly great can see,
 Nor fears to tell, that MORTIMER is he. 40

E P I S T L E

T O

JAMES CRAGGS, Esq;

SECRETARY of STATE.

A SOUL as full of Worth, as void of Pride,
 Which nothing seeks to shew, or needs to hide,
 Which nor to Guilt nor Fear its Caution owes,
 And boasts a Warmth that from no Passion flows.

NOTE.

[Secretary of State.] In the year 1720.

A face untaught to feign; a judging eye,
 That darts severe upon a rising Lie,
 And strikes a blush thro' frontless Flattery.
 All this thou wert; and being this before,
 Know, Kings and Fortune cannot make thee more.
 Then scorn to gain a Friend by servile ways,
 Nor wish to lose a Foe these Virtues raise;
 But candid, free, sincere, as you began,
 Proceed—a Minister, but still a Man.
 Be not (exalted to whate'er degree)
 Asham'd of any Friend, not ev'n of Me:
 The Patriot's plain, but untrod path pursue;
 If not, 'tis I must be asham'd of You.

E P I S T L E

T O

Mr J E R V A S.

With Mr D R Y D E N's

TRANSLATION of FRESNOY's Art of Painting.

THIS Verse be thine, my Friend, nor thou refuse
 This, from no venal or ungrateful Muse.
 Whether thy hand strike out some free design,
 Where Life awakes, and dawns at ev'ry line;

NOTE.

Epistle to Mr Jervas.] This Epistle, and the two following, were written some years before the rest, and originally printed in 1717.

Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd mass, 5
 And from the canvas call the mimic face :
 Read these instructive leaves, in which conspire
 Fresnoy's close Art, and Dryden's native Fire :
 And reading wish, like theirs, our fate and fame,
 So mix'd our studies, and so join'd our name ; 10
 Like them to shine thro' long succeeding age,
 So just thy skill, so regular my rage.

Smit with the love of Sister-arts we came,
 And met congenial, mingling flame with flame ;
 Like friendly colours found them both unite, 15
 And each from each contract new strength and light.
 How oft in pleasing tasks we wear the day,
 While summer-suns roll unperceiv'd away !
 How oft our slowly-growing works impart,
 While Images reflect from Art to Art ! 20
 How oft review ; each finding, like a friend,
 Something to blame, and something to commend !

What flatt'ring scenes our wand'ring fancy wrought,
 Rome's pompous glories rising to our thought !
 Together o'er the Alps methinks we fly, 25
 Fir'd with Ideas of fair Italy.
 With thee on Raphael's Monument I mourn,
 Or wait inspiring Dreams at Maro's Urn :
 With thee repose, where Tully once was laid,
 Or seek some Ruin's formidable shade : 30
 While Fancy brings the vanish'd piles to view,
 And builds imaginary Rome a-new,
 Here thy well-studied marbles fix our eye ;
 A fading Fresco here demands a sigh :
 Each heav'nly piece unwearied we compare, 35
 Match Raphael's grace with thy lov'd Guido's air,
 Carraeci's strength, Correggio's softer line,
 Paulo's free stroke, and Titian's warmth divine.

How finish'd with illustrious toil appears
This small, well-polish'd Gem, the * work of years!
Yet still how faint by precept is express'd 41
The living Image in the Painter's breast!
Thence endless streams of fair Ideas flow,
Strike in the sketch, or, in the picture glow;
Thence Beauty, waking all her forms, supplies 45
An Angel's sweetness, or Bridgewater's eyes.

Muse! at that Name thy sacred sorrows shed,
Those tears eternal, that embalm the dead:
Call round her Tomb each object of desire,
Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire: 50
Bid her be all that cheers or softens life,
The tender sister, daughter, friend, and wife:
Bid her be all that makes mankind adore;
Then view this marble, and be vain no more!

Yet still her charms in breathing paint engage; 55
Her modest cheek shall warm a future age.
Beauty, frail flow'r that ev'ry season fears,
Blooms in thy colours for a thousand years.
Thus Churchill's race shall other hearts surprise,
And other Beauties envy Worsley's eyes; 60
Each pleasing Blount shall endless smiles bestow,
And soft Belinda's blush for ever glow.

Oh lasting as those colours may they shine,
Free as thy stroke, yet faultless as thy line;
New graces yearly like thy works display, 65
Soft without weakness, without glaring gay;
Led by some rule, that guides, but not constrains;
And finish'd more thro' happiness than pains.
The kindred Arts shall in their praise conspire,
One dip the pencil, and one string the lyre. 70

NOTE.

* Fresnoy employed above twenty years in finishing his Poem.

Yet should the Graces all thy figures place,
 And breathe an air divine on ev'ry face;
 Yet should the Muses bid my numbers roll
 Strong as their charms, and gentle as their soul;
 With Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgewater vie, 75
 And these be sung 'till Granville's Myra die:
 Alas! how little from the grave we claim!
 Thou but preserv'st a Face, and I a Name.

E P I S T L E

T O

Miss B L O U N T,

With the WORKS of VOITURE.

IN these gay thoughts the Loves and Graces shine,
 And all the Writer lives in ev'ry line;
 His easy Art may happy Nature seem,
 Trifles themselves are elegant in him.
 Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate,
 Who without flatt'ry pleas'd the fair and great;
 Still with esteem no less convers'd than read;
 With wit well-natur'd, and with books well-bred:
 His heart, his mistress and his friend did share;
 His time, the Muse, the witty and the fair. 10
 Thus wisely careless, innocently gay,
 Cheerful he play'd the trifle, Life, away;
 'Till fate scarce felt his gentle breath suppress,
 As smiling Infants sport themselves to rest.
 Ev'n rival Wits did Voiture's death deplore, 15
 And the gay mourn'd who never mourn'd before;
 The truest hearts for Voiture heav'd with sighs,
 Voiture was wept by all the brightest Eyes:

The Smiles and Loves had dy'd in Voiture's death,
But that for ever in his lines they breathe. 20

Let the strict life of graver mortals be

A long, exact, and serious Comedy;

In ev'ry scene some Moral let it teach,

And, if it can, at once both please and preach :

Let mine, an innocent gay farce appear, 25

And more diverting still than regular;

Have Humour, Wit, a native Ease and Grace,

Tho' not too strictly bound to Time and Place;

Critics in Wit, or Life, are hard to please,

Few write to those, and none can live to these. 30

Too much your Sex is by their forms confin'd,

Severe to all, but most to Womankind;

Custom, grown blind with Age, must be your guide;

Your pleasure is a vice, but not your pride;

By Nature yielding, stubborn but for fame; 35

Made Slaves by honour, and made Fools by shame.

Marriage may all those petty Tyrants chase,

But sets up one, a greater in their place :

Well might you wish for change, by those accurst;

But the last Tyrant ever proves the worst. 40

Still in constraint your suffering Sex remains,

Or bound in formal, or in real chains :

Whole years neglected, for some months ador'd,

The fawning Servant turns a haughty Lord.

Ah quit not the free innocence of life, 45

For the dull glory of a virtuous Wife;

Nor let false Shews, nor empty Titles please :

Aim not at Joy, but rest content with Ease.

The Gods, to curse Pamela with her pray'rs,

Gave the gilt Coach and dappled Flanders Mares, 50

The shining robes, rich jewels, beds of state,

And, to complete her bliss, a Fool for Mate.

She glares in Balls, front Boxes, and the Ring,
 A vain, unquiet, glitt'ring, wretched Thing!
 Pride, Pomp, and State but reach her outward part; 55
 She sighs, and is no Duchefs at her heart.

But, Madam, if the fates withstand, and you
 Are destin'd Hymen's willing Victim too;
 Trust not too much your now resistless charms,
 Those Age, or Sickness, soon or late difarms: 60
 Good humour only teaches charms to last,
 Still makes new conquests, and maintains the past;
 Love rais'd on Beauty will, like, that decay,
 Our hearts may bear its slender chain a day;
 As flow'ry bands in wantonness are worn, 65
 A morning's pleasure, and at ev'ning torn;
 This binds in ties more easy, yet more strong,
 The willing heart, and only holds it long.

Thus * Voiture's early care still shone the same,
 And Monthausier was only chang'd in name: 70
 By this, ev'n now they live, ev'n now they charm,
 Their Wit still sparkling, and their flames still warm.

Now crown'd with Myrtle, on th' Elysian coast,
 Amid those Lovers, joys his gentle Ghost:
 Pleas'd, while with smiles his happy lines you view, 75
 And finds a fairer Ramboüillet in you.
 The-brightest eyes in France inspir'd his Muse;
 The brightest eyes of Britain now peruse;
 And dead, as living, 'tis our Author's Pride
 Still to charm those who charm the world beside. 80

NOTE.

* Mademoiselle Paulet.

E P I S T L E

To the SAME,

On her leaving the Town after the CORONATION.

AS some fond Virgin, whom her mother's care
 Drags from the Town to wholesome Country air,
 Just when she learns to roll a melting eye,
 And hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh;
 From the dear man unwilling she must sever,
 Yet takes one kiss before she parts for ever:
 Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,
 Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew;
 Not that their pleasures caus'd her discontent,
 She sigh'd not that they stay'd, but that she went. 10

She went to plain-work, and to purling brooks,
 Old-fashion'd halls, dull Aunts, and croaking rooks:
 She went from Op'ra, Park, Assembly, Play,
 To morning-walks, and pray'rs three hours a day;
 To part her time 'twixt reading and Bohea, 15
 To muse, and spill her solitary tea;
 Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,
 Count the slow Clock, and dine exact at noon;
 Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
 Hum half a tune, tell stories to the Squire; 20
 Up to her godly garret after seven,
 There starve and pray, for that's the way to heav'n.

Some Squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack,
 Whose game is Whisk, whose treat a toast in sack;

NOTE.

Coronation.] Of King George I. 1715.

Who visits with a gun, presents you birds, 13
 Then gives a smacking buss, and cries,—No words!
 Or with his hound comes hallooing from the stable,
 Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table;
 Whose laughs are hearty, tho' his jests are coarse,
 And loves you best of all things—but his horse. 30

In some fair ev'ning, on your elbow laid,
 You dream of Triumphs in the rural shade;
 In pensive thought recall the fancy'd scene,
 See Coronations rise on ev'ry green;
 Before you pass th' imaginary fights 35
 Of Lords, and Earls, and Dukes, and garter'd Knights,
 While the spread fan o'er shades your closing eyes;
 Then give one flirt, and all the vision flies.
 Thus vanish sceptres, coronets, and balls,
 And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls! 40

So when your Slave, at some dear idle time,
 (Not plagu'd with headaches, or the want of rhyme)
 Stands in the streets, abstracted from the crew,
 And while he seems to study, thinks of you;
 Just when his fancy points your sprightly eyes, 45
 Or sees the blush of soft Parthenia rise,
 Gay pats my shoulder, and you vanish quite,
 Streets, Chairs, and Coxcombs rush upon my sight;
 Vex'd to be still in town, I knit my brow,
 Look sour, and hum a Tune, as you may now. 50

THE
BASSET-TABLE,
AN
E C L O G U E.

CARDELIA, SMILINDA.

CARDELIA.

THE *Basset-Table* spread, the *Tallier* come;
Why stays SMILINDA in the Dressing-room?
Rise, pensive Nymph, the *Tallier* waits for you.

Smil. Ah, Madam, since my SHARPER is untrue,
I joyless make my once ador'd *Alpen*.

I saw him stand behind OMBRELIA's Chair,
And whisper with that soft, deluding air,
And those feign'd sighs which cheat the list'ning
Fair.

Card. Is this the cause of your romantic strains?
A mightier grief my heavy heart sustains.
As You by Love, so I by Fortune cross'd,
On one bad *Deal* three *Septlevas* have lost.

Smil. Is that the grief which you compare with mine?
With ease the smiles of Fortune I resign:
Would all my gold in one bad *Deal* were gone,
Were lovely SHARPER mine, and mine alone.

NOTE.

The Basset-Table.] Only this of all the Town Eclogues was Mr Pope's; and is here printed from a copy corrected by his own hand.—The humour of it lyes in this, that the one is in love with the *Game*, and the other with the *Sharper*.

VOL. III.

R

Card. A Lover lost, is but a common care;
And prudent Nymphs against that change preparè:
The KNAVE OF CLUBS thrice lost: Oh! who could
guess

This fatal stroke, this unforeseen Distress? 20

Smil. See BETTY LOVER! very *à propos*,
She all the cares of *Love* and *Play* does know:
Dear BETTY shall th' important point decide;
BETTY, who oft the pain of each has try'd;
Impartial, she shall say who suffers most, 25
By *Cards' Ill Usage*, or by *Lovers lost*.

Lov. Tell, tell your griefs; attentive will I stay,
'Tho' time is precious, and I want some Tea.

Card. Behold this *Equipage*, by *Mathers* wrought,
With Fifty Guineas (a great Pen'worth) bought. 30
See, on the Tooth-pick, Mars and Cupid strive;
And both the struggling figures seem alive.
Upon the bottom shines the Queen's bright Face;
A Myrtle Foliage round the Thimble-case.
Jove, Jove himself does on the Scissors shine; 35
The Metal, and the Workmanship, divine!

Smil. This *Snuff-box*,—once the pledge of SHAR-
PER's love,

When rival beauties for the Present strove;
At Corticelli's he the Raffle won;
'Then first his Passion was in public shown: 40
HAZARDIA blush'd, and turn'd her head aside,
A Rival's envy (all in vain) to hide,
'This *Snuff-box*,—on the Hinge see *Brilliants* shine;
'This *Snuff-box* will I stake; the Prize is mine.

Card. Alas! far lesser losses than I bear, 45
Have made a Soldier sigh, a Lover swear.
And oh! what makes the disappointment hard,
'Twas my own Lord that drew the fatal Card.

In complaisance, I took the *Queen* he gave;
 Tho' my own secret wish was for the *Knave*. 50
 The *Knave* won *Sonica*, which I had chose;
 And the next *Pull*, my *Septleva* I lose.

Smil. But ah! what aggravates the killing smart,
 The cruel thought, that stabs me to the heart;
 This curs'd *OMBRELIA*, this undoing *Fair*, 55
 By whose vile arts this heavy grief I bear;
 She, at whose name I shed these spiteful tears,
 She owes to me the very charms she wears.
 An aukward Thing, when first she came to Town;
 Her Shape unfashion'd, and her Face unknown: 60
 She was my friend; I taught her first to spread
 Upon her fallow cheeks enliv'ning red:
 I introduc'd her to the Park and Plays;
 And by my int'rest, *Cozens* made her Stays.
 Ungrateful wretch, with mimic airs grown pert, 65
 She dares to steal my fav'rite lover's heart.

Card. Wretch that I was, how often have I swore,
 When *WINNALL* tally'd, I would punt no more?
 I know the bite, yet to my ruin run;
 And see the Folly, which I cannot shun. 70

Smil. How many Maids have *SHARPER*'s vows
 deceiv'd?
 How many curs'd the moment they believ'd?
 Yet his known Falsehoods could no warning prove:
 Ah! what is warning to a Maid in Love.

Card. But of what marble must that breast be form'd,
 To gaze on *Basset*, and remain unwarm'd? 76
 When *Kings*, *Queens*, *Knaves*, are set in decent rank;
 Expos'd in glorious heaps the tempting Bank,
 Guineas, Half-guineas, all the shining train;
 The Winner's pleasure, and the Loser's pain: 80

In bright Confusion open *Rouleaus* ly,
 They strike the Soul, and glitter in the Eye,
 Fir'd by the sight, all reason I disdain;
 My Passions rise, and will not bear the rein.
 Look upon *Basset*, you who reason boast; 85
 And see if reason must not *there* be lost.

Smil. What more than marble must that heart
 compose,
 Can hearken coldly to my SHARPER's Vows?
 Then, when he trembles! when his Blushes rise!
 When awful Love seems melting in his Eyes! 90
 With eager beats his Mechlin Cravat moves:
He loves,—I whisper to myself, *He loves!*
 Such unfeign'd passion in his looks appears,
 I lose all Mem'ry of my former Fears;
 My panting heart confesses all his charms, 95
 I yield at once, and sink into his arms.
 Think of that moment, you who Prudence boast;
 For such a moment, Prudence well were lost.

Card. At the Groom-Porter's batter'd Bullies play,
 The DUKES at Marybone bowl Time away; 100
 But who the Bowl, or rattling Dice compares
 To *Basset's* heav'nly Joys, and pleasing Cares?

Smil. Soft SIMPLICETTA doats upon a Beau;
 PRUDINA likes a Man, and laughs at Show.
 Their several graces in my SHARPER meet; 105
 Strong as the Footman, as the Master sweet.

Lov. Cease your contention, which has been too
 I grow impatient, and the Tea's too strong. [long;
 Attend, and yield to what I now decide;
 The *Equipage* shall grace SMILINDA's Side: 110
 The *Snuff-box* to CARDELIA I decree;
 Now leave complaining, and begin your Tea.

Verbatim from BOILEAU.

Un Jour dit un Auteur, &c.

ONCE (says an Author, where I need not say):
Two Travellers found an oyster in their way:
Both fierce, both hungry; the dispute grew strong,
While Scale, in hand, Dame *Justice* pass along.
Before her each with clamour pleads the Laws,
Explain'd the matter, and would win the cause.
Dame *Justice* weighing long the doubtful Right,
Takes, opens, swallows it, before their sight.
The cause of strife remov'd so rarely well,
There take (says *Justice*), take ye each a Shell.
We thrive at *Westminster* on Fools like you:
'Twas a fat Oyster—Live in peace—Adieu.

A N S W E R

TO THE

Following Question of Mrs HOWE.

WHAT is PRUDERY?

'Tis a Beldam,
Seen with Wit and Beauty seldom.
'Tis a fear that starts at shadows:
'Tis (no, 'tisn't) like Miss *Meadows*.
'Tis a Virgin hard of Feature,
Old, and void of all good nature;

R 3

Lean and fretful ; would seem wise ;
 Yet plays the fool before she dies ;
 'Tis an ugly envious Shrew,
 That rails at dear *Lepell* and You.

Occasioned by some Verses of

His Grace the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

MUSE, 'tis enough : at length thy labour ends,
 And thou shalt live, for Buckingham commends.
 Let crowds of Critics now my verse assail,
 Let Dennis write, and nameless numbers rail :
 This more than pays whole years of thankless pain,
 Time, health, and fortune are not lost in vain.
 Sheffield approves, consenting Phœbus bends,
 And I and Malice from this hour are friends.

A

PROLOGUE

By Mr POPE,

To a Play for Mr DENNIS's Benefit, in 1733,
 when he was old, blind, and in great Distress,
 a little before his Death.

AS when that Hero, who in each Campaign
 Had brav'd the Goth, and many a *Vandal* slain,
 Lay Fortune-struck, a spectacle of Woe !
 Wept by each Friend, forgiv'n by ev'ry Foe ;

Was there a gen'rous, a reflecting Mind,
 But pitied BELISARIUS old and blind?
 Was there a Chief but melted at the Sight?
 A common Soldier, but who clubb'd his Mitre?
 Such, such emotions should in Britons rise,
 When press'd by want and weakness DENNIS lyes;
 Dennis, who long had warr'd with modern Huns, 11
 Their Quibbles routed, and defy'd their Puns;
 A desp'rate Bulwark, sturdy, firm, and fierce
 Against the Gothic Sons of frozen verse :
 How chang'd from him who made the boxes groan,
 And shook the stage with Thunders all his own! 16
 Stood up to dash each vain PRETENDER's hope,
 Maul the French Tyrant, or pull down the POPE!
 If there's a Briton then, true bred and born,
 Who holds Dragoons, and wooden shoes in scorn;
 If there's a Critic of distinguish'd rage; 21
 If there's a Senior, who contemns this age;
 Let him to-night his just assistance lend,
 And be the Critic's, Briton's, Old Man's Friend.

NOTES.

ψ. 6. *But pitied Belisarius, &c.*] Nothing could be more happily imagined than this allusion, or finelier conducted. And the continued pleasantry is so delicately touched, that it took nothing from the self-satisfaction the critic, who heard it, had in his merit, or the audience in their charity. With so masterly a hand has the Poet prosecuted, in this benevolent irony, that end which he supposed Dennis himself, had he the wit to see, would have the ingenuity to approve.

This dreaded Sat'rist, Dennis will confess,
 Foe to his Pride, but Friend to his Distress.

ψ. 7. *Was there a Chief, &c.*] The fine figure of the commander, in that capital picture of Belisarius at Chiffwick, supplied the Poet with this beautiful idea.

M A C E R :

A

C H A R A C T E R.

WHEN simple *Macer*, now of high renown,
 First sought a Poet's Fortune in the Town,
 'Twas all th' Ambition his high soul could feel,
 To wear red stockings, and to dine with *Steel*.
 Some Ends of verse his Betters might afford, 5
 And gave the harmless fellow a good word.
 Set up with these, he ventur'd on the Town,
 And with a borrow'd Play, out-did poor *Crown*.
 There he stopp'd short, nor since has writ a tittle,
 But has the Wit to make the most of little: 10
 Like stunted hide-bound Trees, that just have got
 Sufficient sap at once to bear and rot.

Now he begs Verse, and what he gets commends,
 Not of the Wits his foes, but Fools his friends.

So some coarse Country-Wench, almost decay'd, 15
 Trudges to town, and first turns Chambermaid;
 Aukward and supple, each devoir to pay,
 She flatters her good Lady twice a-day;
 Thought wondrous honest, though of mean degree,
 And strangely lik'd for her *Simplicity*: 20
 In a translated Suit, then tries the Town,
 With borrow'd Pins, and Patches not her own:
 But just endur'd the Winter she began,
 And in four Months a batter'd Harridan;
 Now nothing left, but wither'd, pale, and shrunk,
 To bawd for others, and go shares with Punk. 26

To Mr JOHN MOORE,

Author of the celebrated WORM-POWDER.

HOW much, egregious Moore, are we
Deceiv'd by shews and forms !
Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
All Humankind are Worms.

Man is a very Worm by birth,
Vile reptile, weak, and vain !
A while he crawls upon the earth,
Then shrinks to earth again.

That Woman is a Worm, we find
E'er since our Grandam's evil ;
She first convers'd with her own kind,
That ancient Worm, the Devil.

The Learn'd themselves we Book-worms name,
The Blockhead is a Slow-worm ;
The Nymph whose tail is all on flame,
Is aptly term'd a Glow-worm.

The Fops are painted Butterflies,
That flutter for a day ;
First from a worm they take their rise,
And in a Worm decay.

The Flatterer an Earwig grows ;
Thus worms suit all conditions ;
Misers are Muck-worms, Silk-worms Beaus,
And Death-watches Physicians.

That Statesmen have the Worm, is seen
 By all their winding play;
 Their Conscience is a Worm within,
 That gnaws them night and day.

Ah Moore! thy skill were well employ'd,
 And greater gain would rise,
 If thou could'st make the Courtier void
 The Worm that never dies!

O learned Friend of Abchurch-Lane,
 Who sett'st our entrails free;
 Vain is thy Art, thy Powder vain,
 Since Worms shall eat ev'n thee.

Our Fate thou only canst adjourn
 Some few short years, no more!
 Ev'n Button's Wits to Worms shall turn,
 Who Maggots were before.

S O N G,

B Y

A PERSON OF QUALITY.

Written in the Year 1733.

I.

FLUTT'RING spread thy purple Pinions,
 Gentle Cupid, o'er my Heart;
 Be a Slave in thy dominions;
 Nature must give way to Art.

II.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your Flocks,
See my weary Days consuming,
All beneath yon flow'ry Rocks.

III.

Thus the Cyprian Goddess weeping,
Mourn'd Adonis, darling Youth :
Him the Boar, in Silence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

IV.

Cynthia, tune harmonious Numbers;
Fair *Discretion*, string the Lyre;
Soothe my ever-waking slumbers;
Bright Apollo, lend thy Choir.

V.

Gloomy Pluto, King of Terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine Chains,
Lead me to the Crystal Mirrors,
Wat'ring soft Elysian Plains.

VI.

Mournful Cyprus, verdant Willow,
Gilding my Aurelia's Brows,
Morpheus hov'ring o'er my Pillow,
Hear me pay my dying Vows.

VII.

Melancholy smooth Mæander
Swiftly purling in a Round,
On thy Margin Lovers wander,
With thy flow'ry Chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when Philomela drooping,
Softly seeks her silent Matè,
See the Bird of Juno stooping;
Melody resigns to Fate.

On a certain LADY at COURT.

I Know the thing that's most uncommon;
(Envy be silent, and attend!)
I know a reasonable Woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a Friend.
Not warp'd by Passion, aw'd by Rumour,
Not grave thro' Pride, nor gay thro' Folly,
An equal Mixture of good Humour,
And sensible soft Melancholy.
"Has she no faults then, (Envy says) Sir?"
Yes, she has one, I must aver:
When all the World conspires to praise her,
The Woman's deaf, and does not hear.

O N H I S

G R O T T O

At TWICKENHAM,

Composed of

MARBLES, SPARS, GEMS, ORES, and MINERALS.

THOU who shalt stop, where Thames' translu-
cent wave
Shines a broad Mirrour thro' the shadowy Cave;

I

Where ling'ring drops from min'ral Roofs distil,
 And pointed Crystals break the sparkling Rill;
 Unpolish'd Gems, no Ray on Pride bestow, 5
 And latent Metals innocently glow:
 Approach. Great NATURE studiously behold!
 And eye the Mine without a wish for Gold.
 Approach: but awful! Lo! th' Ægerian Grott,
 Where nobly, pensive, ST JOHN fate and thought; 10
 Where *British* sighs from dying WYNDHAM stole,
 And the bright flame was shot thro' MARCHMONT'S
 Soul.

Let such, such only, tread this sacred Floor,
 Who dare to love their Country, and be poor.

NOTES.

On his Grotto.] The improving and finishing his Grotto was the favourite amusement of his declining years; and the beauty of his poetic genius, in the disposition and ornaments of this romantic recess, appears to as much advantage as in his best-contrived poems.

§. 9. *Ægerian Grott.*] Alluding to Numa's projecting his system of Politics in this Grott, assisted, as he gave out, by the Goddess Aegeria.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 6. in the MS.

You see that Island's wealth, where, only free,
 Earth to her entrails feels not tyranny.

i. e. Britain is the only place on the globe which feels not tyranny even to its very entrails. Alluding to the condemnation of criminals to the mines, one of the inflictions of civil justice in most countries. The thought was exceeding natural and proper in this place, where the Poet was describing a grotto encrusted and adorned with all sorts of minerals, collected, by the means of commerce, from the four quarters of the globe.

§. 11. *Where British sighs from dying Wyndham stole.*] In his MS. it was thus,

To Wyndham's breast the patriot passions stole:
 which made the whole allude to a certain Anecdote of not much consequence to any but the parties concerned.

To Mrs M. B. on her BIRTH-DAY.

O H! be thou blest with all that Heav'n can send,
Long Health, long Youth, long Pleasure, and
a Friend:

Not with those Toys the female world admire,
Riches that vex, and Vanities that tire.
With added years, if Life bring nothing new, 5
But like a Sieve let ev'ry blessing thro',
Some joy still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,
And all we gain some sad Reflection more;
Is that a birth-Day? 'tis alas too clear,
'Tis but the Fun'ral of the former year. 10

Let Joy or Ease, let Affluence or Content,
And the gay Conscience of a life well spent,
Calm ev'ry thought, inspirit ev'ry grace,
Glow in thy heart and smile upon thy face.
Let day improve on day, and year on year, 15
Without a Pain, a Trouble, or a Fear;
'Till death unfelt that tender frame destroy,
In some soft dream, or ecstasy of joy,
Peaceful sleep out the Sabbath of the Tomb,
And wake to Raptures in a Life to come. 20

VARIATIONS.

ψ. 15. Originally thus in the MS.

And oh, since Death must that fair frame destroy,
Die by some sudden extasy of joy;
In some soft dream may thy mild soul remove,
And be thy latest gasp a sigh of love.

T O

Mr THOMAS SOUTHERN,

On his BIRTH-DAY, 1742.

RESIGN'D to live, prepar'd to die,
 With not one sin, but poetry,
 This day TOM's fair account has run
 (Without a blot) to eighty one.
 Kind Boyle before his Poet lays
 A table, with a cloth of bays;
 And Ireland, mother of sweet fingers,
 Presents her harp still to his fingers.
 The feast, his tow'ring genius marks
 In yonder wild-goose and the larks!
 The mushrooms shew his wit was sudden!
 And for his judgment, lo a pudden!
 Roast beef, tho' old, proclaims him stout,
 And grace, altho' a bard, devout.
 May TOM, whom Heav'n sent down to raise
 The price of Prologues and of Plays,

NOTES.

ψ. 6. *A table.*] He was invited to dine on his birth-day with this nobleman, who had prepared for him the entertainment of which the bill of fare is here set down.

ψ. 8. *Presents her harp.*] The harp is generally wove on the Irish linen; such as table-cloths, &c.

ψ. 16. *The price of Prologues and of Plays.*] This alludes to a story Mr Southern told of Dryden, about the same time, to Mr P. and Mr W. When Southern first wrote for the stage, Mr Dryden was so famous for his prologues, that the players would act nothing without that decoration. His usual price till then had been four guineas: but when Southern came to him for the prologue he had bespoke, Dryden told him he must have six guineas for it; "which (said

Be ev'ry birth-day more a winner,
Digest his thirty-thousandth dinner;
Walk to his grave without reproach,
And scorn a rascal and a coach.

20

NOTE.

"he) young man, is out of no disrespect to you; but the
"players have had my goods too cheap." We now look
upon these *Prologues* with the same admiration that the
virtuosi do on the apothecaries pots painted by Raphael.

E P I T A P H S.

Nis saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere !

Virg

CHAPTER 2.

THE HISTORY OF THE

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E P I T A P H S.*

I.

On CHARLES Earl of DORSET,

IN THE

Church of Withyam in Suffex.

DORSET, the Grace of Courts, the Muse's Pride,
 Patron of Arts, and judge of Nature, dy'd.
 The scourge of Pride, tho' sanctified or great,
 Of Fops in Learning, and of Knaves in State:
 Yet soft his Nature, tho' severe his Lay,
 His anger moral, and his Wisdom gay.

NOTE.

Epitaphs.] These little compositions far exceed any thing we have of the same kind from other hands; yet, if we except the *Epitaph on the young Duke of Buckingham*, and perhaps one or two more, they are not of equal force with the rest of our author's writings. The nature of the composition itself is delicate; and generally it was a task imposed on him; though he rarely complied with requests of this nature, as we may see by the small number of these poems, but where the subject was worthy of his pen.

For random praise the work would ne'er be done:

Each Mother asks it for her booby son:

Each Widow asks it for the best of men;

For him she weeps, for him she weds again.

Yet when these elegiac movements came freely from the heart, he mourns in such strains as shew he was equally a master of this kind of composition with every other he undertook, as the following lines in the *Epistle to Jervas*

Blest Satyrift! who touch'd the Mean so true,
 As show'd Vice had his hate and pity too;
 Blest Courtier! who could King and Country please,
 Yet scared keep his Friendships, and his Ease.
 Blest Peer! his great Forefathers ev'ry grace
 Reflecting, and reflected in his Race;
 Where other BUCKHURSTS, other DORSETS shine,
 And Patriots still, or Poets, deck the Line.

On Sir WILLIAM TRUMBAL,

ONE OF THE

Principal Secretraies of State to King WILLIAM III.

Who having resigned his Place, died in his Retirement at Easthamstead in Berkshire, 1716.

A PLEASING form; a firm, yet cautious mind;
 Sincere, tho' prudent; constant, yet resign'd:
 Honour unchang'd, a principle profess,
 Fix'd to one side, but mod'rate to the rest:
 An honest courtier, yet a patriot too;
 Just to his prince, and to his country true:

NOTES.

may witness; which would have made the finest epitaph in the world:

Call round her tomb each object of desire,
 Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire:
 Bid her be all that cheers or softens life,
 The tender sister, daughter, friend, and wife:
 Bid her be all that makes mankind adore;
 Then view this marble, and be vain no more.

Fill'd with the sense of age, the fire of youth,
 A scorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth;
 A gen'rous faith, from superstition free;
 A love to peace, and hate of tyranny :
 Such this man was; who now from earth remov'd
 At length enjoys that liberty he lov'd.

III.

On the Hon. SIMON HARCOURT,
 Only Son of the Lord Chancellor HARCOURT :

AT THE

Church of Stanton-Harcourt in Oxfordshire, 1720.

TO this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art, draw near;
 Here lyes the Friend most lov'd, the Son most
 dear :

Who ne'er knew Joy, but Friendship might divide,
 Or gave his Father Grief, but when he dy'd.

How vain is Reason, Eloquence how weak!

If Pope must tell what HARCOURT cannot speak.

Oh let thy once lov'd Friend inscribe thy stone,

And, with a Father's sorrows, mix his own!

IV.

On JAMES CRAGGS, Esq:

In Westminster-Abbey.

JACOBUS CRAGGS.

REGI MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ A SECRETIS

ET CONSILIIS SANCTIORIBUS,

PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMOR ET DELICIA

VIXIT TITULIS ET INVIDIÆ MAJOR

ANNOS, HEU PAUCOS, XXIV.

OB. FEB. XVI. M. DCC. XX.

Statesman, yet Friend to Truth! of Soul sincere,
In Action faithful, and in Honour clear!
Who broke no Promise, serv'd no private End,
Who gain'd no Title, and who lost no Friend,
Ennobled by Himself, by All approv'd,
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd, by the Muse he lov'd.

V.

Intended for Mr ROWE,

In Westminster-Abbey.

THY reliques, ROWE, to this fair Urn we trust
And sacred, place by DRYDEN's awful dust:
Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lyes,
To which thy tomb shall guide enquiring eyes.

NOTES.

Y. 3. *Beneath a rude, &c.*] The tomb of Mr Dryden was erected upon this hint by the Duke of Buckingham; which was originally intended this epitaph:.

Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest!
 Blest in thy Genius, in thy Love too blest!
 One grateful woman to thy fame supplies
 What a whole thankless land to his denies.

NOTES.

This Sheffield rais'd. The sacred dust below
 Was Dryden once: The rest who does not know?
 which the author since changed into the plain inscription
 now upon it, being only the name of that great poet.

J. D R Y D E N.

Natus Aug. 9. 1631. Mortuus Maij. 1. 1700.

JOANNES SHEFFIELD DUX BUCKINGHAMIENSIS
 POSUIT.

VARIATIONS.

It is as follows, on the monument in the Abbey erected to
 Rowe and his daughter.

Thy reliques, Rowe! to this sad shrine we trust,
 And near thy Shakespeare place thy honour'd bust.
 Oh, next him, skill'd to draw the tender tear,
 For never heart felt passion more sincere;
 To nobler sentiment to fire the brave,
 For never Briton more disdain'd a slave.
 Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest;
 Blest in thy genius, in thy love too blest!
 And blest, that timely from our scene remov'd,
 Thy soul enjoys the liberty it lov'd.
 To these so mourn'd in death, so lov'd in life!
 The childless parent and the widow'd wife,
 With tears inscribes this monumental stone,
 That holds their ashes and expects her own.

VI.

On Mrs C O R B E T,

Who died of a Cancer in her Breast.

HERE rests a Woman, good without pretence,
 Blest with plain Reason, and with sober Sense;
 No Conquest she, but o'er herself, desir'd,
 No Arts essay'd, but not to be admir'd.
 Passion and Pride were to her Soul unknown,
 Convinc'd that Virtue only is our own.
 So unaffected, so compos'd a mind;
 So firm, yet soft; so strong, yet so refin'd;
 Heav'n, as its purest gold, by tortures try'd;
 The Saint sustain'd it, but the Woman dy'd.

VII.

O N T H E

Monument of the Hon. ROBERT DIGBY.

A N D O F

His Sister M A R Y,

Erected by their Father the LORD DIGBY,

In the Church of Sherborne in Dorsetshire, 1727.

GO! fair Example of untainted youth,
 Of modest wisdom, and pacific truth:
 Compos'd in suff'rings, and in joy sedate,
 Good without noise, without pretension great:
 Just to thy word, in ev'ry thought sincere,
 Who knew no wish but what the world might hear:

Of softest manners, unaffected mind,
 Lover of Peace, and friend of human kind :
 Go live! for Heav'n's eternal year is thine,
 Go and exalt thy Moral to Divine.

And thou, blest'd Maid ! attendant on his doom,
 Pensive hast follow'd to the silent tomb,
 Steer'd the same course to the same quiet shore,
 Not parted long, and now to part no more !
 Go then, where only bliss sincere is known !
 Go, where to love and to enjoy are one !

Yet take these tears, Mortality's relief,
 And till we share your joys, forgive our grief:
 These little rites, a Stone, a Verse receive ;
 'Tis all a Father, all a Friend can give !

VIII.

On Sir GODFREY KNELLER,

In Westminster-Abbey, 1723.

KNELLER, by Heav'n, and not a Master taught,
 Whose Art was Nature, and whose Pictures
 Thought ;

Now for two ages having snatch'd from Fate
 Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,
 Lyes crown'd with Princes' honours, Poets' lays,
 Due to his Merit, and brave Thirst of praise.

Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
 Her works ; and, dying, fears herself may die.

IMITATION.

ψ. 7. Imitated from the famous epitaph on Raphael.

Raphael, timuit, quo sospite, vinci

Rerum magna parens, et morienti, mori.

VOL. III.

T

IX.

On General HENRY WITHERS.

In Westminster-Abbey, 1729.

HERE, WITHERS, rest! thou bravest, gentlest
mind,

Thy Country's friend, but more of human kind.

Oh both to Arms! O Worth in Youth approv'd!

O soft Humanity, in Age below'd!

For thee the hardy Vet'ran drops a tear,

And the gay Courtier feels the sigh sincere.

WITHERS, adieu! yet not with thee remove
Thy Martial spirit, or thy Social love!

Amidst Corruption, Luxury, and Rage,

Still leave some ancient Virtues to our age:

Nor let us say (those English glories gone)

The last true Briton lyes beneath this stone.

X.

On Mr ELIJAH FENTON,

At Easthamsted in Berks, 1730.

THIS modest Stone, what few vain Marbles can,
May truly say, Here lyes an honest Man:

A Poet blest'd beyond the Poet's fate,

Whom Heav'n kept sacred from the Proud and Great:

For to loud Praise, and Friend to learned Ease,
 Content with Science in the vale of Peace,
 Calmly he look'd on either Life, and here
 Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
 From Nature's tem'perate feast rose satisfy'd,
 Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

XI.

On MR G A Y,

In Westminster-Abbey, 1732.

OF manners gentle, of affections mild;
 In wit, a Man; simplicity, a Child:
 With native Humour temp'ring virtuous Rage,
 Form'd to delight at once and last the age;
 Above Temptation in a low Estate,
 And uncorrupted, ev'n among the Great:
 A safe Companion, and an easy Friend,
 Unblam'd thro' Life, lamented in thy End.
 These are Thy Honours! not that here thy Bust
 Is mix'd with Heroes, or with Kings thy dust;
 But that the Worthy and the Good shall say,
 Striking their pensive bosoms—*Here lyes GAY.*

NOTE.

y. 12. *Here lyes Gay.*] i. e. In the hearts of the good
 and worthy.

XII.

INTENDED FOR

Sir ISAAC NEWTON,

In Westminster-Abbey.

ISAACUS NEWTONUS:

Quem Immortalem

Testantur Tempus, Natura, Cælum:

Mortalem

Hoc Marmor fatetur.

Nature and Nature's Laws lay hid in Night:
 God said, *Let Newton be!* and all was Light.

XIII.

On Dr FRANCIS ATTERBURY,

Bishop of ROCHESTER.

Who died in Exile at Paris, 1732.

[His only Daughter having expired in his Arms
 immediately after she arrived in France to see
 him.]

DIALOGUE.

SHE.

YES, we have liv'd—one pang, and then we part
 May Heav'n, dear Father! now have all thy heart
 Yet, ah! how once we lov'd, remember still,
 Till you are dust like me,

H E.

Dear Shade ! I will :

Then mix this dust with thine—O spotless Ghost !

O more than Fortune, Friends, or Country lost !

Is there on earth one care, one wish beside ?

Yes—SAVE MY COUNTRY, HEAV'N,

—He said, and dy'd.

XIV.

On EDMUND Duke of BUCKINGHAM,

Who died in the Nineteenth Year of his Age, 1735.

I F modest Youth, with cool reflection crown'd,

And ev'ry op'ning Virtue blooming round,

Could save a Parent's justest Pride from fate,

Or add one Patriot to a sinking State ;

NOTE.

Save my Country, Heav'n.] Alluding to the Bishop's frequent use and application of the expiring words of the famous *Father Paul*, in his prayer for the state, *esto perpetua*. With how good a grace the Bishop applied it at his trial, and is here made to refer to it in his last moments, they will understand who know what conformity there was in the lives of the prelate and the monk. The character of our countryman is well known ; and that of the Father may be told in very few words. He was profoundly skilled in all divine and human learning : he employed his whole life in the service of the *State*, against the unjust encroachments of the *church*. He was modest, humble and forgiving, candid, patient and just, free from all prejudices of party, and all the projects of ambition ; in a word, the happiest compound of Science, Wisdom and Virtue.

T 3.

This weeping Marble had not ask'd thy tear,
 Or sadly told, how many hopes ly here!
 The living Virtue now had shone approv'd,
 The Senate heard him, and his Country lov'd.
 Yet softer Honours, and less noisy Fame
 Attend the shade of gentle BUCKINGHAM:
 In whom a race, for Courage fam'd and Art,
 Ends in the milder Merit of the Heart;
 And Chiefs or Sages long to Britain giv'n,
 Pays the last Tribute of a Saint to Heav'n.

XV.

For ONE who would not be buried in
 Westminster-Abbey.

HEROES and KINGS! your distance keep;
 In peace let one poor Poet sleep,
 Who never flatter'd folks like you:
 Let Horace blush, and Virgil too.

Another on the SAME.

UNDER this marble, or under this fill,
 Or under this turf, or e'en what they will,
 Whatever an Heir, or a Friend in his stead,
 Or any good creature shall lay o'er my head,
 Lyes one who ne'er car'd, and still cares not a pin
 What they said, or may say of the Mortal within:
 But who, living and dying, serene still and free,
 Trusts in God, that as well as he was, he shall be.

THE
D U N C I A D :

IN FOUR BOOKS.

WITH THE
PROLEGOMENA of SCRIBLERUS,

THE
HYPERCRITICS of ARISTARCHUS,

AND
NOTES VARIORUM.

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L E T T E R

TO THE
P U B L I S H E R,

Occasioned by the
FIRST CORRECT EDITION
OF THE
D U N C I A D.

IT is with pleasure I hear, that you have procured a correct copy of the DUNCIAD, which the many surreptitious ones have rendered so necessary; and it is yet with more, that I am informed it will be attended with a COMMENTARY; a Work so requisite, that I cannot think the Author himself would have omitted it, had he approved of the first appearance of this Poem.

Such *Notes* as have occurred to me I herewith send you: you will oblige me by inserting them amongst those which are, or will be transmitted to you by others; since not only the Author's friends, but even strangers, appear engaged by humanity to take some care of an Orphan of so much genius and spirit, which its Parent seems to have abandoned from the very beginning, and suffered to step into the world naked, unguarded, and unattended.

It was upon reading some of the abusive papers lately published, that my great regard to a Person whose friendship I esteem as one of the chief honours of my life, and a much greater respect to truth than to him or any man living, engaged me in enquiries, of which the enclosed *Notes* are the fruit.

I perceived that most of these Authors had been (doubtless very wisely) the first aggressors. They had tried, till they were weary, what was to be got by railing at each other: nobody was either concerned or surprised, if this or that scribbler was proved a dunce. But every one was curious to read what could be said to prove Mr POPE one, and was ready to pay something for such a discovery: a stratagem which, would they fairly own it, might not only reconcile them to me, but screen them from the resentment of their lawful superiors, whom they daily abuse, only (as I charitably hope) to get that by them, which they cannot get from them.

I found this was not all: ill success in that had transported them to personal abuse, either of himself, or (what I think he could less forgive) of his friends. They had called men of virtue and honour bad Men, long before he had either leisure or inclination to call them bad writers; and some had been such old offenders, that he had quite forgotten their persons as well as their slanders, till they were pleased to revive them.

Now what had Mr POPE done before, to incense them? He had published those works which are in the hands of every body, in which not the least mention is made of any of them. And what has he done since? He has laughed, and written the DUNCIAD. What has that said of them? A very serious

truth; which the public had said before, That they were dull; and what it had no sooner said, but they themselves were at great pains to procure, or even purchase room in the prints, to testify under their hands to the truth of it.

I should still have been silent, if either I had seen any inclination in my friend to be serious with such accusers, or if they had only meddled with his Writings; since whoever publishes, puts himself on his trial by his Country: but when his Moral character was attacked, and in a manner from which neither truth nor virtue can secure the most innocent; in a manner which, though it annihilates the credit of the accusation with the just and impartial, yet aggravates very much the guilt of the accusers; I mean by Authors *without names*; then I thought, since the danger was common to all, the concern ought to be so; and that it was an act of justice to detect the Authors, not only on this account, but as many of them are the same who for several years past have made free with the greatest names in Church and State, exposed to the world the private misfortunes of Families, abused all, even to women, and whose prostituted papers (for one or other Party, in the unhappy divisions of their Country) have insulted the Fallen, the Friendless, the Exil'd, and the Dead.

Besides this, which I take to be a public concern, I have already confessed I had a private one. I am one of that number who have long loved and esteemed Mr POPE; and had often declared it was not his capacity or writings (which we ever thought the least valuable part of his character) but the honest, open, and beneficent man, that we most esteemed and loved in him. Now, if what these people say were be-

lieved, I must appear to all my friends either a fool, or a knave ; either imposed on myself, or imposing on them ; so that I am as much interested in the confutation of these calumnies, as he is himself.

I am no Author, and consequently not to be suspected either of jealousy or resentment against any of the Men, of whom scarce one is known to me by sight ; and as for their Writings, I have sought them (on this one occasion) in vain, in the closets and libraries of all my acquaintance. I had still been in the dark, if a Gentleman had not procured me (I suppose from some of themselves, for they are generally much more dangerous friends than enemies) the passages I send you. I solemnly protest I have added nothing to the malice or absurdity of them ; which it behoves me to declare, since the vouchers themselves will be so soon and so irrecoverably lost. You may in some measure prevent it, by preserving at least their Titles *, and discovering (as far as you can depend on the truth of your information) the Names of the concealed authors.

The first objection I have heard made to the Poem is, that the persons are too *obscure* for satire. The persons themselves, rather than allow the objection, would forgive the satire ; and if one could be tempted to afford it a serious answer, were not all assassins, popular insurrections, the insolence of the rabble without doors, and of domestics within, most wrongfully chastised, if the meanness of offenders indemnified them from punishment ? On the contrary, Obscurity renders them more dangerous, as less thought of : Law can pronounce judgment only on open facts : Morality alone can pass censure on in-

* Which we have done in a list printed in the appendix.

tentions of Mischief; so that for secret calumny, or the arrow flying in the dark, there is no public punishment left, but what a good Writer inflicts.

The next objection is, that these sort of authors are *poor*. That might be pleaded as an excuse at the Old Bailey, for lesser crimes than Defamation, (for 'tis the case of almost all who are tried there), but sure it can be none here: for who will pretend that the Robbing another of his Reputation supplies the want of it in himself? I question not but such Authors are poor, and heartily wish the objection were removed by any honest livelihood; but Poverty is here the accident, not the subject. He who describes Malice and Villany to be pale and meagre, expresses not the least anger against Paleness or Leanness, but against Malice and Villany. The Apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet* is poor; but is he therefore justified in vending poison? Not but Poverty itself becomes a just subject of satire, when it is the consequence of vice, prodigality, or neglect of one's lawful calling; for then it increases the public burthen, fills the streets and highways with Robbers, and the Garrets with Clippers, Coiners, and Weekly Journalists.

But admitting that two or three of these offend less in their morals, than in their writings, must Poverty make nonsense sacred? If so, the fame of bad authors would be much better consulted than that of all the good ones in the world; and not one of an hundred had ever been called by his right name.

They mistake the whole matter: It is not charity to encourage them in the way they follow, but to get them out of it; for men are not bunglers because they are poor, but they are poor because they are bunglers.

Is it not pleasant enough to hear our authors crying out on the one hand, as if their persons and characters were too sacred for satire; and the public objecting on the other, that they are too mean even for ridicule? But whether Bread or Fame be their end, it must be allowed our Author, by and in this Poem, has mercifully given them a little of both.

There are two or three who, by their rank and fortune, have no benefit from the former objections, supposing them good; and these I was sorry to see in such company: but if, without any provocation, two or three Gentlemen will fall upon one, in an affair wherein his interest and reputation are equally embarked; they cannot certainly, after they have been content to print themselves his enemies, complain of being put into the number of them.

Others, I am told, pretend to have been once his Friends. Surely they are their enemies who say so, since nothing can be more odious than to treat a friend as they have done. But of this I cannot persuade myself, when I consider the constant and eternal aversion of all bad writers to a good one.

Such as claim a merit from being his Admirers, I would gladly ask, if it lays him under a personal obligation? At that rate he would be the most obliged humble servant in the world. I dare swear for these in particular, he never desired them to be his admirers, nor promised in return to be theirs: That had truly been a sign he was of their acquaintance; but would not the malicious world have suspected such an Approbation of some motive worse than ignorance, in the Author of the Essay on Criticism? Be it as it will, the reasons of their Admiration and of his Contempt are equally subsisting, for his works and theirs are the very same that they were.

One, therefore, of their assertions I believe may be true, "That he has a contempt for their writings." And there is another, which would probably be sooner allowed by himself than by any good judge beside, "That his own have found too much success with the public." But as it cannot consist with his modesty to claim this as a justice, it lies not on him, but entirely on the public, to defend its own judgment.

There remains what in my opinion might seem a better plea for these people than any they have made use of. If Obscurity or Poverty were to exempt a man from satire, much more should Folly or Dulness, which are still more involuntary; nay, as much so as personal Deformity. But even this will not help them: Deformity becomes an object of Ridicule when a man sets up for being handsome; and so must Dulness when he sets up for a Wit. They are not ridiculed because Ridicule in itself is, or ought to be, a pleasure; but because it is just to undeceive and vindicate the honest and unpretending part of mankind from imposition; because particular interest ought to yield to general, and a great number who are not naturally Fools, ought never to be made so, in complaisance to a few who are. Accordingly we find that, in all ages, all vain pretenders, were they ever so poor or ever so dull, have been constantly the topics of the most candid satirists, from the Codrus of JUVENAL to the Damon of BOILEAU.

Having mentioned BOILEAU, the greatest Poet and most judicious Critic of his age and country, admirable for his Talents, and yet perhaps more admirable for his Judgment in the proper application of them; I cannot help remarking the resemblance

betwixt him and our Author, in Qualities, Fame, and Fortune; in the distinctions shewn them by their Superiors, in the general esteem of their Equals, and in their extended reputation amongst Foreigners; in the latter of which ours has met with the better fate, as he has had for his Translators persons of the most eminent rank and abilities in their respective nations *. But the resemblance holds in nothing more, than in their being equally abused by the ignorant pretenders to Poetry of their times; of which not the least memory will remain but in their own Writings, and in the Notes made upon them. What BOILEAU has done in almost all his Poems, our Author has only in this: I dare answer for him he will do it in no more; and on this principle, of attacking few but who had slandered him, he could not have done it at all, had he been confined from censuring obscure and worthless persons, for scarce any other were his enemies. However, as the parity is so remarkable, I hope it will continue to the last; and if ever he should give us an edition of this Poem himself, I may see some of them treated as gently, on their repentance or better merit, as Perrault and Quinault were at last by BOILEAU.

NOTE.

* *Essay on Criticism in French verse*, by General Hamilton; the same, in verse also, by Monsieur Roboton, counsellor and privy secretary to King George I. after by the Abbe Reynel, in verse, with notes. *Rape of the Lock*, in French, by the princess of Conti, Paris, 1728, and in Italian verse, by the Abbe Conti, a noble Venetian; and by the Marquis Rangoni, envoy extraordinary from Modena to King George II. Others of his works by Salvini of Florence, &c. His *Essays and Dissertations on Homer*, several times translated into French. *Essay on Man*, by the Abbe Reynel, in verse; by Monsieur Silhouet, in prose, 1737, and since by others in French, Italian, and Latin.

In one point I must be allowed to think the character of our English Poet the more amiable. He has not been a follower of Fortune or Success; he has lived with the Great without flattery; been a friend to Men in power, without pensions, from whom, as he asked, so he received no favour, but what was done him in his Friends. As his Satires were the more just for being delayed, so were his Panegyrics; bestowed only on such persons as he had familiarly known, only for such virtues as he had long observed in them, and only at such times as others cease to praise, if not begin to calumniate them, I mean when out of power, or out of fashion *. A satire, therefore, on writers so notorious for the contrary practice, became no man so well as himself; as none, it is plain, was so little in their friendships, or so much in that of those whom they had most abused, namely the Greatest and Best of all Parties. Let me add a further reason, that, though engaged in their Friendships, he never espoused their Animosities; and can almost singly challenge this honour, not to have written a line of any man, which, through Guilt, through Shame, or through Fear, through variety of Fortune, or change of Interests, he was ever unwilling to own.

I shall conclude with remarking what a pleasure it must be to every reader of Humanity, to see all

NOTE.

* As Mr Wycherley, at the time the town declaimed against his book of Poems; Mr Walsh, after his death; Sir William Trumbal, when he had resigned the office of Secretary of state; Lord Bolingbroke, at his leaving England, after the Queen's death; Lord Oxford in his last decline of life; Mr Secretary Craggs, at the end of the South-Sea year, and after his death; others only in epitaphs.

along, that our Author, in his very laughter, is not indulging his own ill nature, but only punishing that of others. As to his Poem, those alone are capable of doing it justice who, to use the words of a great writer, know how hard it is (with regard both to his subject and his manner) VETUSTIS DARE NOVITATEM, OBSOLETIS NITOREM, OBSCURIS LUCEM, FASTIDITIS GRATIAM. I am

Your most humble Servant,

St James's,
Dec. 22. 1728.

WILLIAM CLELAND.*

NOTE.

* This gentleman was of Scotland, and bred at the University of Utrecht, with the Earl of Marr. He served in Spain under Earl Rivers. After the peace, he was made one of the commissioners of the customs in Scotland, and then of taxes in England; in which, having shewn himself for twenty years diligent, punctual, and incorruptible, (tho' without any other assistance of Fortune) he was suddenly displaced by the minister, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, and died two months after, in 1741. He was a person of universal learning, and an enlarged conversation; no man had a warmer heart for his friend, or a sincerer attachment to the constitution of his country.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

HIS

PROLEGOMENA

AND

ILLUSTRATIONS

TO THE

DUNCIAD:

WITH THE

HYPERCRITICS OF ARISTARCHUS.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
LIBRARY

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
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DENNIS, Remarks on Pr. ARTHUR.

I Cannot but think it the most *reasonable* thing in the world, to distinguish good writers, by discouraging the bad: nor is it an *ill-natured* thing, in relation even to the very *persons* upon whom the reflections are made. It is true, it may deprive them a little the sooner of a *short profit* and a *transitory reputation*; but then it may have a good effect, and oblige them (before it be too late) to decline that for which they are so very *unfit*, and to have recourse to *something* in which they may be more successful.

CHARACTER of Mr P. 1716.

The *Persons* whom Boileau has attacked in his writing, have been for the most part *Authors*, and most of those *Authors*, *Poets*: and the censures he hath passed upon them have been confirmed by all Europe.

GILDON, Pref. to his NEW REHEARSAL.

It is the common cry of the *Poetasters* of the town, and their fautors, that it is an *ill-natured thing* to expose the *Pretenders* to wit and poetry. The Judges and Magistrates may with full as good reason be reproach'd with *Ill-nature* for putting the Laws in execution against a Thief or Impostor.—The same will hold in the republic of Letters, if the Critics and Judges will let every *ignorant pretender* to scribbling pass on the World.

THEOBALD, Letter to Mif, June 22, 1728.

Attacks may be levelled, either against *Failures in Genius*, or against the *Pretensions of writing without one*.

CONCANN, Ded. to the Author of the *DUNELM*.

A *Satire upon Dulness* is a thing that has been used and allowed in all Ages.

Out of thine own Mouth will I judge thee, wicked Scribbler!

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TESTIMONIES

OF

AUTHORS

Concerning

Our POET and his WORKS.

M. SCRIBLERUS Lectori S.

BEFORE we present thee with our exercitations on this most delectable Poem (drawn from the many volumes of our Adversaria on modern Authors) we shall here, according to the laudable usage of editors, collect the various judgments of the Learned concerning our Poet: Various indeed, not only of different authors, but of the same author at different seasons. Nor shall we gather only the Testimonies of such eminent Wits, as would of course descend to posterity, and consequently be read without our collection; but we shall likewise with incredible labour seek out for divers others, which, but for this our diligence, could never at the distance of a few months appear to the eye of the most curious. Hereby thou mayst not only receive the delectation of Variety, but also arrive at a more certain judgment, by a grave and circumspect comparison of the witnesses with each other, or of each with himself. Hence

also thou wilt be enabled to draw reflections, not only of a critical, but a moral nature, by being let into many particulars of the person as well as genius, and of the fortune as well as merit of our Author: in which if I relate some things of little concern peradventure to thee, and some of as little even to him, I entreat thee to consider how minutely all true critics and commentators are wont to insist upon such, and how material they seem to themselves, if to none other. Forgive me, gentle reader, if (following learned example) I ever and anon become tedious: allow me to take the same pains to find whether my Author were good or bad, well or ill-natured, modest or arrogant; as another, whether his author was fair or brown, short or tall, or whether he wore a coat or a cassock.

We proposed to begin with his Life, Parentage, and Education: but as to these, even his contemporaries do exceedingly differ. One saith *, he was educated at home; another †, that he was bred at St Omer's, by Jesuits; a third ‡, not at St Omer's, but at Oxford; a fourth §, that he had no university education at all. Those who allow him to be bred at home, differ as much concerning his tutor: one saith §, he was kept by his father on purpose; a second **, that he was an itinerant priest; a third ††, that he was a parson: one †† calleth him a secular clergyman of the Church of Rome; another §§, a

NOTES.

* Giles Jacob's Lives of the Poets, vol. ii. in his life.
† Dennis's reflections on the Essay on Criticism. ‡ Dunciad dissected, p. 4. § Guardian, No. 40. § Jacob's Lives, &c. vol. ii. ** Dunciad dissected, p. 4. †† Farmer P. and his son. †† Dunciad dissected. §§ Characters of the times, p. 45.

monk. As little do they agree about his father, whom one * supposeth, like the father of Hesiod, a tradesman or merchant; another †, a husbandman; another ‡, a hatter, &c. Nor has an author been wanting to give our Poet such a father as Apuleius hath to Plato, Jamblichus to Pythagoras, and divers to Homer, namely a dæmon: for thus Mr Gildon || : “ Certain it is, that his original is not from Adam, “ but the devil; and that he wanteth nothing but “ horns and tail to be the exact resemblance of his “ infernal father.” Finding, therefore, such contrariety of opinions, and (whatever be ours of this sort of generation) not being fond to enter into controversy, we shall defer writing the life of our Poet, till authors can determine among themselves what parents or education he had, or whether he had any education or parents at all.

Proceed we to what is more certain, his Works; though not less uncertain the judgments concerning them; beginning with his *ESSAY ON CRITICISM*, of which hear first the most ancient of critics,

Mr JOHN DENNIS.

“ His precepts are false or trivial, or both; his “ thoughts are crude and abortive, his expressions “ absurd, his numbers harsh and unmusical, his “ rhymes trivial and common;—instead of majesty,

NOTES.

* Female Dunciad, p. ult. † Dunciad dissected. ‡ Roome, paraphrase on the 4th of Genesis, printed 1729. || Character of Mr P. and his writings, in a letter to a friend, printed for S. Popping, 1716, p. 10. Curl, in his key to the Dunciad, (first edit. said to be printed for A. Dodd) in the 10th page, declared Gildon to be author of that libel; though in the subsequent editions of his key he left out this assertion, and affirmed “(in the Curliad, p. 4. and 8.) that it was written by Dennis only.

“ we have something that is very mean; instead of
 “ gravity, something that is very boyish; and in-
 “ stead of perspicuity and lucid order, we have but
 “ too often obscurity and confusion.” And in ano-
 “ ther place: “ What rare numbers are here! Would
 “ not one swear that this youngster had espoused
 “ some antiquated Muse, who had sued out a di-
 “ vorce from some superannuated sinner, upon ac-
 “ count of impotence, and who, being poxed by the
 “ former spouse, has got the gout in her decrepid
 “ age, which makes her *hobble so damnably* *.”

No less peremptory is the censure of our hypercri-
 tical historian

MR OLDMIXON.

“ I dare not say any thing of the Essay on Criti-
 “ cism in verse; but if any more curious reader has
 “ discovered in it something new which is not in
 “ Dryden’s Prefaces, Dedications, and his Essay on
 “ Dramatic Poetry, not to mention the French cri-
 “ tics, I should be very glad to have the benefit of
 “ the discovery †.”

He is followed (as in fame, so in judgment) by the
 modest and simple-minded

MR LEONARD WELSTED,

Who, out of great respect to our Poet not naming
 him, doth yet glance at his Essay, together with the
 Duke of Buckingham’s, and the Criticisms of Dry-
 den, and of Horace, which he more openly taxeth ‡:
 “ As to the numerous treatises, essays, arts, &c.

NOTES.

* Reflections critical and satirical, on a rhapsody called,
An Essay on Criticism, printed for Bernard Lintot, octavo.

† Essay on Criticism in prose, octavo, 1728, by the author
 of the Critical History of England.

‡ Preface to his Poems, p. 18, 53.

" both in verse and prose, that have been written
 " by the moderns on this ground-work, they do but
 " *backney the same thoughts over again*, making them
 " still more *trite*. Most of their pieces are nothing
 " but a pert, insipid heap of *common place*. Horace
 " has even in his *Art of Poetry* thrown out several
 " things which plainly shew, he thought an *Art of*
 " *Poetry* was of no use, even while he was wri-
 " ting one."

To all which great authorities we can only op-
 pose that of

MR ADDISON.

" * The *Art of Criticism* (saith he) which was pu-
 " blished some months since, is a masterpiece in its
 " kind. The observations follow one another like
 " those in Horace's *Art of Poetry*, without that me-
 " thodical regularity which would have been requi-
 " site in a prose writer. They are some of them
 " *uncommon*, but such as the reader must assent to,
 " when he sees them explained with that ease and
 " perspicuity in which they are delivered. As for
 " those which are the *most known* and the *most recei-*
 " *ved*, they are placed in so beautiful a light, and il-
 " lustrated with such apt allusions, that they have
 " in them all the graces of novelty, and make the
 " reader, who was before acquainted with them, still
 " more convinced of their truth and solidity. And
 " here give me leave to mention what Mons. Boi-
 " leau has so well enlarged upon in the preface to
 " his works; that wit and fine writing doth not
 " consist so much in advancing things that are new,
 " as in giving things that are known an agreeable

NOTE.

* Spectator, No. 253.

X-2-

“ turn. It is impossible for us who live in the lat-
 “ ter ages of the world to make observations in cri-
 “ ticism, morality, or any art or science, which have
 “ not been touched upon by others; we have little
 “ else left us but to represent the common sense of
 “ mankind in more strong, more beautiful, or more
 “ uncommon lights. If a reader examines Horace’s
 “ Art of Poetry, he will find but few precepts in it
 “ which he may not meet with in Aristotle, and
 “ which were not commonly known by all the poets
 “ of the Augustan age. His way of expressing and
 “ applying them, not his invention of them, is what
 “ we are chiefly to admire.

“ Longinus, in his Reflexions, has given us the same
 “ kind of sublime, which he observes in the several
 “ passages that occasioned them: I cannot but take
 “ notice that our English author has, after the same
 “ manner, exemplified several of the precepts in the
 “ very precepts themselves.” He then produces some
 instances of a particular beauty in the numbers, and
 concludes with saying, that “ there are three poems
 “ in our tongue of the same nature, and each a ma-
 “ sterpiece in its kind; the Essay on Translated
 “ Verse; the Essay on the Art of Poetry; and the
 “ Essay on Criticism.”

Of WINDSOR FOREST, positive is the judgment
 of the affirmative

Mr JOHN DENNIS.

“ * That it is a wretched rhapsody, impudently
 “ writ in emulation of the Cooper’s Hill of Sir John
 “ Denham: the author of it is obscure, is ambigu-
 “ ous, is affected, is temerarious, is barbarous †.”

NOTE.

* Letter to B. B. at the end of the remarks on Pope’s
 Homer, 1717. † Printed 1728, p. 12.

But the author of the Dispensary,

Dr GARTH,

in the preface to his poem of Claremont, differs from this opinion: "Those who have seen those two excellent poems of Cooper's Hill, and Windsor Forest, the one written by Sir John Denham, the other by Mr Pope, will shew a great deal of candour if they approve of this."

Of the Epistle of ELOISA, we are told by the obscure writer of a poem called *Sawney*, "That because Prior's Henry and Emma charmed the finest tastes, our author writ his *Eloise in opposition to it*; but forgot innocence and virtue: if you take away her tender thoughts, and her fierce desires, all the rest is of no value." In which, methinks, his judgment resembleth that of a French tailor on a villa and gardens by the Thames: "All this is very fine; but take away the river, and it is good for nothing."

But very contrary hereunto was the opinion of

Mr PRIOR

himself, saying in his *Alma* *,

O Abelard! ill fated youth,
Thy tale will justify this truth:
But well I weet, thy cruel wrong
Adorns a nobler poet's song:
Dan Pope, for thy misfortune griev'd,
With kind concern and skill has weav'd
A silken web; and ne'er shall fade
Its colours: gently has he laid
The mantle o'er thy sad distress,
And Venus shall the texture bless, &c.

NOTE.

* *Alma*, Cant. 2.

Come we now to his translation of the *ILIAD*, celebrated by numerous pens; yet shall it suffice to mention the indefatigable

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE, Kt.

Who (though otherwise a severe censurer of our Author) yet styleth this a "laudable translation †." That ready writer

MR OLDMIXON,

in his fore-mentioned Essay, frequently commends the same. And the painful

MR LEWIS THEOBALD

thus extols it ‡: "The spirit of Homer breathes all
" through this translation.—I am in doubt whether I should most admire the justness of the original, or the force and beauty of the language, or the founding variety of the numbers; but when I find all these meet, it puts me in mind of what the poet says of one of his heroes, That he alone raised and flung with ease a weighty stone, that two common men could not lift from the ground; just so, one single person has performed in this translation, what I once despaired to have seen done by the force of several masterly hands." Indeed the same gentleman appears to have changed his sentiment in his Essay on the Art of sinking in Reputation, (printed in *Mist's Journal*, March 30, 1728.) where he says thus: "In order to sink in reputation, let him take it into his head to descend into Homer, (let the world wonder, as it will, how the devil he got there), and pretend to do him into English, so his version denote his ne-

NOTES.

† In his *Essays*, vol. I. printed for E. Curl.

‡ *Censor*, vol. II. n. 33.

"neglect of the manner how." Strange variation!
We are told in

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8.

"That this translation of the Iliad was not in all respects conformable to the fine taste of his friend Mr Addison; infomuch that he employed a *younger Muse*, in an undertaking of this kind, which he supervised himself." Whether Mr Addison did find it conformable to his taste or not, best appears from his own testimony the year following its publication, in these words:

MR ADDISON, FREEHOLDER, No. 40.

"When I consider myself as a British freeholder, I am in a particular manner pleased with the labours of those who have improved our language with the translations of old Greek and Latin authors.—We have already most of their historians in our own tongue, and, what is more for the honour of our language, it has been taught to express with elegance the greatest of their poets in each nation. The illiterate among our own countrymen may learn to judge from Dryden's Virgil of the most perfect epic performance; and those parts of Homer which have been published already by Mr Pope, give us reason to think that the Iliad will appear in English with as little disadvantage to that immortal poem."

As to the rest, there is a slight mistake; for this *younger muse* was an *elder*: nor was the gentleman (who is a friend of our Author) employed by Mr Addison to translate it *after him*, since he saith himself that he did it *before* *. Contrariwise, that Mr

NOTE.

* Vide preface to Mr Tickel's translation of the first book of the Iliad, 4to.

Addison engaged our Author in this work, appear-
eth by declaration thereof in the preface to the Iliad,
printed some time before his death, and by his own
letters of October 16, and November 2, 1713, where
he declares it is his opinion, that no other person
was equal to it.

Next comes his Shakespeare on the stage: "Let
" him" (quoth one, whom I take to be

Mr THEOBALD, *Mist's Journal*, June 8, 1728.)

" publish such an author as he has least studied,
" and forget to discharge even the dull duty of an
" editor. In this project let him lend the booksel-
" ler his name (for a competent sum of money) to
" promote the credit of an exorbitant subscription."

Gentle reader, be pleased to cast thine eye on the
Proposal below quoted, and on what follows (some
months after the former assertion) in the same Jour-
nalist of June 8: "The bookseller proposed the book
" by subscription, and raised some thousands of
" pounds for the same: I believe the gentleman did
" not share in the profits of this extravagant sub-
" scription."

" After the Iliad, he undertook (saith

MIST's JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.)

" the sequel of that work, the Odysey; and having
" secured the success by a numerous subscription,
" he employed some *underlings* to perform what, ac-
" cording to his proposals, should come from his
" own hands." To which heavy charge we can in
truth oppose nothing but the words of

MR POPE'S PROPOSAL for the ODYSSEY,

(printed by J. Watts, Jan. 10. 1724.)

" I take this occasion to declare, that the subscrip-
" tion for Shakespeare belongs wholly to Mr Tonson:

“ And that the benefit of *this Proposal* is not solely
 “ for my own use, but for that of *two of my friends*,
 “ who have *assisted me in this work*.” But these very
 gentlemen are extolled above our Poet himself in
 another of *Mist’s Journals*, March 30, 1728, saying,
 “ That he would not advise Mr Pope to try the ex-
 “ periment again of getting a great part of a book
 “ done by assistants, lest those extraneous parts
 “ should unhappily ascend to the sublime, and re-
 “ tard the declension of the whole.” Behold! these
Underlings are become good writers!

If any say, that before the said Proposals were
 printed, the subscription was begun without decla-
 ration of such assistance; verily those who set it on
 foot, or (as their term is) secured it, to wit, the right
 honourable the Lord Viscount HARCOURT, were he
 living, would testify, and the right honourable the
 Lord BATHURST, now living, doth testify, the same
 is a falsehood.

Sorry I am, that persons professing to be learned,
 or of whatever rank of authors, should either falsely
 tax, or be falsely taxed. Yet let us, who are only
 reporters, be impartial in our citations, and proceed.

MIST’S JOURNAL, June 8. 1728.

“ Mr Addison raised this author from obscurity,
 “ obtained him the acquaintance and friendship of
 “ the *whole body of our nobility*, and transferred his
 “ powerful interests with those great men to this
 “ rising bard, who frequently levied by that means
 “ unusual contributions on the public.” Which sure-
 ly cannot be, if, as the author of *The Dunciad* dis-
 secteth reporteth, Mr Wycherley had before “ intro-
 “ duced him into a familiar acquaintance with the
 “ *greatest Peers and brightest Wits then living*.”

“ No sooner (saith the same Journalist) was his
 “ body lifeless, but this author, reviving his resent-
 “ ment, libelled the memory of his departed friend;
 “ and what was still more heinous, made the scandal
 “ public.” Grievous the accusation! unknown the
 accuser! the person accused no witness in his own
 cause; the person, in whose regard accused, dead!
 But if there be living any one nobleman whose
 friendship, yea any one gentleman whose subscrip-
 tion Mr Addison procured to our Author, let him
 stand forth, that truth may appear! *Amicus Plato,*
amicus Socrates, sed magis amica veritas. In verity, the
 whole story of the libel is a lie; witness those persons
 of integrity who, several years before Mr Addison’s
 decease, did see and approve of the said verses, in
 no wise a libel, but a friendly rebuke sent privately
 in our Author’s own hand to Mr Addison himself,
 and never made public, till after their own Journals;
 and Curl had printed the same. One name alone,
 which I am here authorised to declare, will sufficient-
 ly evince this truth, that of the right Honourable
 the Earl of BURLINGTON.

Next he is taxed with a crime (in the opinion of
 some authors, I doubt, more heinous than any in
 morality) to wit, Plagiarism, from the inventive and
 quaint-conceited

JAMES-MOORE SMITH, Gent.

“ * Upon reading the third volume of Pope’s Mis-
 “ cellanies, I found five lines which I thought ex-
 “ cellent: and happening to praise them, a gentle-
 “ man produced a modern comedy (the Rival Modes).

NOTE.

* Daily Journal, March 13, 1728.

“ published last year, where were the same verses to
 “ a tittle.

“ These gentlemen are undoubtedly the first plagiarists, that pretend to make a reputation by stealing from a man's works in his own life-time, and out of a public print.” Let us join to this what is written by the author of the Rival Modes, the said Mr James-Moore Smith, in a letter to our Author himself, who had informed him a month before that play was acted, Jan. 27. 1726-7, that “ These verses, which he had before given him leave to insert in it, would be known for his, some copies being got abroad. He desires, nevertheless, that since the lines had been read in his comedy to severals, Mr P. would not deprive it of them,” &c. Surely, if we add the testimonies of the Lord BOLINGBROKE, of the Lady to whom the said verses were originally addressed, of Hugh Bethel, Esq; and others, who knew them as our Author's, long before the said gentleman composed his play, it is hoped the ingenuous, that affect not error, will rectify their opinion by the suffrage of so honourable personages.

And yet followeth another charge, insinuating no less than his enmity both to Church and State, which could come from no other informer than the said

Mr JAMES-MOORE SMITH.

“ * The Memoirs of a Parish Clerk was a very dull and unjust abuse of a person who wrote in defence of our Religion and Constitution, and who has been dead many years.” This seemeth also most untrue; it being known to divers that these

NOTE.

* Daily Journal, April 3. 1728.

Memoirs were written at the seat of the Lord Harcourt in Oxfordshire, before that excellent person (Bishop Burnet's) death, and many years before the appearance of that history, of which they are pretended to be an abuse. Most true it is, that Mr Moore had such a design, and was himself the man who pressed Dr Arbuthnot and Mr Pope to assist him therein; and that he borrowed those Memoirs of our Author, when that history came forth, with intent to turn them to such abuse; but being able to obtain from our Author but one single hint, and either changing his mind, or having more mind than ability, contented himself to keep the said Memoirs, and read them as his own to all his acquaintance. A noble person there is, into whose company Mr Pope once chanced to introduce him, who well remembereth the conversation of Mr Moore to be turned upon the "Contempt he had for the work of that reverend prelate, and how full he was of a design he declared himself to have of exposing it." This noble person is the Earl of PETERBOROUGH.

Here in truth should we crave pardon of all the foresaid right honourable and worthy personages, for having mentioned them in the same page with such weekly riff-raff railers and rhymers, but that we had their ever-honoured commands for the same; and that they are introduced not as witnesses in the controversy, but as witnesses that cannot be controverted; not to dispute, but to decide.

Certain it is, that dividing our writers into two classes, of such who were acquaintance, and of such who were strangers to our Author; the former are those who speak well, and the other those who speak evil of him. Of the first class, the most noble

JOHN Duke of BUCKINGHAM

sums up his character in these lines :

- " * And yet so wond'rous, so sublime a thing,
 " As the great Iliad, scarce could make me sing,
 " Unless I justly could at once commend
 " A good companion, and as firm a friend :
 " One moral, or a mere well-natur'd deed,
 " Can all desert in sciences exceed."

So also is he decyphered by the honourable

SIMON HARCOURT.

- " † Say, wondrous youth, what column wilt thou chuse,
 " What laurel'd arch for thy triumphant muse ?
 " Tho' each great ancient court thee to his shrine,
 " Tho' ev'ry laurel thro' the dome be thine,
 " Go to the good and just, an awful train !
 " Thy soul's delight——

Recorded in like manner for his virtuous disposition,
 and gentle bearing, by the ingenious

MR WALTER HART,

in this apostrophe :

- " ‡ O, ever worthy, ever crown'd with praise !
 " Blest in thy life, and blest in all thy lays.
 " Add, that the Sisters ev'ry thought refine,
 " And ev'n thy life be faultless as thy line,
 " Yet envy still with fiercer rage pursues,
 " Obscures the virtue, and defames the muse.
 " A soul like thine, in pain, in grief, resign'd,
 " Views with just scorn the malice of mankind."

The witty and moral satirist

Dr EDWARD YOUNG,

wishing some check to the corruption and evil manners of the times, calleth out upon our Poet to undertake a task so worthy of his virtue :

NOTES.

* Verses to Mr P. on his translation of Homer.

† Poem prefixed to his works.

‡ In his poems, printed for B. Lintot.

" * Why slumbers Pope, who leads the Muse's train,
 " Nor hears that *Virtue*, which he *loves*, complain?

Mr MALLETT,
 in his Epistle on Verbal Criticism :

" Whose life, severely scan'd, transcends his lays;
 " For wit supreme is but his second praise."

Mr HAMMOND,
 that delicate and correct imitator of Tibullus, in
 his Love Elegies, Elegy xiv.

" Now, fir'd by Pope and *Virtue*, leave the age,
 " In low pursuit of self-undoing wrong,
 " And trace the author thro' his moral page,
 " Whose blameless life still answers to his song."

Mr THOMSON,
 in his elegant and philosophical poem of the Seasons:

" Altho' not sweeter his own Homer sings,
 " Yet is his *life* the more endearing song."

To the same tune also singeth that learned clerk of
 Suffolk,

Mr WILLIAM BROOME.

" † Thus, nobly rising in fair *Virtue's* cause,
 " From thy own *life* transcribe th' *unnerring laws*."

And, to close all, hear the reverend Dean of St Patrick's :

" A soul with ev'ry virtue fraught,
 " By patriots, priests, and poets taught;
 " Whose filial piety excells
 " Whatever Grecian story tells.
 " A genius for each bus'ness fit,
 " Whose meanest talent is his wit." &c.

Let us now recreate thee by turning to the other
 side, and shewing his Character drawn by those with
 whom he never conversed, and whose countenances
 he could not know, though turned against him: First
 again commencing with the high voiced and never
 enough quoted

NOTES.

* Universal Passion, Sat. i.

†. In his poems, and at the end of the *Odyssey*.

Mr JOHN DENNIS,

Who, in his *Reflections on the Essay on Criticism*, thus describeth him: "A little affected hypocrite, who has nothing in his mouth but candour, truth, friendship, good-nature, humanity, and magnanimity. He is so great a lover of falsehood, that, whenever he has a mind to calumniate his contemporaries, he brands them with some defect which is just contrary to some good quality for which all their friends and acquaintance commend them. He seems to have a particular pique to *People of quality*, and authors of that rank.—He must derive his religion from St. Omer's."—But in the character of Mr P. and his writings, (printed by S. Popping, 1716) he saith, "Though he is a professor of the worst religion, yet he *laughs at it*;" but that nevertheless, he is a *virulent Papist*; and yet a *Pillar for the Church of England*."

Of both which opinions

Mr. LEWIS THEOBALD

seems also to be; declaring, in *Mist's Journal* of June 22, 1718, "That, if he is not shrewdly abused, he made it his practice to cackle to both parties in their own sentiments." But as to his pique against *People of Quality*, the same Journalist doth not agree, but saith, (May 8, 1728.) He "had, by some means or other, the acquaintance and friendship of the whole body of our nobility."

However contradictory this may appear, Mr Dennis and Gildon, in the character last cited, make it all plain, by assuring us, "That he is a creature that reconciles all contradictions; he is a beast, and a man; a Whig, and a Tory; a writer (at one

" and the same time) of * Guardians and Examiners: " an Asserter of liberty, and of the dispensing power " of Kings; a Jesuitical professor of truth; a base " and foul pretender to candour." So that, upon the whole account, we must conclude him either to have been a great hypocrite, or a very honest man; a terrible imposer upon both parties, or very moderate to either.

Be it as to the judicious reader shall seem good. Sure it is, he is little favoured of certain authors, whose wrath is perilous: for one declares he ought to have a *price set on his head*, and to be hunted down as a *wild beast* †. Another protests that he does not know *what may happen*; advises him to *insure his person*; says he has *bitter enemies*, and expressly declares it will be well if he *escapes with his life* ‡. One desires he would *cut his own throat, or hang himself* §. But Pasquin seemed rather inclined 'it should be done by the Government, representing him engaged in grievous designs with a Lord of Parliament, then under prosecution §. Mr Dennis himself hath written to a *Minister*, that he is one of the most *dangerous persons in this kingdom* **; and assureth the public, that he is an *open and mortal enemy to his country*; a monster, that *will, one day, shew as daring a soul as a mad Indian*, who runs a *muck to kill the first Christian he meets* ††. Another gives information of *Treason* discovered in his poem ‡‡. Mr

NOTES.

* The names of two weekly papers.

† Theobald, Letter in *Mist's Journal*, June 22d, 1728.

‡ Smedley, Pref. to *Gulliveriana*, p. 14, 16.

§ *Gulliveriana*, p. 332. § Anno 1723. ** Anno 1729.

†† Preface to *Rem. on the Rape of the Lock*, p. 12. and in the last page of that treatise.

‡‡ Page 6. 7, of the preface, by Concanen, to a book entitled, *A Collection of all the Letters, Essays, Verses and*

Curl boldly supplies an imperfect verse with *Kings* and *Princesses* *. And one Matthew Concanen, yet more impudent, publishes at length the Two most SACRED NAMES in this Nation, as members of the Dunciad †!

This is prodigious! yet it is almost as strange, that in the midst of these invectives his greatest Enemies have (I know not how) borne testimony to some merit in him.

Mr THEOBALD, in censuring his Shakespeare, declares, "He has so great an *esteem* for Mr Pope, and so high an *opinion* of his *genius* and *excellencies*; that, notwithstanding he professes a *veneration almost rising to Idolatry* for the writings of this inimitable poet, he would be very loth even to do *him* justice, at the expence of that *other gentleman's* character ‡."

Mr CHARLES GILDON, after having violently attacked him in many pieces, at last came to wish from his heart, "That Mr Pope would be prevailed upon to give us Ovid's Epistles by his hand; for it is certain we see the original of Sappho to Phaon with much more life and likeness in his version, than in that of Sir Car. Scroope. And this (he adds) is the more to be wished, because in the English tongue we have scarce any

Advertisements, occasioned by Pope and Swift's Miscellanies. Printed for A. Moore, octavo, 1712.

* Key to the Dunciad, 3d edition, p. 18.

† A list of persons, &c. at the end of the forementioned Collection of all the Letters, Essays, &c.

‡ Introduction to his Shakespeare restored, in quarto, p. 3.

" thing truly and naturally written upon Love || ." He also, in taxing Sir Richard Blackmore for his heterodox opinions of Homer, challengeth him to answer what Mr Pope hath said in his preface to that Poet.

MR OLDMIXON

calls him a great master of our tongue; declares " the
" purity and perfection of the English language to
" be found in his Homer; and, saying there are
" more good verses in Dryden's Virgil than in any
" other work, excepts this of our author only *."

The Author of a Letter to Mr CIBBER
says †, " Pope was so good a versifier [*once*] that his
" predecessor Mr Dryden, and his cotemporary Mr
" Prior excepted, the harmony of his numbers is
" equal to any body's. And, that he *had* all the me-
" rit that a man can have that way." And

MR THOMAS COOKE,
after much blemishing our author's Homer, crieth
out,

" But in his other works what beauties shine,
" While sweetest music dwells in ev'ry line!
" These he admir'd, on these he stamp'd his praise,
" And bade them live to brighten future days ‡."

So also one who takes the name of

H. STANHOPE,
the maker of certain verses to Duncan Campbell §,
in that poem, which is wholly a satire upon Mr Pope,
confesseth,

|| Commentary on the Duke of Buckingham's Essay, octave,
1721, p. 97, 98.

* In his prose Essay on Criticism. † Printed by J. Roberts, 1742, p. 11. ‡ Battle of the poets, folio, p. 15.

§ Printed under the title of the Progress of Dulness, duodecimo, 1728.

" 'Tis true, if finest notes alone could show]
 " (Tun'd justly high, or regularly low)
 " That we should fame to these mere vocals give;
 " Pope more than we can offer should receive:
 " For when some gliding river is his theme,
 " His lines run smoother than the smoothest stream." &c.

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.

Although he says, " The smooth numbers of the
 " Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it
 " any other merit;" yet that same paper hath these
 words: " The author is allowed to be a perfect ma-
 " ster of an easy and elegant versification. *In all his*
 " *works we find the most happy turns, and natural si-*
 " *milies, wonderfully short, and thick sown."*

The Essay on the Dunciad also owns, p. 25. it is
 very full of *beautiful images*. But the panegyric, which
 crowns all that can be said on this Poem, is bestowed
 by our Laureate,

Mr COLLEY CIBBER,

who " grants it to be a better Poem of its kind than
 " ever was writ:" but adds, " it was a victory over
 " a parcel of poor wretches, whom it was almost
 " cowardice to conquer.—A man might as well
 " triumph for having killed so many silly flies that
 " offended him. Could he have let them alone, by
 " this time, poor souls! they had all been buried in
 " oblivion*." Here we see our excellent Laureate
 allows the justice of the satire on every man in it,
 but *himself*; as the great Mr Dennis did before him.

The said

Mr DENNIS and Mr GILDON,
 in the most furious of all their works (the forecited

NOTE.

* Cibber's Letter to Mr Pope, p. 9, 12.

Character, p. 5.) do in concert † confess, “ That
 “ some men of good understanding value him for his
 “ rhymes.” And (p. 17.) “ that he has got, like
 “ Mr Bayes in the Rehearsal, (that is, like Mr Dry-
 “ den) a notable knack at rhyming, and writing
 “ smooth verse.”

Of his Essay on Man, numerous were the praises
 bestowed by his avowed enemies, in the imagination
 that the same was not written by him, as it was
 printed anonymously.

Thus sang of it even

BEZALEEL MORRIS.

“ Auspicious Bard ! while all admire thy strain,
 “ All but the selfish, ignorant, and vain ;
 “ I, whom no bribe to servile flatt’ry drew,
 “ Must pay the tribute to thy merit due :
 “ The muse sublime, significant, and clear,
 “ Alike informs the soul, and charms the ear,” &c.

NOTE.

† *In concert.*] Hear how Mr Dennis hath proved our mis-
 take in this place : “ As to my writing in *concert* with Mr
 “ Gildon, I declare upon the honour and word of a gentle-
 “ man, that I never wrote so much as one line in *concert*
 “ with any one man whatsoever. And these two letters
 “ from Gildon will plainly shew, that we are not writers
 “ in *concert* with each other.

“ Sir,

“ —The height of my ambition is to please men of the
 “ best judgment; and finding that I have entertained my
 “ master agreeably, I have the extent of the reward of my
 “ labour.”

“ Sir,

“ I had not the opportunity of hearing of your excellent
 “ pamphlet till this day. I am infinitely satisfied and plea-
 “ sed with it, and hope you will meet with that encourage-
 “ ment your admirable performance deserves, &c.

Ch. Gildon.”

“ Now is it not plain, that any one who sends such com-
 “ pliments to another, has not been used to write in part-
 “ nership with him to whom he sends them?” Dennis, Re-

And

MR LEONARD WELSTED

thus wrote † to the unknown author, on the first publication of the said Essay; “ I must own, after the
“ reception which the vilest and most immoral ri-
“ baldry hath lately met with, I was surprized to
“ see what I had long despaired, a performance de-
“ serving the name of a Poet. Such, Sir, is your
“ work. It is, indeed, above all commendation,
“ and ought to have been published in an age and
“ country more worthy of it. If my testimony be
“ of weight any where, you are sure to have it in
“ the amplest manner,” &c. &c. &c.

Thus we see every one of his works hath been extolled by one or other of his most inveterate Enemies; and to the success of them all they do unanimously give testimony. But it is sufficient, *inftar omnium*, to behold the great critic, Mr Dennis, sorely lamenting it, even from the Essay on Criticism to this day of the Dunciad! “ A most notorious instance (quoth he) of the depravity of Genius and
“ Taste, the *approbation* this Essay meets with*.—I
“ can safely affirm, that I never attacked any of
“ these writings, unless they had *success* infinitely
“ beyond their merit. This, though an empty, has
“ been a *popular* scribbler. The epidemic madness
“ of the times has given him *reputation* ‡.—If, after
“ the cruel treatment so many extraordinary men

NOTES.

marks on the Dunciad, p. 50. Mr Dennis is therefore welcome to take this piece to himself.

† In a letter under his own hand, dated March 12, 1733.

* Dennis, Preface to his Reflections on the Essay on Criticism.

‡ Preface to his Remarks on Homer.

“ (Spencer, Lord Bacon, Ben-Johnson, Milton, But-
 “ ler, Otway, and others) have received from this
 “ country, for these last hundred years, I should
 “ shift the scene, and shew all that penury changed
 “ at once to riot and profuseness; and more squan-
 “ dered away upon *one object*, than would have sa-
 “ tisfied the greater part of these extraordinary men;
 “ the reader to whom this one creature should be
 “ unknown, would fancy him a prodigy of Art and
 “ Nature, would believe that all the great qualities
 “ of these persons were centered in him alone. But
 “ if I should venture to assure him, that the PEOP-
 “ LE OF ENGLAND had made such a choice—the
 “ reader would either believe me a *malicious enemy*
 “ and *slanderer*; or that the reign of the last (Queen
 “ Anne’s) *Ministry* was designed by Fate to encour-
 “ rage *Fools* †.”

But it happens, that this our Poet never had any
 Place, Pension, or Gratuity, in any shape, from the
 said glorious Queen, or any of her Ministers. All he
 owed, in the whole course of his life, to any court,
 was a subscription for his Homer, of 200 *l.* from
 King George I. and 100 *l.* from the Prince and
 Princess.

However, lest we imagine our Author’s success was
 constant and universal, they acquaint us of certain
 works in a less degree of repute, whereof, although
 owned by others, yet do they assure us he is the
 writer. Of this sort Mr DENNIS * ascribes to him
two Farces, whose names he does not tell, but as-
 sures us that *there is not one jest in them*: and an imi-
 tation of Horace, whose title he does not mention,

NOTES.

† Remarks on Homer, p. 8; 9.

* Ibid, p. 8.

but assures us, it is much more execrable than all his works †. The DAILY JOURNAL, May 11. 1728. assures us, "He is below Tom Durfey in the Drama; because (as that writer thinks) the Marriage-Hater matched, and the Boarding-School are much better than the What-d'ye-call it;" which is not Mr P's, but Mr Gay's. Mr GILDON assures us, in his New Rehearsal, p. 48. "That he was writing a play of the Lady Jane Grey;" but it afterwards proved to be Mr Rowe's. We are assured by another, "He wrote a pamphlet called Dr Andrew Tripe ‡;" which proved to be one Dr Wagstaff's. Mr THEOBALD assures us, in Mist of the 27th of April, "That the Treatise of the Pro-found is very dull, and that Mr Pope is the author of it." The writer of Gulliveriana is of another opinion; and says, "the whole, or greatest part, of the merit of this treatise must and can only be ascribed to Gulliver ¶." [Here, gentle reader! cannot I but smile at the strange blindness and positiveness of men; knowing the said treatise to appertain to none other but to me, Martinus Scriblerus.]

We are assured, in Mist of June 8. "That his own Plays and Farces would better have adorned the Dunciad, than those of Mr Theobald; for he had neither genius for Tragedy nor Comedy." Which whether true or not, it is not easy to judge; in as much as he had attempted neither: unless we will take it for granted, with Mr Cibber, that his being once very angry at hearing a friend's Play abu-

NOTES.

† Character of Mr Pope, p. 7.

‡ Ibid, p. 6.

¶ Gulliver, p. 336.

fed, was an infallible proof the Play was his own; the said Mr Cibber thinking it impossible for a man to be much concerned for any but himself; "Now let any man judge (saith he) by this concern, who was the true mother of the child *?"

But from all that hath been said, the discerning reader will collect, that it little availed our Author to have any Candour, since, when he declared he did not write for others, it was not credited; as little to have any Modesty, since, when he declined writing in any way himself, the presumption of others was imputed to him. If he singly enterprized one great work, he was taxed of Boldness and Mad-ness to a prodigy †: If he took assistants in another, it was complained of, and represented as a great injury to the public ‡. The loftiest heroics, the lowest ballads, treatises against the state or church, satires on lords and ladies, raillery on wits and authors, squabbles with booksellers, or even full and true accounts of monsters, poisons, and murders; of any hereof was there nothing so good, nothing so bad, which hath not at one or other season been to him ascribed. If it bore no author's name, then lay he concealed; if it did, he fathered it upon that author to be yet better concealed; if it resembled any of his styles, then was it evident; if it did not, then disguised he it on set purpose. Yea, even direct oppositions in religion, principles, and politics, have equally been supposed in him inherent. Surely a

NOTES.

* Cibber's Letter to Mr P. p. 19.

† Burnet's Homerides, p. 1. of his translation of the Iliad.

‡ The London and Mist's Journals, on his undertaking the Odyssey.

most rare and singular character ! Of which let the reader make what he can.

Doubtless most Commentators would hence take occasion to turn all to their Author's advantage, and from the testimony of his very Enemies would affirm, That his capacity was boundless, as well as his imagination ; that he was a perfect master of all Styles, and all Arguments ; and that there was in those times no other Writer, in any kind, of any degree of excellence, save he himself : but as this is not our own sentiment, we shall determine on nothing ; but leave thee, gentle reader, to steer thy judgment equally between various opinions, and to chuse whether thou wilt incline to the Testimonies of Authors avowed, or of Authors concealed ; of those who knew him, or of those who knew him not.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

O F T H E

P O E M.

THIS Poem, as it celebrateth the most grave and ancient of things, Chaos, Night and Dulness; so is it of the most grave and ancient kind. Homer (saith Aristotle) was the first who gave the *Form*, and (saith Horace) who adapted the *Measure*, to heroic poesy. But even before this, may be rationally presumed from what the Ancients have left written, was a piece by Homer composed, of like nature and matter with this of our Poet: for of Epic fort it appeareth to have been, yet of matter surely not unpleasant, witness what is reported of it by the learned Archbishop Eustathius, in *Odyss. x.* And accordingly Aristotle, in his *Poetics*, chap. iv. doth further set forth, that as the *Iliad* and *Odyssy* gave example to Tragedy, so did this poem to Comedy its first idea.

From these authors also it should seem, that the Hero, or chief personage of it, was no less *obscure*, and his understanding and sentiments no less quaint and strange (if indeed not more so) than any of the actors of our poem. *MARGITES* was the name of this personage, whom Antiquity recordeth to have been *Dunce the first*; and surely, from what we hear of him, not unworthy to be the root of so spreading

a tree, and so numerous a posterity. The poem therefore celebrating him was properly and absolutely a *Dunciad*; which though now unhappily lost, yet is its nature sufficiently known by the infallible tokens aforesaid. And thus it doth appear, that the first *Dunciad* was the first Epic poem, written by Homer himself, and anterior even to the *Iliad* or *Odyssey*.

Now, forasmuch as our Poet has translated those two famous works of Homer which are yet left, he did conceive it in some sort his duty to imitate that also which was lost: and was therefore induced to bestow on it the same form which Homer's is reported to have had, namely that of Epic poem; with a title also framed after the ancient Greek manner, to wit, that of *Dunciad*.

Wonderful it is, that so few of the moderns have been stimulated to attempt some *Dunciad*! since, in the opinion of the multitude, it might cost less pain and toil than an imitation of the greater Epic. But possible it is also, that on due reflection, the maker might find it easier to paint a Charlemagne, a Brute, or a Godfrey, with just pomp and dignity heroic, than a Margites, a Codrus, or a Fleckno.

We shall next declare the occasion and the cause which moved our Poet to this particular work. He lived in those days, when (after Providence had permitted the invention of Printing as a scourge for the sins of the learned) Paper also became so cheap, and Printers so numerous, that a deluge of authors covered the land: whereby not only the Peace of the honest unwriting subject was daily molested, but unmerciful demands were made of his applause, yea of his money, by such as would neither earn the one,

nor deserve the other. At the same time, the licence of the Press was such, that it grew dangerous to refuse them either: for they would forthwith publish slanders unpunished, the authors being anonymous, and skulking under the wings of publishers, a set of men who never scrupled to vend either Calumny or Blasphemy, as long as the Town would call for it.

* Now our Author, living in those times, did conceive it an endeavour well worthy an honest Satirist, to dissuade the dull, and punish the wicked, *the only way that was left*. In that public-spirited view he laid the plan of this poem, as the greatest service he was capable (without much hurt, or being slain) to render his dear country. First, taking things from their original, he considereth the causes creative of such Authors, namely *Dulness* and *Poverty*; the one born with them, the other contracted by neglect of their proper talents, through self-conceit of greater abilities. This truth he wrappeth in an *Allegory* † (as the construction of Epic poesy requireth) and feigns that one of these Goddeses had taken up her abode with the other, and that they jointly inspired all such writers and such works. ‡ He proceedeth to shew the *qualities* they bestow on these authors, and the *effects* they produce ||: then the *materials*, or *stock*, with which they furnish them §; and (above all) that *self-opinion* ** which causeth it to seem to themselves vastly greater than it is, and is the prime motive of their setting up in this sad and for-

NOTES.

* Vide Bossu, Du Poeme Epique, chap. viii.

† Bossu, chap. vii. ‡ Book I. ver. 32, &c. || Ver. 45 to 54. § Ver. 57 to 77. ** Ver. 80.

ry merchandise. The great power of these Goddesses acting in alliance (whereof as the one is the mother of Industry, so is the other of Plodding) was to be exemplified in some one, great, and remarkable Action †: And none could be more so than that which our Poet hath chosen; viz. the restoration of the reign of Chaos and Night, by the ministry of Dulness their daughter, in the removal of her imperial seat from the City to the polite World; as the Action of the Æneid is the restoration of the Empire of Troy, by the removal of the race from thence to Latium. But as Homer singing only the *Wrath* of Achilles, yet includes in his Poem the whole history of the Trojan war; in like manner our author hath drawn into this *single Action* the whole history of Dulness and her children.

A *Person* must next be fixed upon to support this Action. This *Phantom* in the Poet's mind must have a *Name* ‡: He finds it to be —; and he becomes of course the Hero of the Poem.

The *Fable* being thus, according to the best example, one and entire, as contained in the Proposition; the *Machinery* is a continued chain of Allegories setting forth the whole Power, Ministry, and Empire of Dulness, extended through her subordinate instruments, in all her various operations.

This is branched into *Episodes*, each of which hath its Moral apart, though all conducive to the main end. The Crowd assembled in the second book, demonstrates the design to be more extensive than to

NOTES.

† Bossu, chap. vii, viii.

‡ Ibid. chap. viii. Vide Aristot. Poetic. cap. ix.

bad poets only, and that we may expect other Episodes of the Patrons, Encouragers, or Paymasters of such authors, as occasion shall bring them forth.

And the third book, if well considered, seemeth to embrace the whole World. Each of the Games relateth to some or other vile class of writers: The first concerneth the Plagiary, to whom he giveth the name of More; the second the libellous Novelist, whom he stileth Eliza; the third, the flattering Dedicator; the fourth, the bawling Critic, or noisy Poet; the fifth, the dark and dirty Party-writer; and so of the rest; assigning to each some *proper name* or other, such as he could find.

As for the *Characters*, the public hath already acknowledged how justly they are drawn: The manners are so depicted, and the sentiments so peculiar to those to whom applied, that surely to transfer them to any other or wiser personages, would be exceeding difficult: and certain it is, that every person concerned, being consulted apart, hath readily owned the resemblance of every portrait, his own excepted. So Mr Cibber calls them, "a parcel of *poor wretches*, so many *silly flies* *; but adds, "our Author's Wit is remarkably more bare and "barren whenever it would fall foul on *Cibber*, than "upon any other Person whatever."

The *Descriptions* are singular, the *Comparisons* very quaint, the *Narration* various, yet of one colour; the purity and chastity of *Distion* is so preserved, that in the places most suspicious, not the *words*, but only the *images*, have been censured, and yet are

NOTE.

* Cibber's Letter to Mr P. p 9, 12, 41

those images no other than have been sanctified by ancient and classical Authority (though, as was the manner of those good times, not so curiously wrapped up) yea, and commented upon by the most grave Doctors, and approved Critics.

As it beareth the name of *Epic*, it is thereby subjected to such severe and indispensable rules as are laid on all Neoterics, a strict imitation of the Ancients; insomuch that any deviation, accompanied with whatever poetic beauties, hath always been censured by the sound Critic. How exact that imitation hath been in this piece, appeareth not only by its general structure, but by particular allusions infinite, many whereof have escaped both the commentator and poet himself; yea divers by his exceeding diligence are so altered and interwoven with the rest, that several have already been, and more will be, by the ignorant abused, as altogether and originally his own.

In a word, the whole poem proveth itself to be the work of our Author when his faculties were in full vigour and perfection; at that exact time when years have ripened the Judgment, without diminishing the Imagination; which, by good Critics, is held to be punctually at *forty*: for at that season it was that Virgil finished his *Georgics*; and Sir Richard Blackmore at the like age composing his *Arthurs*, declared the same to be the very *Acme* and pitch of life for Epic poesy; though since he hath altered it to *sixty*, the year in which he published his *Alfred* *. True it is, that the talents for *Criticism*, namely smartness, quick censure, vivacity of remark, certainty of affe-

NOTE.

* See his *Essays*.

vation, indeed all but acerbity, seem rather the gifts of Youth than of riper Age : but it is far otherwise in *Poetry*; witness the works of Mr Rymer and Mr Dennis, who, beginning with Criticism, became afterwards such Poets as no age hath paralleled. With good reason, therefore, did our Author chuse to write his Essay on that subject at twenty, and reserve for his maturer years this great and wonderful work of the Dunciad.

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RICARDUS ARISTARCHUS

O F T H E

H E R O of the P O E M.

OF the Nature of *Dunciad* in general, whence derived, and on what authority founded, as well as of the art and conduct of this our poem in particular, the learned and laborious Scriblerus hath, according to his manner, and with tolerable share of judgment, dissertated; but when he cometh to speak of the *Person* of the *Hero* fitted for such Poem, in truth he miserably halts and hallucinates. For, misled by one Monsieur Bossu, a Gallic critic, he prateth of I cannot tell what Phantom of a Hero, only raised up to support the Fable. A putid conceit! as if Homer and Virgil, like modern Undertakers, who first build their house, and then seek out for a tenant, had contrived the story of a War and a Wandering, before they once thought either of Achilles or Æneas. We shall therefore set our good brother and the world also right in this particular, by assuring them, that, in the greater Epic, the prime intention of the Muse is to exalt Heroic Virtue, in order to propagate the love of it among the *children* of men; and consequently that the Poet's first thought must needs be turned upon a real subject meet for laud and celebration; not one whom he is to make, but one whom he may find, truly illustrious. This is the primum mobile of his poetic world, whence

every thing is to receive life and motion : for, this subject being found, he is immediately ordained, or rather acknowledged, an *Hero*, and put upon such action as befitte the dignity of his character.

But the Muse ceaseth not here her Eagle-flight. For sometimes, satiated with the contemplation of these *Suns* of glory, she turneth downward on her wing, and darts with Jove's lightning on the *Goose* and *Serpent* kind. For we may apply to the Muse in her various moods, what an ancient master of Wisdom affirmeth of the Gods in general : *Si Dii non irascuntur impiis et injustis, nec piis utique justosque diligunt. In rebus enim diversis, aut in utramque partem moveri necesse est, aut in neutram. Itaque qui bonos diligit et malos odit ; et qui malos non odit, nec bonos diligit. Quia et diligere bonos ex odio malorum venit ; et malos odisse ex bonorum caritate descendit.* Which in our vernacular idiom may be thus interpreted : “ If the Gods be “ not provoked at evil men, neither are they de- “ lighted with the good and just : for contrary ob- “ jects must either excite contrary affections, or no “ affections at all. So that he who loveth good “ men, must at the same time hate the bad ; and he “ who hateth not bad men, cannot love the good ; “ because to love good men proceedeth from an “ aversion to evil, and to hate evil men from a ten- “ derness to the good.” From this delicacy of the Muse arose the *little Epic*, (more lively and cholerick than her elder sister, whose bulk and complexion incline her to the flegmatic :) and for this, some notorious Vehicle of vice and folly was sought out, to make thereof an Example : an early instance of which (nor could it escape the accurate Scriblerus) the Father of Epic poem himself affordeth us. From

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him the practice descended to the Greek Dramatic Poets, his offspring; who in the composition of their *Tetralogy*, or set of four pieces, were wont to make the last a *Satyric Tragedy*. Happily one of these ancient *Dunciads* (as we may well term it) is come down unto us, amongst the Tragedies of the poet Euripides; and what doth the reader suppose may be the subject thereof? Why in truth, and it is worthy observation, the unequal contest of an *old, dull, debauched buffoon Cyclops*, with the heaven-directed *Favourite of Minerva*; who, after having quietly borne all the monster's obscene and impious ribaldry, endeth the farce in punishing him with the mark of an indelible brand in his *forehead*. May we not then be excused, if for the future we consider the Epics of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, together with this our poem, as a complete *Tetralogy*; in which the last worthily holdeth the place or station of the *satyric piece*?

Proceed we therefore in our subject. It hath been long, and, alas for pity! still remaineth a question, whether the Hero of the *greater Epic* should be an *honest Man*; or, as the French Critics express it, *un bonnête homme* *: but it never admitted of any doubt, but that the Hero of the *little Epic* should be just the contrary. Hence, to the advantage of our *Dunciad*, we may observe how much juster the *Moral* of that Poem must needs be, where so important a question is previously decided.

But then it is not every Knave, nor (let me add) every Fool, that is a fit subject for a *Dunciad*:

NOTE.

* Si un Heros Poétique doit être un honnête homme. Boileau, du Poème Epique, liv. v. ch. 5.

There must still exist some Analogy, if not resemblance of Qualities between the Heroes of the two Poems; and this in order to admit what Neoteric critics call the *Parody*, one of the liveliest graces of the *little Epic*. Thus it being agreed, that the constituent qualities of the *greater Epic Hero*, are *Wisdom*, *Bravery*, and *Love*, from whence springeth *heroic virtue*; it followeth, that those of the *lesser Epic Hero* should be *Vanity*, *Assurance*, and *Debauchery*; from which happy assemblage resulteth *heroic Dulness*, the never-dying subject of this our Poem.

This being settled, come we now to particulars. It is the character of true *Wisdom*, to seek its chief support and confidence within itself, and to place that support in the resources which proceed from a conscious rectitude of Will—And are the advantages of *Vanity*, when arising to the heroic standard, at all short of this self-complacence? Nay, are they not, in the opinion of the enamoured owner, far beyond it? “Let the world (will such an one say) impute to me what folly or weakness they please; but till *Wisdom* can give me something that will make me more heartily happy, I am content to be GAZED AT*.” This, we see, is *Vanity* according to the *heroic gage* or measure; not that low and ignoble species which pretendeth to *Virtues we have not*; but the laudable ambition of being *gazed at* for glorying in those *Vices*, which every body knows *we have*. “The world may ask (says he) why I make my follies public? Why not? I have passed my life very pleasantly with them †.” In short, there is no sort of *Vanity*

NOTES.

* Ded. to the Life of C. C. † Life, p. 2. oct. edit.

such a Hero would scruple, but that which might go near to degrade him from his high station in this our Dunciad, namely, "whether it would not be *Vanity* in him to take shame to himself for *not being a wise man.*"*

Bravery, the second attribute of the true Hero, is Courage manifesting itself in every limb; while its correspondent Virtue in the mock Hero is that same Courage all collected into the *Face*: and as Power, when drawn together, must needs have more force and spirit than when dispersed, we generally find this kind of courage in so high and heroic a degree, that it insults not only Men, but Gods. Mezentius is, without doubt, the bravest character in all the *Æneis*: but how? His bravery, we know, was an high courage of blasphemy. And can we say less of this brave man's? who having told us that he placed "his *summum bonum* in those follies, which he was not content barely to possess, but would likewise glory in," adds, "If I am misguided, 'TIS NATURE'S FAULT, and I follow HER †." Nor can we be mistaken in making this happy quality a species of *Courage*, when we consider those illustrious marks of it which made his FACE "more known (as he justly boasteth) than most in the kingdom;" and his *Language* to consist of what we must allow to be the most *daring* Figure of Speech, that which is taken from the *Name of God*.

Gentle Love, the next ingredient in the true Hero's composition, is a meer bird of passage, or (as Shakespeare calls it) *summer-teeming Lust*, and evaporates in

NOTES.

* Life, p. 2. octave.

† Ibid. p. 23.

the heat of *Youth*; doubtless by that refinement it suffers in passing through those *certain strainers* which our Poet somewhere speaketh of: but when it is let alone to work upon the *lees*, it acquireth strength by *Old Age*, and becometh a lasting ornament to the Little Epic. It is true, indeed, there is one objection to its fitness for such an use: for not only the ignorant may think it *common*, but it is admitted to be so even by Him who best knoweth its value. "Don't you think" (argueth he) to say only *a man has his Whore*†, "ought to go for little or nothing? Because *defendit numerus*; take the first ten thousand men you meet, "and, I believe, you would be no loser if you betted "ten to one, that every single sinner of them, one "with another, had been guilty of the same frailty*." But here he seemeth not to have done justice to himself: the man is sure enough a Hero, who hath his Lady at fourscore. How doth his Modesty herein lessen the merit of a *whole well spent* Life? not taking to himself the commendation (which *Horace* accounted the greatest in a theatrical character) of continuing to the very *dregs* the same he was from the beginning,

" — *Servetur ad imum*

" *Qualis ab incepto processerat.*" —

But here, in justice both to the Poet and the Hero, let us farther remark, that the calling her *his* whore, implieth she was *his own*, and not his *neighbour's*. Truly a commendable continence! and such as Sci-

NOTES.

† Alluding to these lines in the Epist. to Dr Arbuthnot:

" And has not Colly *fill* his Lord and Whore,

" His butchers Henley, his free masons Moore?

* Letter to Mr P. p. 46.

pio himself must have applauded: for how much Self-denial was necessary not to covet his neighbour's whore? and what disorders must the coveting her have occasioned in that Society, where (according to this Political Calculator) *nine in ten* of all ages have their *concubines*!

We have now, as briefly as we could devise, gone through the three constituent Qualities of either Hero; but it is not in any, nor in all these, that Heroism properly or essentially resideth. It is a lucky result rather from the collision of these lively Qualities against one another. Thus, as from Wisdom, Bravery, and Love, ariseth *Magnanimity*, the object of *Admiration*, which is the aim of the greater Epic; so from Vanity, Assurance, and Debauchery, springeth *Buffoonry*, the source of *Ridicule*, that "laughing ornament," as he well termeth it †, of the little Epic.

He is not ashamed (God forbid he ever should be ashamed!) of this Character, who deemeth, that not *Reason* but *Risibility* distinguisheth the human species from the brutal. "As nature (saith this "profound philosopher) distinguished our species "from the mute creation by our *Risibility*, her design MUST have been by *that faculty* as evidently "to raise our HAPPINESS, as by our *Os sublime* " (OUR ERECTED FACES) to lift the dignity of "OUR FORM above them*" All this considered, how complete a Hero must he be, as well as how happy a Man, whose *Risibility* lieth not barely in his *muscles*, as in the common sort, but (as himself

NOTE.

† Letter to Mr P. p. 31.

* Life, p. 23, 24.

informeth us) in his very *spirits!* and whose *Os sublime* is not simply an *erect face*, but a Brazen Head; as should seem by his preferring it to one of Iron, said to belong to the late King of Sweden †!

But whatever personal qualities a Hero may have, the examples of Achilles and Æneas shew us, that all those are of small avail, without the constant *assistance of the Gods*; for the subversion and the erection of Empires have never been adjudged the work of Man. How greatly soever then we may esteem of his high talents, we can hardly conceive his personal prowess alone sufficient to restore the decay'd empire of Dulness. So weighty an achievement must require the particular favour and protection of the GREAT; who being the natural patrons and supporters of *Leiters*, as the ancient Gods were of *Troy*, must first be drawn off and engaged in another interest, before the total subversion of them can be accomplished. To surmount, therefore, this last and greatest difficulty, we have, in this excellent man, a professed Favourite and Intimado of the Great. And look, of what force ancient Piety was to draw the Gods into the party of Æneas, that, and much stronger is modern Incense, to engage the Great in the party of Dulness.

Thus have we essayed to pourtray or shadow out this noble Imp of Fame. But now the impatient reader will be apt to say, if so many and various graces go to the making up a Hero, what mortal shall suffice to bear his character? Ill hath he read, who seeth not, in every trace of this picture, that

NOTE.

† Letter, p. 8.

individual, ALL-ACCOMPLISHED PERSON, in whom these rare virtues and lucky circumstances have agreed to meet and concentre with the strongest lustre and fullest harmony.

The good Scriblerus indeed, nay the World itself, might be imposed on in the late spurious editions, by I can't tell what *Sham-Hero* or *Phantom*: but it was not so easy to impose on HIM whom this egregious error most of all concerned: for no sooner had the fourth book laid open the high and swelling scene, but he recognized his own heroic Acts: and when he came to the words,

“Soft on her lap her Laureat son reclines,”

(though *Laureat* imply no more than *one crowned with laurel*, as becometh any associate or Consort in Empire) he loudly resented this indignity to violated Majesty. Indeed not without cause, he being there represented as *fast asleep*; so misbecoming the Eye of Empire, which, like that of Providence, should never doze nor slumber. “Hah! (saith he) fast asleep, it seems! “that’s a little too strong. Pert and dull at least “you might have allowed me, but as seldom asleep “as any fool*.” However, the injured Hero may comfort himself with this reflection, that tho’ it be a sleep, yet it is not the sleep of death, but of immortality. Here he will† live at least, tho’ not awake; and in no worse condition than many an enchanted Warrior before him. The famous *Durandarte*, for instance, was, like him, cast into a long slumber by *Merlin the British Bard* and Necromancer: and his

NOTES.

* Letter, p. 53.

† Letter, p. 1.

example for submitting to it with a good grace, might be of use to our Hero: for that disastrous knight being sorely pressed or driven to make his answer by several *persons of quality*, only replied with a sigh, *Patience, and shuffle the cards* *."

But now, as nothing in this world, no not the most sacred and perfect things either of Religion or Government, can escape the sting of Envy, methinks I already hear these carpers objecting to the clearness of our Hero's title.

It would never (say they) have been esteemed sufficient to make an Hero for the Iliad or Æneis, that Achilles was brave enough to overturn one Empire, or Æneas pious enough to raise another, had they not been Goddess-born, and Princes bred. What then did this Author mean, by erecting a Player, instead of one of his Patrons, (a person "never a hero " even on the stage †") to this dignity of Colleague in the empire of Dulness, and Atchiever of a work that neither old Omar, Attila, nor John of Leyden could entirely bring to pass.

To all this we have, as we conceive, a sufficient answer from the Roman historian, *fabrum esse suam quemque fortuna: that every man is the Smith of his own fortune*. The politic Florentine, Nicholas Machiavel, goeth still farther, and affirmeth, that a man needeth but to *believe himself a Hero* to be one of the worthiest. "Let him (saith he) but fancy himself "capable of the highest things, and he will of "course be able to atchieve them." From this principle it follows, that nothing can exceed our

NOTES.

- * Don Quixote, part ii. ch. 22. † See Life, p. 148.

Hero's prowess, as nothing ever equalled the greatness of his conceptions. Hear how he constantly paragon himself: at one time to ALEXANDER the Great and CHARLES the XII. of SWEDEN, for the excess and delicacy of his ambition *; to HENRY the IVth of FRANCE, for honest Policy †; to the first BRUTUS, for love of Liberty ‡; and to SIR ROBERT WALPOLE, for good Government while in power ||. At another time, to the godlike SOCRATES, for his diversions and amusements §; to HORACE, MONTAIGNE, and SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE, for an elegant Vanity that maketh them for ever read and admired **; to TWO Lord CHANCELLORS, for Law, from whom, when confederate against him at the bar, he carried away the prize of Eloquence ††; and, to say all in a word, to the right reverend the Lord BISHOP of LONDON himself, in the art of writing *pastoral Letters* ‡‡.

Nor did his *Actions* fall short of the sublimity of his conceit. In his early youth he met the Revolution |||| face to face in Nottingham; at a time when his betters contented themselves with following her. It was here he got acquainted with Old Battle-array, of whom he hath made so honourable mention in one of his immortal odes. But he shone in courts as well as in camps: he was called up when the nation fell in labour of this Revolution §§, and was a gossip at her christening, with the bishop and the ladies †.

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|----------------|------------|-----------------|-----------|
| * Life p. 149. | † P. 424. | ‡ P. 366. | P. 457. |
| § P. 18. | ** P. 425. | †† P. 436, 437. | ‡‡ P. 52. |
| P. 47. | §§ P. 57. | 4 P. 58, 59. | |

As to his *Birth*, it is true he pretendeth no relation either to heathen god or goddess; but, what is as good, he was descended from a *Maker* of both †. And that he did not pass himself on the world for a hero, as well by birth as education, was his own fault: for, his lineage he bringeth into his life as an anecdote, and is sensible he had it in his power to be thought no body's son at all*: and what is that but coming into the world a hero?

But be it (the punctilious Laws of Epic Poesy so requiring) that a hero of more than mortal birth must needs be had: even for this we have a remedy. We can easily derive our hero's pedigree from a Goddess of no small power and authority amongst men; and legitimate and install him after the right classical and authentic fashion: for, like as the ancient Sages found a Son of Mars in a mighty Warrior; a Son of Neptune in a skilful Seaman; a Son of Phœbus in a harmonious poet; so have we here, if need be, a Son of FORTUNE in an artful *Gamester*. And who fitter than the offspring of *Chance*, to assist in restoring the Empire of *Night* and *Chaos*?

There is in truth another objection of greater weight, namely, "That this Hero still existeth, and hath not yet finished his earthly course. For if Solon said well,

"—ultima semper

"Expectanda dies homini: dicique beatus

"Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet:

"if no man can be called happy till his death,

"surely much less can any one, till then, be pro-

"nounced a Hero: this species of men being far

NOTES.

† A Statuary. * Life, p. 6.

"more subject than others to the caprices of Fortune and Humour." But to this also we have an answer, that will (we hope) be deemed decisive. It cometh from *himself*; who, to cut this matter short, hath solemnly protested that *he will never change or amend.*

With regard to his *Vanity*, he declareth that nothing shall ever part them. "Nature (saith he) hath amply supplied me in Vanity; a pleasure which neither the pertness of Wit, nor the gravity of Wisdom, will ever persuade me to part with *." Our Poet had charitably endeavoured to administer a cure to it; but he telleth us plainly, "My superiors perhaps may be mended by him; but for my part I own myself incorrigible. I look upon my *Follies* as the best part of my Fortune †." And with good reason: we see to what they have brought him!

Secondly, as to *Buffoonry*, "Is it (saith he) a time of day for me to leave off these fooleries, and set up a new character? I can no more put off my follies than my skin; I have often tried, but they stick too close to me; nor am I sure my friends are displeased with them, for in this light I afford them frequent matter of mirth, &c. &c. ‡" Having then so publicly declared himself *incorrigible*, he is become *dead in Law*, (I mean the *law Epopaian*) and devolveth upon the Poet as his property; who may take him, and deal with him as if he had been dead as long as an old Egyptian hero; that is to say, *embowel and embalm him for posterity.*

NOTES.

* Life, p. 424.

† Life, p. 19,

‡ P. 17.

Nothing therefore (we conceive) remaineth to hinder his own prophecy of himself from taking immediate effect. A rare felicity! and what few Prophets have had the satisfaction to see alive! Nor can we conclude better than with that extraordinary one of his, which is conceived in these Oraculous words, MY DULNESS WILL FIND SOMEBODY TO DO IT RIGHT ‡.

“Tandem Phœbus adit, morsusque inferre parentem

“Congelat, et patulos, ut erant, indurat hiatus ¶.”

NOTES.

‡ P. 243. octave edit.

¶ Ovid, of the serpent biting at Orpheus's head.

END OF VOLUME THIRD.

